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FROM THE FIELD TO THE FIRESIDE.

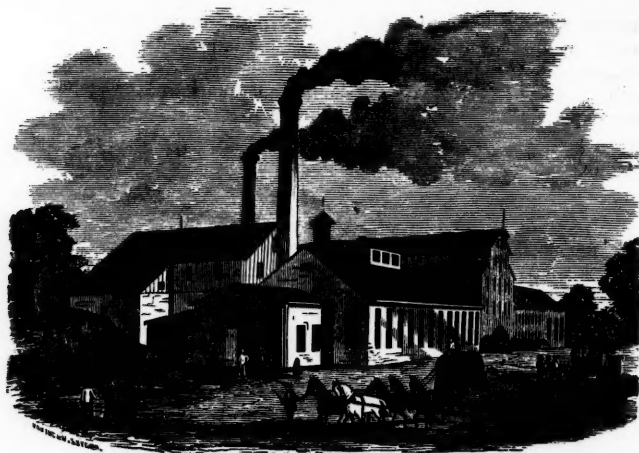


POND FOR CLEAR WATER.

CERTAIN philosophers, taking their cue from one of man's most strongly developed traits, have classified him as a writing animal; and that the definition is well founded is evident on very slight consideration. No other animal ever attempts to convey ideas or impressions by any such method: when out of sight and hearing, brutes have no means of communicating with each other, while man, on the other hand, seems to have been impressed with a desire to impart and perpetuate his thoughts ever since he has been conscious of having them. Pre-historic man, only one de-

gree above the ape, as naturalists would have us believe, must needs carve rude figures of reindeer and other animals upon the bones which remained from his dinner, and leave them in the bone-caverns of France and the lake-deposits of Switzerland, that we, unearthing them thousands of years afterward, may read long lessons from their scanty texts. The Egyptians, a nation so ancient that none but the bravest historians dare venture back even to the period when they executed some of their grandest works, had a written language so old that its origin is lost in the night of an-

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MARLY MILL.

tiquity. So with the Babylonians, the Chinese, the seemingly isolated inhabitants of ancient America, and all other nations which have ever developed any more than the mere first glimmerings of intelligence. Indeed, so early was the writing instinct developed that every civilized nation of antiquity ascribed the invention of letters to its deity.

With the impulse to write came necessarily a want of something to write on. Primitive man, as we have seen, used a smooth bone, for his roughly-drawn deer was as much a specimen of writing, in its broadest sense, as the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, the cuneiform inscriptions of the Assyrians or the ideographic

characters still used by the Chinese. The Assyrians and Egyptians both stamped long histories and genealogical records upon bricks, and the rock-tombs of the latter people are covered with inscriptions carved, by the thousand, in the solid granite. The Romans engraved their laws and other documents which they wished to preserve on plates of brass or bronze, while for writing designed to serve only a temporary purpose they used tablets covered with wax. The Ionians wrote on the skins of animals ages before the time of Herodotus, "the father of history," and he himself wrote either on parchment, the modern development of the Ionian idea, or on paper made

from the papyrus plant—whence the name—which was also an early invention. The Chinese, whose civilization proceeded with such wonderful rapidity up to a certain point, and then stopped so entirely and so unaccountably, made paper out of a variety of materials centuries before it was known in Europe; and it is claimed that the art of making paper from pulp was transmitted by them, through Persia and Arabia, to modern Europe, where it seems to have made its appearance about the year 1000, though some



SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

authorities date its introduction into Arabia as early as the beginning of the eighth century, or even the middle of the seventh.

The first paper in Europe was made from rags by a clumsy and tedious process of hand-working, and it was not

until the beginning of the present century that improved machinery and new materials appeared, and made possible the enormous consumption of paper which goes on at the present day.

The process of making paper has been so often described that a detailed ac-



STRAW-BOILING ROOM.

count of all its ramifications is unnecessary; and this article will therefore be confined to a particular branch, which, though now more than a hundred years old, is still but little practiced in this country—to wit, the art of making paper out of straw.

Linen and cotton rags are still, as they have been for hundreds of years, the great staple from which is manufactured the best paper for miscellaneous uses, but almost any vegetable fibre will make paper of greater or less excellence, and nearly every known vegetable substance has been experimented on, with a view, especially, to supplying the voracious demands of the newspaper and other presses. The Smithsonian Institution has a book by Jacob Christian Schäffer, printed at Erlangen in 1772 on more than sixty varieties of paper, made from as many different materials; and Munsell, in his *Chronology of Paper and Paper-Making* (1857), enumerates one hundred and three substances with which experiments have been made. Of all these, however, the best that have

yet been found are—first, linen or cotton fibre; second, esparto grass; third, straw; fourth, wood of a soft, fibrous nature, such as pine, poplar, willow or bass-wood. Linen and cotton rags, esparto and straw are used extensively in England in making writing and printing papers. There is a large mill at Manayunk which manufactures paper from wood, and this, it is said, supplies the New York *Independent* and some other papers: indeed, most printing-paper now has some wood in its composition. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the New York *Tribune*, the Buffalo *Express*, and some other papers in this country, and almost all the English papers, are also printed on paper made from straw; but the majority of newspapers here are still printed on paper made partly or wholly from rags.

The curious processes by which one part of a plant is converted into food for the body, while another part is made to convey food to the mind, is best illustrated by following, in imagination, the manufacture of a particular sheet; and

for this purpose the *Public Ledger*, so well known to Philadelphians, is the most convenient and available example. We will therefore follow it with our

mind's eye through its various transformations, imagining that when we pass from the field we enter the Marly Mill near Elkton, Maryland, where the pa-



COMING FROM THE FIELD.

per on which the *Ledger* is printed is manufactured. It is from this mill that the illustrations accompanying our article are taken.

that we are equally familiar with him in a different dress. We meet our embryo *Ledger* first in the harvest-field, where he waves in the wind and grows

brown and yellow in the sun, and bears aloft the bearded grain which is the food of the people. He is then our friend the wheat, in which shape he has received the grateful benedictions of our fathers for uncounted ages, and furnished themes for the poet and similes for the



THE STACK.

In his first form we fail to recognize our friend the *Ledger*: rather we recognize an old friend without a thought

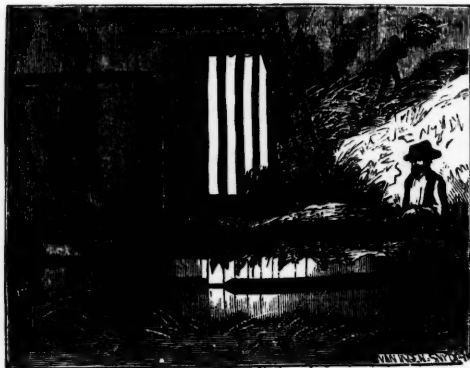
preacher from time immemorial. Now comes the reaper, and soon the field is studded with the ripened sheaves, which presently the "laboring wain" bears away to the barn and the threshing-floor.

Our friend now changes his name, but not his face. We easily recognize the gleaming stalks of the harvest-field in the shining blades of the straw-pile. We see him thrown up in huge stacks, waiting for the

Change

Into something rich and strange,

which shall be to him an apotheosis, and place him among all the deities of intellect. We take a long look at him here, for it is the last



"WETTING DOWN."

time we shall see him in the familiar form which he has worn so long. He is now to suffer as many indignities as stout John Barleycorn of precious memory, and to rise as triumphantly from them all.

He must first pass through the "chopper," a veritable Procrustes' bed, which shortens his length to about three inches, but multiplies his numbers correspondingly. He is then thoroughly wetted and steamed, to soften his nature and make him better fitted for the next trial which he will have to endure. He now ascends to an upper floor and is thrown into a bin, where he sweats and soaks and grows gradually more pliable, while awaiting the next ordeal, which is a fearful one. He is thrown, a ton or more of him at a time, into a huge boiler; a liberal dose of caustic soda, in solution, prepared in huge pans on the spot, is given him; the lid is fastened down, scalding steam turned on, and the machine made to revolve slowly for six or eight hours, or until the silica so abundant in the straw is entirely dissolved, and Master Straw himself converted into a soft and pulpy mass — so soft and pulpy, indeed, that when the boiler is emptied it runs freely into a vat, and is pumped up into the "wet machine," a combination of rollers and bands and sieves, which crushes the knots and strains out the hard lumps, and reduces the mass to a condition between brown wrapping-paper and a weak felt.

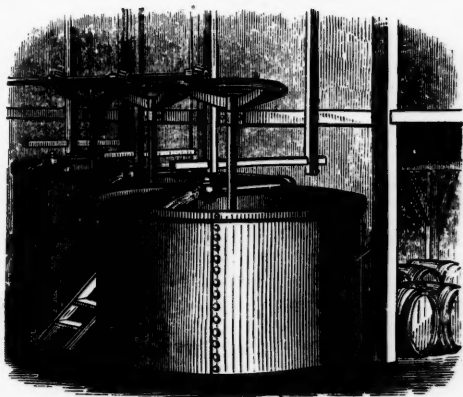
Next in order comes another boiler, "the bleacher," where our friend is treated to a bath composed of chloride of lime and sulphuric or muriatic acid (generally the former), and after gyrating about in this pleasant compound for about three hours he reappears as a yellowish-white mass of about the consistency of cheese, in which state he is handled with a shovel. The "bleaching boiler" is emptied into large vats, and



ON THE WAY—HOISTING MACHINE.



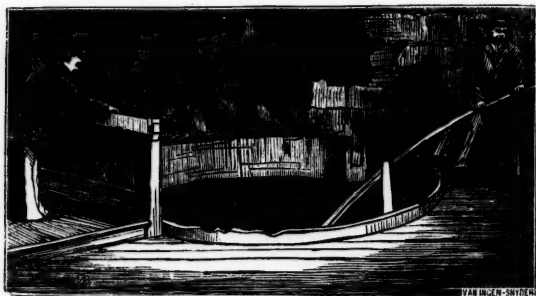
FILLING THE BOILER.



CHEMICAL PANS.

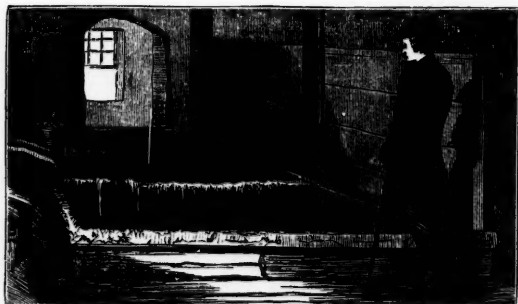
from these the "stock" is thrown up on
a rack to drain.

The next move is to "the engines,"
an ugly but useful group of machines



FIRST TUB.

which it would be impossible to describe | is washed, a constant stream of fresh
without an illustration. Here the pulp | water being poured into the tub, while



SECOND TUB.

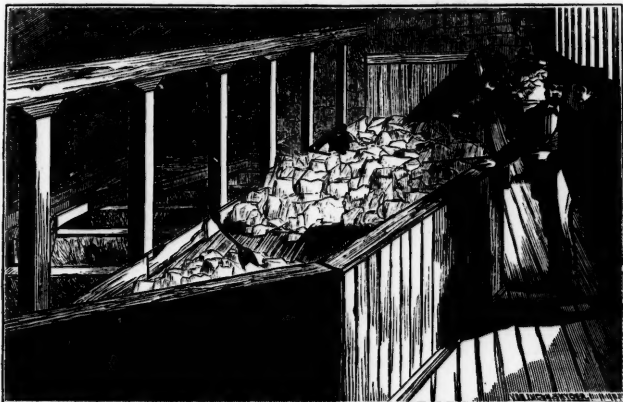
the dirty water is absorbed through fine | off through its centre. These machines
wire strainers in the cylinder, and runs | reduce the pulp to a still more extreme



WET MACHINE.

degree of smoothness and uniformity—a result attained, however, in much less time by the use of a "Kingsland engine," which passes the pulp between

two disks of metal and *rub*s it fine. A slight tincturing in the engine with indigo or some other blue matter takes away the last stain of yellow—answer-

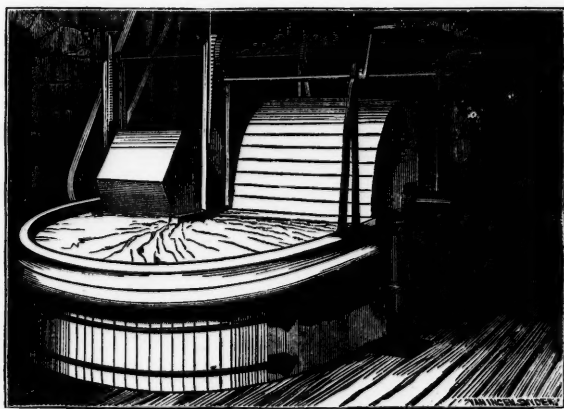


"THE STOCK."

ing in this respect to the "bluing-bag" of the laundry: having received this last beautifying touch, the pulp is now ready to be made into paper.

Now comes the most curious part of

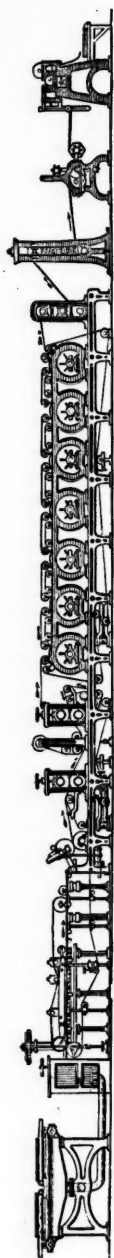
the whole process. To the visitor who sees it for the first time the transformation enacted under his very eyes seems almost too wonderful for belief. Down the whole length of a long room runs a



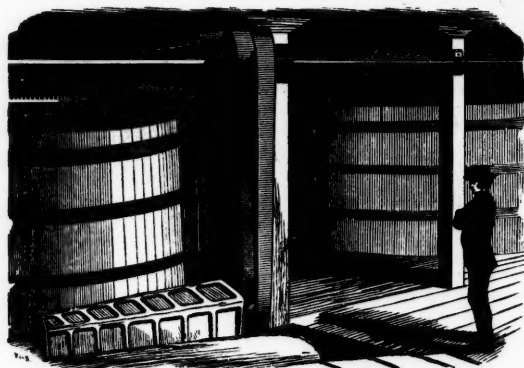
PULP OR WASHING ENGINE.

succession of rollers, large and small, supported on an iron framework, and garnished with wheels and pipes and belts innumerable and incomprehensible. This is the "Fourdrinier machine,"

so named after its inventor. Before it came into use paper was made by a slow and painful process of hand-work. The workman was provided with a shallow wooden frame or box, the bottom of



FOURDRINIER MACHINE.



STUFF CHESTS.

which was made of fine wire gauze : this he dipped into a tank containing pulp, scooped up a quantity, and then, by dexterous manipulation, produced a sheet of paper of the size of the frame, and tolerably smooth and even, the water escaping through the meshes of the bottom. But the Fourdrinier machine has "changed all that," and is now universally used for manufacturing all kinds of paper.

At the upper end of the machine we see a milky fluid pouring into a sieve which is continually vibrating, and making a great deal of noise about it. This is our old friend after passing through all his trials, now purified and ready for the last of the Protean changes through which he must pass before emerging in his final form. The shaking in the sieve distributes the pulp evenly. It next passes through a strainer which takes out the last remaining knots and every foreign substance which has no business in good paper, and then flows on an endless wire-cloth, which drains out the water, and gives the pulp something of the appearance of paper. The shaking is still kept up, and has the effect of felting the pulp together and making it uniform throughout. A "deckle," or endless band (seen in the illustration), passes along the edge of the cloth on each side, and keeps the future paper of a uniform width. It is not long, however, until our embryo *Ledger* gains strength enough to "go it alone," and then the "deckles," being no longer required, leave it and return over small pulleys. "Wet-press rollers" come next, which squeeze out still more water, and then the "sheet," as we may now call it, is received upon an endless blanket, which carries it forward among and between rollers of wood and rollers of iron and rollers of copper—"press rolls," dry rolls" and "smooth rolls," rolls cold and rolls steam-heated—until even the blanket is no longer required, and the paper, now dry and firm, passes by itself over two or three finishing rollers, and is wound on a reel in one long, continuous web, ready for the cutting-machine.

This machine, which is auxiliary to the Fourdrinier machine, is admirably simple and ingenious. It consists, in substance, of a long knife fixed in the edge of a cylinder. The paper, in winding

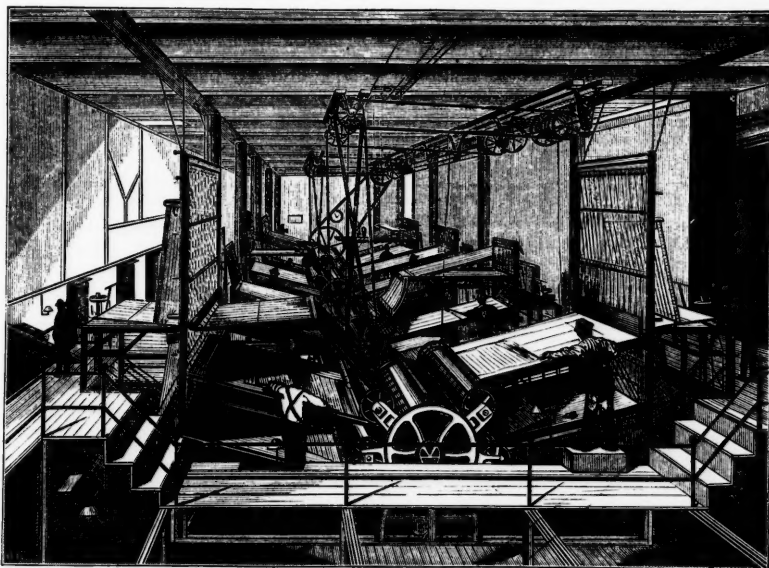


GOING TO PRESS.

off the reel, passes under this cylinder, which at every revolution brings down the knife and divides the paper. At the same time, if required, a cutting edge, passing round the middle of the cylinder, divides the paper lengthwise; so that at each stroke of the knife two

sheets fall off. In the case of the *Ledger* these sheets are twice the size of the paper, and are again divided in the printing-office.

The paper is now made. It is counted by a couple of experts, whose fingers fly so rapidly that the untrained eye can



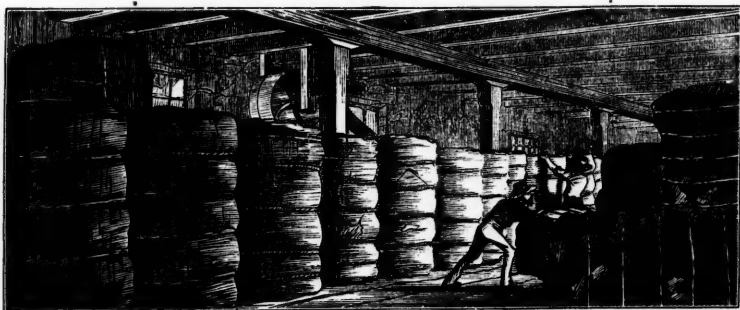
LEDGER PRESS-ROOM.

scarcely follow them, is weighed, packed and started on its journey through life. We see it next in flat, brown-paper parcels, traveling by wagon or car toward the office of the printer, where it is presently unpacked, "wet down," and placed on the press—an iron monster which snatches one sheet at a time with gaunt fingers, passes it over a bed of

type and presses it down until every little inky stamp has left its mark; and then lays it swiftly but gently on a pile of its brethren which preceded it, and covers it with others which had started to follow it before it was halfway through the press. By half a dozen mouths at once do the voracious machines in the *Ledger* press-room feed, and half a doz-

en sheets at a time may be seen winding in and out among their iron ribs or handled by their long skeleton fingers,

so powerful and yet so delicate—strong enough to hold an ox, yet too gentle to injure a cobweb.



STOCK-ROOM.

But as we undertook to follow the *Ledger*, we must not omit to mention other processes which go to make up this particular sheet. We have traced the process of manufacturing paper from straw alone. In the *Ledger* mill, while

the bulk of the material is straw, there is also a considerable admixture of old paper, and our friend the Straw, in the course of his transit through purgatory, meets with many queer characters that have already passed through one more



PICKING AND DUSTING ROOM.

stage of existence than he has attained, and have returned for a fresh purification.

Old papers of every conceivable sort, books, pamphlets, newspapers, wrappers, clippings, letters and manuscripts of all kinds—a miscellaneous collection from the four quarters of the globe—are here gathered in, and passed through the hands of an army of girls, who sort them and remove all covers, book-

marks, tooth-picks, cigar-stumps, scraps of leather, bits of wood, and all other foreign substances which gravitate so naturally into the waste-paper basket and thence into the *chiffonier's* bundle.

Thence they go through a cleansing process, and then into the engines mentioned above, where they are ground up. Nothing that is made of paper is rejected, and if the beating engine in which

they first meet and mingle were not such a very Inferno of a place we might imagine its incongruous contents holding rare converse together, and giving the neophyte many excellent hints of the treatment he may expect in the world which he is about to enter, and from which they have just returned, sadly torn and worn with its conflicts, and with their original purity all lost in its turmoil and defilements.

If the circumstances were more favorable, we might imagine volumes of romance from the meeting of these faithful witnesses of the toil, the learning, the sentiments, the crimes and the follies of men; but as it is, we can only say there is a grand "intermingling of ideas," which gradually become more and more indistinct until all are lost in a pulpy mass, in which it is impossible to say which was paper and which was straw.

The enterprise which marks the management of the *Ledger* at the hands of

its successful proprietor, Mr. George W. Childs, is evinced by the recent introduction into his mill of a material comparatively little used in the manufacture of paper. We refer to esparto, or Spanish grass. This is a tough, rush-like plant found in Spain and in Africa. It grows from twelve to fifteen inches high, has an exceedingly sharp point, and is so tough that a strong man can scarcely tear asunder a single stalk. This is now imported in large quantities, and is found to make a firm, smooth paper, capable of being put to any use. A scarcity of straw has induced the *Ledger* to make trial of it, and it is found to answer the purpose admirably, though too expensive to be used alone.

And now, having conducted our friend from the field to the press-room, whence an army of carriers in the gray light of morning will bring him to your firesides, our mission is ended, and we bid him farewell.

H. C. SHEAFER.

THE LONDON SEASON.

THE London Season as it exists to-day is a creation of quite modern times. In the days of the Tudor and Stuart kings there was manifested a strong tendency in England, on the part of the nobility and leading gentry, to flock to the capital. From the time of Elizabeth to that of Charles II. edicts and proclamations against building in or near London, or coming to live there, were frequent. Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, mentions an instance of an unhappy well-to-do Sussex bachelor who was sent for by the Star Chamber and strictly interrogated as to his absence from his seat in Sussex. His excuse that, though he possessed a property, there was no house upon it, was regarded as an aggravation of his offence, and he was actually fined one thousand pounds, an immense sum in those days.

The cause of this apprehension as to

the growth of London and concourse of people there has never been explained satisfactorily. Some have supposed that fear of the plague had something to do with it—others, that the government did not like having so many possible opponents to deal with at once in case of an *émeute*. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the discouragement was attended with the best effects. Whilst the French *noblesse* flocked to Paris, lavished their money upon the vicious pleasures of the town, and drained their estates for this purpose, their neighbors were cultivating the land, making friends with those about them, and building those proud and enduring mansions which are to-day found through the length and breadth of the country. It has been often remarked that the French Revolution could not have occurred had the British customs in this

respect been prevalent in France. It is indeed notorious that in La Vendée, the only district where there was a large resident gentry, the peasantry were almost to a man on the side of their lords.

With the advent of William III. all attempts to prevent the growth of London terminated, and about that time the germ of the London Season appeared; but for a long while those who participated in it were very few. The courts of the first two Georges were by no means well calculated to give much stimulus to gayety, but with the accession of young King George III. "things," as Mr. Toole says in the play, "took a turn." The wealth of the country began to increase steadily, nabobs flocked home from India, Turkey merchants blazed forth in a splendor surpassing the old *noblesse*, and a new order of men began to lift up its head in the West End of London.

Rapid progress continued during the whole of this reign in the expansion of the social structure. A great stimulus was given to it by Mr. Pitt. He created the first strictly commercial peerage, and a great tussle he had with King George's prejudices to accomplish this feat.

The king had always laid it down as a rule that no one actually engaged in business should be raised to the peerage. But the great minister determined that this rule should be broken through in favor of his good friend "Bob" Smith of Nottingham—a proceeding which brought charges of corruption against both the creator and created.

The rise of this family was rather remarkable. Early in the last century one Robert Smith was in trade at Nottingham as a draper and general storekeeper. He was a shrewd, honest person, and the neighboring farmers and graziers had great confidence in him. At that time highwaymen abounded, and many of the farmers who brought their cattle and goods to market had to return on dark nights through dangerous roads with the money which they got. One day a farmer begged Mr. Smith to keep his cash for him, as he was afraid to carry it home. Smith as-

sent. Gradually others did the same; and this was the origin of the world-famous bank of Smith, Payne & Smith, which stands alongside the Mansion House in Lombard street, London, and is almost as well known as the Bank of England itself.

Mr. Smith, the farmers' banker, gradually acquired great wealth. His son became a regular banker at Nottingham, with a branch house in Hull, and a principal house in London. Having made Mr. Pitt's acquaintance, he was much consulted by him on financial matters, and at length the minister resolved to raise him to an Irish peerage. Now, the king drew an enormously broad line of demarcation between the Irish and the English peerage, and it is well known that although he refused to permit a certain gentleman to drive through a part of St. James's Park reserved exclusively for certain privileged persons, he added, "I'll make him an Irish peer, though, if he wishes"—an offer which was accepted. It was when Pitt proposed to make Smith an English peer that the great tug of war came. But the thing was done, nevertheless.

Since then Society in London has expanded at double-quick rate, and is now enormous, including in its ranks a host of commercial grandees. Other circumstances which have tended greatly to enlarge it are the Union with Ireland, railways and the increase in forms of investment.

The Union brings over for the Season numbers of families who would in time past have stayed in Dublin. There were no doubt a great many absentees in Ireland prior to the Union, but their absenteeism took rather the form of being away from their country homes than from Ireland itself. Two-thirds at least of the Irish gentry had in 1798 houses in or near Dublin. In Rutland Square and Henrietta street alone there were in that year some thirty peers, prelates and great landed gentry. Ten years later there were not ten, and now no peer but the lord chancellor has a house in Dublin.

Railways too have tended immensely

toward the increase of social London. Hundreds of people take houses for the Season who would up to 1840 never have dreamed of such a thing. In the early part of the century it was only the great guns who came to town and entertained.

Again, it has been found that landed estate doesn't pay, and people get rid of it to some large owner, and come to live in London, putting their money into some investment which promises a higher rate of interest.

The result is, that social London is today the thing it is. There are of course hundreds of sets, and that which the "Upper Ten" calls Society is not five per cent. of the number who live at the West End, are clothed in fine linen, and have carriages, horses, servants, and all the material good things of this life.

You may go to a ball at a house in Belgrave Square, and not meet a being whom you met at the ball next door two nights before. Ball-giving is a very important element in the proceedings of the Season. There are usually four or five balls on a large scale every night from the first of May to the twenty-first of July.

Many will remember a humorous passage in *The Newcomes*, in which Ethel interrogates Barnes at breakfast as to the ball at which he was present the previous evening. He tersely sums up the entertainment in the words: "The thing was really deuced well done. The woman looked frightened: Lady Popinjay asked all the people." In this instance the giver of the ball was "Mrs. Toddle Tompkins," the wife of a *nouveau riche*, and "Lady Popinjay asked all the people" for, we may be sure, very sufficient reasons. But it frequently happens that ladies of high position, when they first give balls in London, have to seek the assistance of their friends to fill their rooms. This arises from their having got entirely out of a ball-going set since their marriage.

There are always a number of Lady Popinjays on the lookout for Mrs. Toddle Tompkins. By sending cards to a number of persons whom she ought to have asked to her own ball, but hadn't

room for, inasmuch as they give nothing themselves, Lady P. does a good deal of cheap civility. In the course of a season or two Mrs. Toddle Tompkins, if she be knowing in such matters and "gets on," will begin "weeding" too; and if she should succeed in becoming really the fashion, would not improbably "weed" Lady Popinjay herself. But when one door shuts another opens, and Lady P. knows that every season produces certain of the Toddle Tompkins stamp for her special purposes.

The experienced ball-goer recognizes at a glance a ball thus composed, even if he has not already received an envelope with the words "With Lady Popinjay's compliments" scribbled in the inside and containing a card:

Mr. Robinson.

Mrs. Toddle Tompkins

At Home,

Monday, June 24th.

Belgrave Square. Dancing

—for he sees arrayed on the benches around the room a phalanx of those mammas who are always ready to go to balls, but never give them.

There are a certain class of men in London Society who are applied to by ball-giving ladies for dancing-men, just as they would send to Gunter's for waiters. To these men the ball-room seems the natural arena. They save ball-givers a world of trouble; and as some of them are very needy younger sons, it seems a pity that they can't enter into a contract to do the whole thing and be paid for it. Their reward lies in being deferred to and in exercising a sort of patronage amongst the aspirants to fashionable balls. There are two or three men who are supreme in these respects, and could get a young fellow invitations to almost any ball he wished to go to.

An immense deal of invitation-hunting goes on. So far as men are concerned,

it is thought nothing of, for ball-giving ladies are frequently very glad to get them; but invitation-seeking on the part of ladies is regarded with a different eye. Yet in her ardor for the advantage of her "dear girls" many a mother displays remarkable vigor in this respect, and not unfrequently the said "dear girls" lead her a sad life if she fails to bestir herself.

The average expense of balls in London may be put at fifteen hundred dollars, but they frequently cost an immense deal more, and can, by profusion of flowers especially, be run up to almost any sum. The supper is usually entirely done by a confectioner, generally Gunter, the Delmonico of England in that line. His superintendent, with a regiment of waiters, takes complete control of everything for the night. The servants of the house do nothing (that is, in great establishments) but stand in their state liveries in the hall and receive the guests.

It is considered essential to a good ball that it should for an hour be dreadfully crowded. It begins at eleven, and about one begins to clear a little; by two it becomes pleasant, and half an hour later charming. By half-past three the guests have generally gone.

Many people pass the night going from ball to ball. "Are you going to Lady Rumbleton's?" says one lady to another. "We've just come from there." "What sort of ball is it?" "Oh, a dreadful crowd." "Dear me! I wish I could get off going, but I suppose I must." "Well," says the other, "perhaps it will be better in an hour, for I know a great many of the people are coming on here." Now, why need this lady victimize herself by going to Lady Rumbleton's? Because she is "a swell," and Lady Rumbleton is also a swell, and will be exceedingly huffy if she does not put in an appearance. But at fifty to pass hot summer nights in frantic struggles up stairs and down stairs in half a dozen houses is a ghastly burlesque on pleasure, and many feel it to be so; but "What can we do?" they would plead. "Somebody must take the girls out."

So these maternal martyrs go bravely struggling on, season after season, sometimes sadly requited by destitute sons-in-law and wall-flower daughters.

Nothing in London "draws" so effectually in Society as a magnificent house. Given immense and splendid rooms, and their possessor will "get into Society" in half the time. But then the house must be something quite out of the common. Balls in such abodes are sought after with the utmost avidity, and, indeed, they are much more pleasurable. Mr. Holford, the inheritor of vast accumulated wealth, has built a palace in Park Lane which is simply magnificent. A man of great taste, as well as of great wealth—a combination which every one who walks down Fifth Avenue in New York can attest is not by any means always found—he has made Dorchester House a model for a princely mansion. A ball there or at Stafford House is, without exaggeration, one of the finest sights of the kind in the world. Unfortunately, many of the owners of the *grand-seigneur* mansions entertain very little, and every year the disparity between the size of ordinary houses and the number of guests they are required to hold becomes more evident.

The life of a London young lady who goes out a great deal is a hard one. No doubt many suffer from it in the end. How they go through with it at the time is a wonder. Probably more would succumb but for the ride in the Park before luncheon. With that their public day commences. From eleven until two Hyde Park is crammed with equestrians. The fashionable hour used to be the afternoon, but it was changed some time ago—some say because younger sons could then be in "the Row," whereas in the morning they are obliged to be at work.

At two comes luncheon, when Captain Hawhaw of the Guards and Lord Tomnoddy drop in for a cutlet and some claret, and stay until three. Luncheon is in London an irregular, pleasant sort of meal, at which *habitués* of the house are expected to drop in uninvited. All the dishes are placed on the table at the

same time, and the servants leave the room after they have helped every one at table the first time. Then the children of the house, if there are any youthful members of the family, do the part of waiters: there is not the slightest formality, and every one feels comfortable and at ease. From three to five visitors are received. At three the barouche comes to the door. If, in Mr. Barnes's language, "the thing is deuced well done," this carriage is built very light and has a high box. The horses are splendid, and the servants faultlessly turned out—the coachman in well-curled wig and immaculate buckskins and top-boots, the footman, six foot two, in faultlessly powdered hair, "inexpressibles" and silk stockings. The drive done, and afternoon tea taken at some friend's house during an interlude, there is a brief interval. At half-past seven dressing for dinner must be done, and at eight that meal takes place.

Dinner-parties are one of the great institutions of the Season, and its most agreeable feature in the eyes of all reasonable people. Young unmarried ladies are comparatively seldom invited, the proportion of these charmers being small as compared with the matrons. Of course there are dinner-parties and dinner-parties—some desperately dull, some delightful. Popular guests are often asked a whole month beforehand. It is no easy task to get together all the right people, and it is only by so doing that you can expect to make your dinners exceptionally good. The great dinner-giver in London to-day is Lady Molesworth, widow of the late Sir William, formerly secretary for the colonies.

This lady's career is curious. Of humble origin, she was educated at the London Academy of Music for the musical profession, and sang at private parties at Rome. There she married a rich elderly man of good property and family, Mr. Temple West. He died and left her a good income, and she then married Sir W. Molesworth. He was a man of distinguished ability, but shy and retiring, and, it is generally thought, would never, but for his stirring, ambitious wife, have

become a cabinet minister. At his death he left her a life-interest in the whole of his property, worth forty thousand dollars a year. By sheer force of character she has pushed her way to the highest pinnacle of fashionable life, and people who fifteen years ago would have turned up their noses at her are thankful to be asked to her parties.

But those who aspire to the heights of fashion should bear well in mind the pendant to Raleigh's lines:

Fain would I climb,
But that I fear to fall.
If thy heart fail thee,
Do not climb at all.

In common with every other career, the pursuit of fashion has its *désagrèments*, and Lady Molesworth has no doubt endured all sorts of snubs and sneers, which to the sensitive would be unendurable. Some time since she did a very wise thing. Knowing what folly it would be to attempt to conceal what every one knew—that she had been a professional singer—she boldly took the bull by the horns and sent a splendid donation to the Academy of Music, "in grateful recognition of the great benefits received from it." Seated at her splendid table, with the heir to the throne on one hand and some great potentate on the other, it must be curious for this lady to run back for an instant to the days when, with a mean wardrobe and scanty purse, she was eagerly working in the hope of earning her bread by her own efforts.

Neither money alone nor rank alone will enable people to take the lead in the social world of London. But either of these with a talent for Society will enable a lady to achieve a prominent position. Of course where there is rank it is achieved in much quicker time. A reason why ladies of comparatively humble origin so often fill the foremost place is that to them there is a charm of novelty and sense of achievement in the pursuit, whereas those who are "to the manner born" are indifferent about such triumphs.

A London state dinner-party in the great world is made up of "swells" and of regular "diners-out," who do the talk.

These latter are seldom young men. The most conspicuous of them to-day is Mr. Hayward, a Jewish barrister. He is a literary man, and has been for years a contributor to leading Reviews. He it was who "cut up" *Lothair* in the *Quarterly*, and was referred to by its author when he said that critics were disappointed men, who had failed to achieve success themselves. This hit Mr. Hayward very hard.

Unless they are at quite different ends of the table, it does not do to have two professed "diners-out" at once. They do not love one another, and are apt to clash. Generally speaking, their tempers are rather acrid—probably they get bilious by good living—and they don't bear contradiction. They are seldom popular, but somehow seem to be recognized as a part of the machinery of a dinner-party under some circumstances. When the diner-out reaches the topmost rung of his ladder he really becomes quite a personage. His table is covered with invitations, and he picks and chooses, and ruthlessly flings aside the cards of those with whom he would formerly have been proud to dine, if merely as a fill-up for a defaulting guest. But the dinners where he is supreme are not the really charming reunions. These are little parties of eight or ten at a round table, where there is really conversation, interchange of thought, not the talk of one or two persons only. These little dinners exist in perfection in London, but they are hard to find. In fact, almost every one must, to enjoy a London Season thoroughly, serve an apprenticeship of two or three. Then he will become admitted into the *vie intime* of those he likes, and will find the reward of his persistency.

Another celebrity in the dinner-giving world of London, and a great ally of Lady Molesworth, is Frances countess of Waldegrave. Her career has been as chequered as her friend's. Lady Waldegrave is daughter of Mr. Braham, who forty years ago was the most famous native singer in England. He was of Jewish extraction, and his name was originally Abraham. Lady Waldegrave,

however, has nothing in her appearance indicative of a Hebrew origin. In early life she married—under a good deal of pressure from her relatives, it is said—Mr. Waldegrave, a natural son of the earl of that ilk. Except in a pecuniary point of view, the marriage was the reverse of desirable, Mr. Waldegrave's habits not being of a kind calculated to secure domestic bliss. After his death she succeeded to the whole of Mr. Waldegrave's very considerable property, and not long after married his legitimate half-brother, the earl of Waldegrave. But Lord Waldegrave's social reputation was not much higher than his brother's, and during his lifetime Lady Waldegrave, although she had rank, lacked "position," which in the London world is quite another thing. But this was to come. Before long, Lord Waldegrave also died, leaving her everything. She found herself the possessor of Horace Walpole's celebrated villa, Strawberry Hill, Chewton Priory in Somersetshire, another seat in Essex, and a house in town. With all these good things she was not destined long to remain a widow. If her first marriage had secured wealth and the second rank, the third was destined to give position. Lady Waldegrave became the wife of Mr. George Granville Vernon-Harcourt, uncle of the writer in the *London Times* who, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Historicus," has become so well known in connection with the Alabama troubles. Mr. Vernon-Harcourt was eldest son of the Hon. Dr. Vernon-Harcourt, archbishop of York—son of Lord Vernon and nephew and heir of his maternal uncle, the last Earl Harcourt—by the sister of the first duke of Sutherland. He combined in an almost unique degree that union of birth, political associations and intellectual connections calculated to ensure Lady Waldegrave an *entrée* into the arena in which she could display with the utmost advantage her talents for society. Mr. Harcourt lived many years after his marriage with his accomplished wife. He was the possessor of Nuneham Park, a splendid seat, which, standing on a wooded em-

inence above the Thames, has probably been observed by nearly every American visitor who has paid a visit to the city of academic palaces. The terrace of Nuneham affords a glorious view over Oxford, and one not likely to be forgotten if seen on a fine summer evening. Its gardens were, in Hawthorne's opinion, the most delightful in England. Here Frances countess of Waldegrave exercised a splendid hospitality for many years, greatly to the satisfaction of young Oxford-men, who had the privilege of participating in the constant flow of society which passed through the halls of Nuneham in her day. At length, Mr. Harcourt died. She was again destined to be enriched. In his will he bequeathed her nearly all he could—a jointure of twenty thousand dollars had already been settled upon her by him—with a clause in his will to the effect that he hoped she would marry again and make some other man as happy as she had made him.

Within two years she yielded to the desire he had expressed, and made what was undoubtedly a marriage for love. Her fourth choice fell upon the Right Honorable Chichester Fortescue, a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. Mr. Fortescue is brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Clermont, who has long been married, but is childless. He is a man of distinguished ability and great social popularity. During her fourth marriage Lady Waldegrave has made great advance in the social world of London. Her Wednesday evenings, although they have never come up to Lady Palmerston's Saturdays, have been a great success. Her neighbor at Strawberry Hill is the duke of Aumale, with whom, as with his late wife, she has long been on terms of close friendship. In fact, the wags of the clubs have gone so far as to intimate that—as Miss Volumnia Dedlock delicately phrases her allusion to Sir Leicester's demise—"should anything happen" to Mr. Fortescue, Lady Waldegrave will become duchess of Aumale, and perhaps eventually queen of France! Lady Waldegrave has not had issue by any of her husbands.

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Fashionable young men who "do nothing," and come to town for the Season, pass their time variously, and not always profitably, it may be feared. They rise late—very late. At noon, if they have horses—which most of the wealthier have—they ride with the young ladies in the Park; if not the happy possessors of steeds, they saunter along "the Row," chat with their friends who are seated there thick as blackberries—for this is one of the special amusements, to sit and look at the riders—and criticise the equestrians. After that they go to luncheon at their clubs or with lady friends, pay visits, or while away time at the clubs, of which many belong to three or four. In the afternoon there is the Park again, and besides there are many other ways of killing time—cricket-matches, fêtes at the Botanic Gardens, pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham, during the Ascot and Epsom weeks the races, and late in the season "breakfasts." In the evening they go to dinners, balls, parties, operas, Cremorne or what not.

Dinner invitations are thought much more of by them than those to balls, etc. The number of young men, eldest sons excepted, who are often asked out to dinner in the Season is small. Such invitations are eagerly welcomed by government clerks, junior barristers, etc., to whom it is really often a consideration to save the cost of dinners, besides getting a good one.

No young men in London, in Society, live in boarding-houses. All have a bed-room and sitting-room, and live apart. The rent of such rooms on the second floor, in a good locality, varies from six to ten dollars a week. In all these lodgings they serve breakfast to each lodger in his own room, and generally will give a plain dinner if required, but there is a tacit understanding that this accommodation will not be required every day. Perhaps in no great city in the world can you be altogether "taken in and done for" so cheaply and comfortably as in London. Many of these lodgings are over shops, but there is a private door at the side, so that the shop is not the slightest annoyance to the

lodger. It is not thought in the least *infra dig.* thus to live over a shop.

The best lodgings are those kept by the retired servants of good families. A public-house or a lodging-house is the day-dream of a butler and cook who fall in love. It frequently becomes a most comfortable reality to the young gentlemen of the family when they go to live in town. In such lodgings you will be made as comfortable and be as well waited on as in a nobleman's house. There is, alas! nothing at all corresponding with such accommodations in our country. Those here who have known such flesh-pots and snuggeries sigh for them amid the horrors of boarding-houses and the callous indifference of the wretches who let out rooms, and who, when they have permitted you, as a great favor, to occupy a hutch at an extortionate rate, think they have fulfilled all their obligations if they have gone through a burlesque of making your bed and "fixing up" your room. In the Season, especially from a week before the Derby to a week after Ascot, all these lodgings are so full that you may scour the town in vain to get a bed.

Toward the close of the Season the agreeable form of entertainment called "breakfasts"—that is, *à fresco* afternoon parties—commences. These, if the weather be fine, are really charming, and the most charming are those given at Holland House.

Although situated in a suburb which has become almost a part of London, Holland House, being surrounded with extensive grounds, retains a wonderful air of the country about it, and marvelously exemplifies *rus in urbe*. The visitor finds himself suddenly turning out of a road lined with vulgar houses into a splendid avenue of ancestral trees, such as seem to belong to the distant shires. He is received in an apartment of the splendid old mansion, and then saunters out on the lawn where Addison has sat, and strolls chatting a while beneath the cedars.

As the afternoon wears on, the company migrates through the Italian garden to a beautiful grass-covered pleasure-

ground. Adjoining it is an immense conservatory, where delicious refreshments are served. On the lawn is spread a rich carpet: upon it is a table draped with the finest napery, and laden with magnificent fruit in dishes of gold, silver and porcelain. This table is specially reserved for royal personages, ambassadors and such like. The scene is Watteau-like. Stand here with a London *habitué* and he will show you "everybody." Dizzy and Gladstone join hands here—men of all creeds and parties are present, Archbishop Manning and Dr. Wilberforce. It is a sight to see.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a beautiful villa in quite another direction—Holly Lodge, near Highgate—where she, too, occasionally entertains; and sometimes Lady Waldegrave does the same at Strawberry Hill. Saturday is the great day for these entertainments, for then the House does not sit, and wearied legislators can get away to breathe fresh air and look at flowers. In fact, statesmen, great lawyers and such sort of folk rarely go to any large parties except these out-of-door entertainments. In July, when the Season is waning, water-parties and Crystal-Palace-parties are greatly in vogue.

Ladies with Mrs. Colonel Wragsby's views are supposed to hold these entertainments in much favor. Opportunities are judiciously given by mamma for Lord Muttonhead and Louisa "to lose themselves" and wander about for an hour *tête-à-tête*, avowedly looking for—but sometimes not in the least intending to find—the rest of the party; and there are chances that at such times flirtations which have been going on through the Season may be brought to the desired climax.

Altogether, the London Season is, for a family at least, a very expensive affair. Given a family including a lady and gentleman and two daughters, aged eighteen and twenty, and the whole cost from April to August would, if they lived handsomely, entertained frequently and gave a couple of balls—and this is now almost always done, for rooms are not large enough to hold all your friends at

once—in splendid style, come to twenty thousand dollars. And this, be it remembered, is, when there is a large place to be kept up in the country, with parks, hothouses and hunters, a considerable sum.

Not unfrequently people economize by not going to London for a year, but such a process is rather injurious to fashionable aspirants, inasmuch as out of sight is out of mind, and the lost ground has to be made up next year. The price of houses "for the Season" in fashionable localities is high. Almost as much is asked for a furnished house for the parliamentary session, February to August, as for the year, the rent of a first-class house for that period being from thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars.

"Really, Mr. Cashley," remonstrated a gentleman with a fashionable house-agent when in treaty for a house in Chesham Place, "this price is monstrous." "Allow me, sir, to remind you that there is but one London, and one Chesham Place in that London," was all the change the remonstrator got out of Mr. Cashley, with whom the reply was probably stereotyped.

To pass to another item of expense. Carriage-horses in London are now almost always "jobbed"—that is, hired for the Season, or sometimes for the year. This applies to some of the finest pairs in London, for whose hire a large sum is paid. The convenience of the plan is that it saves trouble, and if a horse falls dead it can be instantly replaced without cost to the hirer. The carriage-horses in London have shown a decided improvement since the fall of the Second Empire. Louis Napoleon's agents and Parisian *grands* were previously continually buying up the finest. A pair of fine coach-horses costs from one thousand to two thousand dollars. Those of the late Lord Foley, who died two years ago, were long noted as the finest in London. That nobleman sold his ancestral estates for four million five hundred thousand dollars to the present earl of Dudley, and, concentrating all his forces on his London establishment, achieved the proud distinction of having

the best dinners and best-appointed equipage and servants in the town.

Oddly enough, it is the custom for people who have grand equipages to make their bravest show at eight o'clock in the evening, when they go out to dinner, and when there is no one in the streets. The coachman and footmen are then in their finest liveries, the former sitting imbedded in his hammercloth on the box of the state coach. When my lord and my lady are in, the two *Jeameses* jump up on their perch behind, each with a long gilt-mounted cane in his hand. When they have deposited their load, they pull up the shutters of the carriage, and, mounting the box, one on each side of the coachman, thus return at a slow rate to the stables. This is a very old custom which has been handed down by generations of *Jeameses*.

Servants in great families are a most conservative race. There are a few famous pairs of footmen, as of horses, in London. The duchess of Wellington—the great duke's favorite daughter-in-law—has two in her service, each about six feet two. Some time since, a gentleman who thought a great deal of his importance, but whose father had made a great fortune by brick-making, was wearing a rather sarcastic acquaintance at a club with his difficulty in getting a match for his wife's "man of figure." "The other man," he said, "is too short to stand beside John." "Why don't you put a brick under him?" was the cruel rejoinder. It closed the lamentation.

"Men of figure" get very high wages. It is very difficult to get them to stay with you unless you go regularly to town for the Season, and, indeed, this applies to many other servants. A gentleman was hiring a man-servant for a friend in the country. All was satisfactory so far as wages went: presently, when the negotiation was nearly concluded, John inquired, "Has Mrs. M—a house in town, sir?" "Yes, but she's not well enough to go up to London this season." "Then," very respectfully, "I'm afraid, sir, the place won't suit me."

REGINALD WYNFORD.

MONODY.

T. BUCHANAN READ, DIED MAY 11, 1872.

WHILE all around me, from their leafy homes,
 The nightingales are welcoming the moon,
 Yet dim against the sunlight, as she hangs
 Above the hilly Bosphorus—in an hour
 Sure of her triumph, when the stars shall hold
 Their nightly synod round her silver throne,
 And her cool empire, swallowing evening up,
 Shall spread its boundaries from coast to coast—
 Here sit I still, half happy, half ashamed
 Of such content within so sad a world,
 Musing, while changes of the tinted light,
 That floods the hilltops with a tender haze
 Of golden purple and of golden green,
 Makes the far Asian lands appear the skirts
 And blazing outposts girding Paradise.

Again the nightingale! Persistent bird,
 Why art thou jealous of my happiness?
 Is it not better that my backward eyes
 Should follow still in Io's milky wake,
 Stung through the waters by the flying scourge?—
 Or trace the shining way which Argo clove,
 With lusty Jason and his daring crew,
 Straight to the Euxine, where, far leagues away,
 Fronting the North and butting all the waves,
 Stand, bull-browed, sullen, the defiant rocks,
 Symplegades, as old as fable is,
 That tossed poor Argo on their stony horns,
 And gored the timbers of her gilded stern
 Until she groaned? O path of glory old!—
 The later Græel prefigured by the Fleece—
 Whose splendor touches yet the storied waves,
 As clings and glitters on their foamy tops
 The golden furrow of the setting sun!

Once more, once more that sorrowful strong lay
 Of triumph, climbing up, by hard degrees
 Of fiery human passion, to the verge
 Of actual mastery over death, decay,
 Oblivion and all our mortal state!
 Art thou a soul that knoweth more than we,
 Perched in clear visions, of a farther life,
 Prophet and comforter? or but a tuft
 Of dusky feathers, but an instrument
 Blown on by chance, suggesting to my ear,
 Out of the wealth of my informing brain,
 More things and higher than to thee are known?

I cannot say. The cause, if real or false,
Dies in the birth of the supreme effect;
And I to that am slave; and I to that
Yield up my soul, and, traveling watery leagues,
Fall with the burden of my weary heart
Prone on my shores, and kiss the bitter earth,
And the fresh grasses, and the little flowers
Just peeping up to meet belated Spring.
In vain I listen. Motherland! oh say,
Say to me, stricken with bewildering grief,
Where is our nightingale, that erewhile made
Thy brakes, thy copses and thy shady groves
Ring with his warblings? Couldst thou do no more,
In way of welcome, than to dig a grave,
Where the slow river skirts the camp of death,
For him, thy child, who sought thee from afar,
Filled with the love he ever bore to thee?
Yea, the least thing of thine—a wayside plot,
A field of wheat, a mossy wood, a vale
Humble and hidden, the great clasping sky
That held thee fair within its pure embrace—
He loved them all, and gave them dignity,
Filled them with forms and living legendary,
And made them travel on the wings of song
Into the homes of strange and foreign men,
Who ne'er with bodily eyes might look on thee.
Ah! what a boon, what solace to his heart
It might have been, if with his dying eyes
He could have seen the sunset of his life
Fade out behind the green long rolling slopes
And pine-clad summits of his native hills;
Have heard the robin whistling in the bush
Beside some homestead of his native State;
Have smelt the odors of his native flowers
Come in like friends to wait about his bed;
Have drawn his last breath from his native air,
And felt, as sense departed, all around
His childhood's peace come back to him again!—
Instead of dying, as an alien might,
In that half-foreign city, where the howl
Of trade is endless, and the devil's feast
Of gold is spread before neglected Heaven
From weary morning until wearier eve!
"Sweet are your kisses, O Beloved, to me!"
These were the words that, as a votive flame,
Lighted the crumbling altar of his life
For final sacrifice. Thrice sacred words!
With them a spirit fled whose every act
Was vowed to love, to universal love—
The law and issue of his gentle life,
The last reward and comfort of the hour
When to his mortal vision less and less
Grew the receding pageant of the world,
And, half in heaven, his lingering soul reached back,

And groped to feel the touch of human love;
Steadied his faith on that, and rising took
The scarcely brighter amaranthine crown.

But I become as weak as grief may be,
Astray in empty fancies, all unmanned,
And lose my footing on the stable earth,
And lose the use of temperate sense, by this,
This too illusive dreaming. For the hills
Of ancient Asia through my trembling tears
Glimmer like fabrics desolate and false
Evoked by glamour; and the nightingales
Cry in derision, "Woe, for ever woe!—
Woe without cure within this spectral world!—
This dream within a dream, this house of sand,
This whirling vapor, oh so madly called
'Reality,' where nothing real can be,
And change, change only, and its troop of griefs,
Are native dwellers! Mere intruders we,
The toys of something, one calls Chance, one Fate;
Knowing but this, at speculation's end,
That we are moulded dust in Nature's hands,
Helpless to rule the whims of destiny;
But somehow pregnant with a consciousness
That says but this: 'You are, you feel, you love;
You send Love voyaging in pursuit of Joy;
But Death, not Love, is winner of the prize,
And you, oh common fate! are miserable!'"

Just then, while fancy truckled to despair,
Lo! there swept by me from the misty South
An antique vision—Argo and her crew.
Around, behind the mystic ship the sea,
Beneath the fury of her fifty oars,
Boiled, foamed and bubbled, and the lifted blades
In rhythmic cadence shot a silver shower
Of spray behind them, as the vocal prow
Tore through the water, urged by demigods,
Laboring like slaves, bare-browed, bedewed with sweat,
But hero-hearted, at their rugged work.
Bold Jason, flaming in his brazen mail,
Stood at the quarter, and his youthful eyes
Consumed the distance, glorious with hope.
His crisping ringlets from his golden helm
Burst in a torrent round his ruling brow;
His curved nose and firm, defiant mouth
Predicted victory, and his manly bulk
Swelled and was radiant with lusty youth
And will unconquerable. I saw the Fleece
Glowing before him through its woolly gold:
So strong the purpose of his ardent soul
Was painted in his face, so resolute
His total mind was fixed on one result,
Seen by his faith, as though his object stood

A guiding star before him. So I cried,
 Out of my rallying manhood, "Oh for me,
 Dear God, for me a purpose such as this!—
 Something to live, to labor and to die—
 Best aim of all—to die for! falling prone,
 With the pursuit just won, or happy lost—
 What matter which, if by so little lost?—
 Oh for a vital fable in these days
 Of little faith, of unheroic life
 Smoothed to a level! Oh but for the Fleece!—
 Or better, Master, for the Holy Græ!l!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

A MISSION TO COSTA RICA.

THE republics of Costa Rica and Nicaragua had been for some time quarreling about a question of boundary, involving the right to the river Serapaqui, which connects the Andes of that region with the Atlantic at Greytown. As it was important for the governments of the United States and Great Britain that the difficulty should be settled, so as to prevent it from impeding the project of an interoceanic canal, they sent joint commissions to the said republics in the year 1853. Sir Charles Wycke, now envoy at Copenhagen, was the British commissioner, with the present writer as the American one to Costa Rica, and the resident minister at Nicaragua as his colleague to that republic.

We left New York together in the month of May in the steamer Empire City for Havana. The first day at table one of us asked for a clean plate, a request which was responded to by an Irish waiter, who took the plate that had been used, emptied it of the *beaux restes*, and brought it back without even a wipe. "What do you mean by bringing me this dirty plate?" was the indignant query. "Sure, then, it's your own dirt!" was the contemptuous reply, from which the other had to extract what consolation he could. The last day we ran by the rather well-known town of Havana in the morning, and had to turn back to

get into port. Whether this was owing to the immense velocity of the vessel, that rendered it impossible to stop her in time—just as it sometimes takes a good while to pull up a racer—or to some mistake of the map or of the master, was never accurately ascertained.

We remained a couple of days at Havana, and then embarked on the United States steamer Saranac, Captain Pendergrast, for Greytown, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of seven days. At Greytown we remained nearly a week, making our preparations for canoeing up the river and muleing over the mountains. At last we started on a beautiful evening, with five Indians to row the boat, whose toilette could be very easily described, as they hadn't even the branch of a fig tree, by way of luggage, to afford them an occasional change of dress. For four days and four nights were we the occupants of the canoe, sleeping at anchor during the hours of darkness in the middle of the stream, in order to escape mosquitoes whose dimensions were elephantine, whose music was madness, and whose sting was profanity, or at least angry words. A stray monster of stouter wing than his comrades, that might make the trip to the boat, smelling the blood of the Englishman, would produce a stir that a crocodile could not have caused. As we were

going against the stream, which is very strong, our progress was not rapid, but it was not less pleasant on that account, the savage beauty of the scenery through which the waters ran affording perpetual enjoyment. Our rowers were all obliging and good-natured, though they would ever and anon startle us by dropping their oars and plunging into the stream to rest and refresh themselves with a swim, climbing back again and shaking themselves in a way almost to upset the frail bark. Whenever they met another boat coming down they seemed to undergo a sort of demoniac possession. Shouting at the top of their barbarous lungs, they would hurl all sorts of hideous epithets, amid yells of laughter, at the rowers of the passing canoe, who would give back as good, or rather bad, as they got. And then how they would chuckle and cachinnate, when the rival blackguards were out of earshot, at the recapitulation of their ineffable wit!—literally ineffable, for it was certainly not fit for ears polite or decent. Nature is unquestionably a horrible hussy, requiring a deal of scrubbing to be brought to anything like proper polish. Did any one, except Fenimore Cooper and the poet of Wyoming, ever meet a "noble" savage—one who wasn't more or less begrimed with dirt, both moral and physical (unless just after a duck)? Of the earth earthiest are the sons of earth who have never been vivified by the beams of civilization. Such beams did not certainly shine at Greytown, in spite of the accumulation thereat of a certain kind of civilized humanity, in whom was "imbruted every faculty divine"—the virtuous vitality it might previously have received having been suffocated by the vilest fogs of passion. Not that the place was entirely without reputable inhabitants, for there were a few individuals who were really respectable. But the million, or rather the thousand, were the dross and refuse of Christendom, people who were much more likely to make bad worse than to do anything good, and by whom the poor Indian was sure to be made poorer still, so far as his moral nature was concerned. In the

same way that a wicked woman is the worst of men, is a depraved Christian the worst of brutes. *Optima natura, pessima corruptione.*

About noon of the fifth day we approached the head-waters of the Serapaqui, where we were to disembark. A log cabin intended to represent a fort, in which were stationed half a dozen heroes with a captain, revealed itself to our eyes as we drew near, amid a mass of tremendous vegetation. On the shore the entire garrison was drawn up in martial array, the commander in quite magnificent toggery, with abundant epaulette and superabundant plumage, and the soldiers in full uniform of shirt, cigar and musket, evidently prepared to receive us with satisfactory honors. Our hearts naturally began to beat at the spectacle, and our feelings of "some-pumpkinism" to dilate. But we were not to enjoy the flattering reception as expeditiously as we desired. When about a quarter of a mile from shore we got into an eddy that made us whirl about and turn about more vivaciously than Jim Crow himself could ever have revolved. Over went our fellows, and strenuously did they labor to push the boat ahead, but round and round it continued to go, until the embroidered chief on terra firma thundered forth a command to his host to plunge to the rescue. Down went the weapons, off went the shirts and in went the soldiers, but out didn't go the cigars. Breasting the billows, they reached our revolving vessel, which soon felt the force of their vigorous aid. Swimming and pushing, they got us into straight water, and in a few minutes we leaped with more delight than dignity on shore. A polite request was at once made that we should halt and wait until the warriors got again into saluting trim. We hadn't to wait long for that, but we had to wait a good while for the firearms to get into explosive mood. They were venerable instruments that must have been brought over by some of the companions of Columbus, and refused to go off with any of the vain precipitance of youth, each one taking its own especial time. The last

one having at length decorously banged, we were escorted to the cabin, over which waved the flag of Costa Rica. Here, if the soldiers were few, the chickens were many. There seemed hardly to be room for aught that wasn't fowl. "Where did all these creatures come from?" I inquired of the captain. "Ah," he replied, with mournful tone and mournfuller look, "they are our only amusement, and almost our only food." It was sad to think of a possible Bolivar cribbed and confined in this cackling coop, with no diversion but that of counting his chickens before and after they were hatched, or fattening them for his own and his army's stomach. To such vile uses may even a high-born *hidalgo* be put in some parts of the path to glory. The wonder is that he didn't become so chicken-hearted at last as to be disinclined to confront any adversary more formidable than a rooster. That such was not the effect upon him I can testify from the fact that about a month afterward I met him at the ball given to us by the government in San José, for which he had got a furlough and journeyed for four days and nights over the most perilous precipices and through the most howling wilderness that can be conceived. I gazed at him with something like awe as I shook his hand, and was told that he had come for no other object than the fête, and was to return at cock-crow the next morn. From his intimate relations with poultry he might almost have succeeded in bribing the chanticleers of the capital to postpone their matinal music until, at least, he had slept off the waltzes and contradanzas in which he had worked with all his soul, and in the very last of which he was a prominent and persistent performer. What desperate desire for change of companionship and recreation must have been his could only be appreciated by one who had beheld him communing with cocks, and who had passed over the indescribable route between the town and his post.

It was a terrible trip, even under such favorable circumstances as ours. The government of Costa Rica, having been

apprised of our coming, sent an escort of some twenty men to guide our steps, as well as several experienced mules to carry our bodies and baggage. There was nothing like a road; only a bridle-path—if that is not too big an epithet—up and down crags and precipices that looked impossible, and through forests where branches and bushes had to be exterminated for passage. At one spot we came to a precipice which certainly outangled forty-five degrees, and seemed to be positively perpendicular. Not supposing we were to attempt such a descent as that, I stopped my beast and inquired where we were to go. "Right on," said a guide, pointing down the abyss. "Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Well, then," he replied, "you must turn back, for that's the only way." But compassionating my inexperience, he showed me how to fix myself in the saddle, by dropping the reins, holding on to the crupper and elevating my well-stirruped feet to a level with the animal's ears, the said animal being allowed to follow his own sweet will. I was of course almost lying flat on his back, and fully expected to roll with him to the bottom. But the highly intelligent quadruped knew too well what he was about for any such catastrophe. Dropping quietly from rock to rock, he took me down in safety, and after I had drawn a very long breath I was enabled to enjoy the spectacle of my colleague's descent, which was also nicely accomplished. On another occasion we were going along a very narrow path on the side of a mountain, lofty rocks on one hand and a fathomless abyss on the other, when I heard a sudden exclamation of alarm, my mule at the moment making a desperate jerk. Looking round, my guide, with rather paler hue than usual, informed me that the animal had got one of its hind feet over the edge of the path, and had saved itself by mulish instinct, to which I felt at once immensely grateful. How long we should have been tumbling down such a steep as that, and what would have been our condition at the end, might have been a matter of speculation to certain minds, but did not

furnish pleasant food for thought at the moment. We all hugged the high side for the remainder of that path.

Our sleep at night in the forests was greatly hindered by the uproar of monkeys and baboons, with which the immense trees were densely peopled. At first they gave one an idea of being in the midst of the fiercest of wild beasts, just as the music of a donkey when first heard might awaken the direst apprehensions. How they jumped about among the branches, doubtless agitated by our proximity and debating what was to be done in committee of the whole! The parroquets and macaws, too, indulged in harmony much more pleasant to themselves than their hearers. But the woods were by no means free of creatures of more perilous proclivities; so that it was consolatory to think of the safety there was in numbers. As we made our principal meal after pitching our tents for the evening, and were well supplied with all sorts of delicacies, tinned and canned, the quadrupeds referred to might well have felt attracted to our neighborhood, like the fox in Lafontaine's fable of the crow and the cheese. Great, by the way, was the surprise of our attendants at our first repast, when we began to empty the tins of their contents. They had never seen soup and meat proceeding from such receptacles before, so that the interest they manifested was almost ludicrous.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the vegetation and the mingled beauty and grandeur of the scenes through which we passed; but the most delightful prospect was certainly that which was afforded by the town of San José, where our journey was to end. When a couple of miles distant we were met by an aide-de-camp of the president of the little republic, attended by some soldiers, and welcomed in very cordial style. He informed us that a house in the city had been selected for our residence, to which he begged to accompany us—a request that was at once graciously granted. It was one of the best in the place, and was not only well furnished with chairs and beds, but sup-

plied with servants who had been commissioned to play helps. The cook was an Englishwoman, who resolutely refused ever to take money from us for market, the government having provided her superabundantly with the needful. Of course we soon came to the conclusion that it was the best government on earth—a model for republics and a bright exemplar for all other forms. Its munificence, however, put us at last in a quandary, for, wishing to reciprocate the civilities we had received from the members thereof, we determined to give them a grand banquet; but in vain. Not a penny would the cook take; so at last we had to compromise the matter by giving them a modest dinner at their own expense. It wouldn't have done to entertain them in a very costly way under such circumstances, as the dearer the feast the cheaper we must have felt. Fortunately, however, there was a colony of English and Americans, who gave a magnificent ball in response to the civilities of the natives, which, to a certain extent, paid our debt; and on the whole it wasn't such a bad way of paying a debt, when it was the only way feasible at the moment. So much fun had certainly never before agitated the citizens and citizenesses of San José, this being the first mission of the sort ever known there, and one might feel a kind of philanthropic pleasure at having been concerned in affording them such an episode in their monotonous lives—monotonous, at least socially, however little so politically; for though Costa Rica has been the least disturbed of the Spanish-American countries, it has nevertheless had its revolutionary enjoyments like its compeers. The excellent President Mora and his handsome, good-natured wife were a very attractive couple; and the minister of foreign affairs, who kept a multifarious shop when not employed in affairs of state, was what is called in poetry a jolly good fellow. The minister of finance was an Indian, at least in complexion. The mixture of the two races appeared to be much less in Costa Rica than in other portions of Spanish America, and was doubtless a

main cause of its superior tranquillity. A half-breed, in general, is a gentleman of very tumultuous temperament, as the innkeeper at Cambridge called young Byron, and has no idea of letting himself or any one else have peace. But the minister aforesaid was an exception. Nothing could apparently be quieter than his disposition, and nothing more dignified than his manners. Simplicity and absence of all pretence were agreeable characteristics of the whole population, combined with abundant willingness to please and be pleased. One might, however, have fancied them to be a very martial people from their fondness for sticking little flags into everything. On the supper-table of the ball with which they honored us there was scarcely a sugar-plum that did not rejoice in a variegated flagging of its own emerging from the centre of its sweets. The effect was very funny at first, and not displeasing, giving the table as it did the look of a queer sort of flower-bed or parterre. Candies and preserves are the weakness of all Spanish-American populations, from which the San Joséans were by no means exempt. A little more meat would have done the ladies good, and increased their activity when not dancing, though then their sugars seemed quite adequate to put life and mettle in their heels. But perhaps it was the novelty of such festivities that stirred them up to the fantastic-toecism of the moment, listless as they seemed to be in ordinary mood. It might be doubted if they could "keep it up" a whole season at Saratoga or New York. There was little appearance of social distinctions or upper-tenism of pretension—no turning up of noses at people not of "our set." Republican equality and simplicity were equally manifest. The only equipage in the city belonged to the president, and was rarely used by him, as we found out to our cost. One morning he sent his aide to say that he would place his carriage at our disposal during our sojourn, for which we felt and expressed all gratitude. The same afternoon it made its appearance at our door. Going to take

our seats, the first thing we beheld was one horse on his hind legs, pawing the atmosphere in the most ferocious style, and the other kicking up behind in a way to threaten immediate demolition of the vehicle, coachman the while cutting all sorts of gymnastics with feet and whip, accompanied by a vocal uproar which must have shocked the patron saint of the land. The spectacle was not pleasant for people who relished a quiet drive more than a circus performance. Had either of us been alone, I am inclined to think the coachman would have been requested to return to the stable; but John Bull didn't like to be white-feathery before Brother Jonathan, whose sentiments were reciprocal; so in we got with a kind of "who's-afraid?" air. Never, surely, was there such a drive since that famous one of Charles O'Malley, when he treated his fair cousin to a run with unbroken colts. The rearing and kicking having been quieted for the moment, we set off over the horribly-paved streets at a rate which threatened to shake the breath out of our bodies and dislocate every bone, the lumbering old vehicle making a clatter, in concert with coachee's shouts, which soon brought every inhabitant to door and window, set every urchin yelling and every dog barking, as well as rushing after us in regular canine fashion; so that we soon had all the villainous yelpers of the town as an escort. The steeds had evidently lost all remembrance of ever having been in harness, and adopted every possible expedient for exhibiting their indignation and disgust. Rearing and plunging and kicking and galloping, away they went, putting the whole town in commotion, and threatening instant destruction to the entire diplomatic corps then abiding in Costa Rica. Nothing saved us but the ponderous proportions of the vehicle. It was so huge and heavy and strong that all the efforts of the furious beasts broke against it, as it were, like billows against a rock; so that after a while a sufficient sense of security was obtained to enable us to enjoy the excitement of the exercise and the commotion

of the community. John Gilpin did not produce a greater stir in Islington than did we that afternoon in San José. Many, doubtless, who had never seen the equipage before or known of its existence, must have fancied the "señores ministros" had brought it with them, and imbibed therefrom strange ideas of foreign propensities. On our return we told the coachman, of course, that we had had a charming time, but that on the whole we preferred the saddle-horses which His Excellency had also kindly offered us, and would not trouble him again, at all events for a few days. We never troubled him again.

San José is charmingly situated in a valley which seems to flow with milk and honey. From the top of one of the neighboring mountains the two oceans are said to be visible, but neither of us felt inclined to verify the statement, having had quite enough of ups and downs. At the foot of that mountain is the town of Cartago, which in days of yore used to wage war with the people of San José as ruthlessly as did the Carthaginians of old with the Romans of Regulus and Scipio. History repeated itself in that valley with its usual fidelity to human nature, fighting still, and still destroying. How can we ever have peace so long as man remains what the philosopher calls him, an animal mendacious, voracious, pugnacious?—*animal mendax, vorax, pugnax*. Abel left no descendants, unfortunately. We are all the children of Cain or his weaker and scarcely better brethren, and it will be the same old story until that offending Cain is whipped out of us.

After a stay in San José of a couple of months, we proceeded to Puntas Arenas, a village on the Pacific coast, to take shipping for Nicaragua. Fortunately, the road was not of the description we had traversed from the Atlantic side, and presented many points of interest. The first view of the Pacific from a lofty mountain made of course an indelible impression. It was a splendid spectacle; and the gallop of eight or ten miles over the ocean beach as we approached the village was as pleasant a performance

of the sort as could well be enjoyed. At Puntas Arenas we were detained a week, with nothing to do but contemplate the billows of the peaceful ocean when illumined with the last rays of the sun, and buffet them when the luminary was about making his appearance. During the intermediate hours the less that was enjoyed of his welcoming and unwelcome warmth, the better for eyes and beaded brows. At length we embarked in a wretched little brig, on whose good pleasure we had been obliged to wait, and bade an affectionate farewell to Costa Rica.

At the time of my visit Costa Rica was the smallest of the Central American states in population, but the second in wealth. There was a much larger proportion, as already mentioned, of the white element among its inhabitants than in its sister communities, and their industry and energy were proportionally superior. The amount of white blood anywhere may be pretty well estimated by the character of the people. Where black blood predominates laziness is the chief trait—where Indian blood, ferocity. Coffee, sugar and tobacco are the Costa Rican staples, and of admirable quality. The first is equal to any Java, or even Mocha; and the last is the very strongest in the world. I have smoked the weed in most of the regions where it is grown, and can testify to the fact of its almost terrible potency in Costa Rica. The first time it is tried by a stranger unconscious of its capabilities it will make an impression upon his nerves which he will not easily forget, as I know to my cost. Raw hides, pearlshells, dyewoods, sarsaparilla, pearls, tortoise-shell and gold are also among its exports, whilst it imports foreign merchandise to the amount of one million dollars. The soil is moist and fertile, and there are extensive tablelands which rise to a height of over four thousand feet. When communication with it is made easy, it will hold out strong inducements to emigrant enterprise, and become an important mart. But the difficulties are great between the Atlantic and the capital, though, if there

were a canal to any part of the Pacific coast of Central America, its products could be easily exported, as the roads in that direction are comparatively good and "journeyable." Since my time the republic has gone through its share of Spanish-American bothers, without, however, retrograding like some of its neighbors. The last and pleasantest account of it is to be found in Anthony Trollope's interesting volume about those regions, to which the inquisitive are duly commended. Some great amelioration of the route from the Serapaqui to San José must have been accomplished before his trip, or he would scarcely have been able to repress a few inky tears at the renewal of its horrors.

We were a week on the voyage from Puntas Arenas to San Juan del Norte, the Nicaraguan port to which we were bound; and such a week! what a vessel! what a crew! what a table! what a bed! what filth! what stink! what bugs! With what transport were welcomed the cleanliness and comforts of a shanty occupied by a couple of Americans settled in this little place! After staying there a day, we mounted horses and proceeded to Virgin Bay, on Lake Nicaragua, to take steamer for the city of Granada. On the road we encountered a crowd of Californian emigrants, of all sexes and ages and rigs, bestriding beasts of all shapes and sounds, among which the beauty and music of long-eared brays were delightfully dominant. Some of those same wayfarers may have found an El Dorado, and be now among the millionaires of San Francisco, or perhaps be the very individuals who played the famous game of euchre and "went for that heathen Chinee." They were a jolly set, at all events, having apparently a good supply of "gay hope by fancy fed"—that hope which, according to my Lord Bacon, makes so capital a breakfast and so wretched a supper. It certainly does a great deal better to wake up with than to go to sleep on, even for a Micawber or a Mantalini, or a Mark Tapley himself. The only other incident of the journey was a plunge of my animal into a quag-

mire, where he sank quite up to the saddle, to the utter destruction of the whiteness of my drilling and the equanimity of my feelings. It was a labor and a work indeed to effect an extrication from the ponderous mud, which almost induced the poor horse to give up in despair, in spite of the desperation of the efforts made to impel him to flounder through—efforts that might have been fruitless had not an experienced guide made all haste to the rescue. Carefully were that guide's footsteps followed during the rest of the ride. Experience is not always like the stern-light of a ship, in spite of Coleridge and in memory's spite.

At Virgin Bay there was a beautifully situated tavern for the benefit of travelers, where the view over the lake from the windows was decidedly more tempting than that over the table from the chairs. The culinary attractions of the room were small, but they were compensated by the fascinations of the evening stroll on the shore. A glorious sheet of water is that lake; and more glorious it seemed to become at every mile as we steamed along to our destined port. The mountains that spring ever and anon from the bosom of its waves, as if by touch of an enchanter's wand, are pieces of picturesqueness nowhere else to be rivaled. The voyage occupied about eight hours.

Granada is not a very metropolitan city, but it has its pretensions. Nor were the inhabitants in my time of a very capital description, but they had their pretensions, too; especially the American portion, which had just been making things lively in their peculiar way. Several sovereigns, in consequence, were in durance vile, as the authorities had got the better of them by dint of numbers. For a little while after my arrival minute-guns were going off in such melancholy style that I fancied some catastrophe had recently occurred, but at last I was informed that the catastrophe, if any, was myself. It was a delicate attention in the way of compliment to the span-gled flag which was braving the breezes of the lake from the mast of the steamer.

No such flattering manifestations accompanied my departure a fortnight afterward. On going aboard I found the vessel filled with armed men, who had been put there at the instance of a creditor of its owners to enforce payment of some debt. It was with no little difficulty they were got rid of, after formidable representations had been made of the peril to be apprehended from the stoppage of a boat on business of the North American government. As they left they fired no salutes of either a minute or a secondary description. Much was the mixture of bloods in the people. Negro, Indian and white currents were all discernible in their veins, producing not unfrequently, among the women, a combination of color and contour that was by no means unattractive, whilst considerable revelation of charms was the result of a looseness of toilette that was more in harmony with the thermometer than with social requirements. In late beginning and early conclusion their attire almost rivaled the fullest full dress of Fifth-Avenue fashion. A reasonable portion of it also was removed at early morning hours, when the whole population rendezvoused in the waters of the lake.

The resident minister of the United States being at Managua, the seat of government, I proceeded on mule-back to that remarkable metropolis through a very beautiful and fever-aguey region, of which the influences soon gave me a series of shakes such as, relatively, the soil had never experienced. They were not materially lessened either by the cordialities of the Nicaraguan potentates, or the delicious waters of a lake about two miles off, which were as genially warm as if kept in order by a well-regulated furnace. The lake is said to be the crater of an extinct volcano—a fact that might of course account for its temperature. In very bad humor were the rulers of the republic. They would listen to no such arrangement as that proposed by the English and American governments, although it had been accepted by the much better inspired Costa Ricans. Sinister influences were at work, of which

it is needless to speak. Well would it have been for the worthies if they had been more complaisant. They would then have had the agis of Yankeeedom thrown over them in a way that must have prevented the fearful filibusterings of Walker and Company, in which most of them perished, and by which such misery was wrought in the land. No tears were extorted by our departure from Managua on bidding adieu to the motley ministry which misgoverned in the usual mode.

R. M. WALSH.

[The foregoing paper, written shortly before the author's death, completes a series which has appeared in this Magazine, descriptive of a varied career of foreign travel and diplomatic service. Beginning at the age of eighteen as an attaché to the American legation at London, of which Irving was the secretary, Mr. Walsh received appointments which led him to Mexico, Santo Domingo, Brazil, Buenos Ayres and Costa Rica, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to the study of social as well as political life. These advantages were supplemented by a residence at different periods in Europe, including a sojourn of several years in Italy, and an intercourse more or less intimate with many persons of celebrity. His keen intellect, his wide acquaintance with the languages and literature of the countries he visited, and the training he had received from his father, whose memory is still cherished by Philadelphians as that of the ablest and most sagacious journalist of his time, enabled him to turn the opportunities he enjoyed to good account. His despatches received high encomiums from the late Lord Dalling, and his earliest contributions to periodical literature were accepted with warm praise by the poet Campbell when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. But Mr. Walsh will be best remembered by those who had the pleasure of knowing him personally for the charm of his conversation. His vivacity was as stimulating as it was unforced, his wit as playful as it was ready and acute, and the relations which he drew from an unfailling store of recollections, while marked by brilliancy and point, were poured forth in an easy and natural flow that contrasted with the studied artifices of the professional *raconteur*. The school in which such powers were cultivated is now, we fear, extinct.—Ed.]

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALONG THE GRETA.

You stood before me like a thought,
 A dream remembered in a dream;
 But when those meek eyes first did seem
 To see me, Love within you wrought.
 O Greta, dear domestic stream!
 Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
 Has not Love's whisper evermore,
 Been ceaseless as thy gentle roar?
 Sole voice when other voices sleep,
 Dear under-song in Clamor's hour.

"NOW, Bell," says Tita, "I am going to ask you a serious question."

"Yes, mamma," says the girl dutifully.

"Where is the North Country?"

Goodness gracious! This was a pretty topic to start as we sat idly by the shores of Derwentwater and watched the great white clouds move lazily over the mountain-peaks beyond. For did it not involve some haphazard remark of Bell's which would instantly plunge the lieutenant into the history of Strathclyde, so as to prove, in defiance of the first principles of logic and the Ten Commandments, that the girl was altogether right? Bell solved the difficulty in a novel fashion. She merely repeated, in a low and careless voice, some lines from the chief favorite of all her songs:

While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
 Where lads and young lasses are making the hay,
 The merry bells ring and the birds sweetly sing,
 And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay:
 Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
 They grow so green in the North Countree!

"But where is it?" says Tita. "You are always looking to the North and never getting there. Down in Oxford, you were all anxiety to get up to Wales. Once in Wales, you hurried us on to Westmoreland. Now you are in Westmoreland, you are still hankering after the North, and I want to know where you mean to stop? At Carlisle? Or Edinburgh? Or John o' Groat's?"

The little woman was becoming quite eloquent, in her quiet and playful fash-

ion, as she sat there with Bell's hand in hers. The girl looked rather embarrassed, and so, of course, the lieutenant, always on the lookout for such a chance, must needs whip up his heavy artillery and open fire on Bell's opponent. "No, madame," he says, "why should you fix down that beautiful country to any place? Is it not better to have the dream always before you? You are too practical."

Too practical! This from an imper-tinent young Uhlan to a gentle lady whose eyes are full of wistful visions and fancies from the morning to the night!

"It is better that you have it like the El Dorado that the old travelers went to seek—always in front of them, but never just in sight. Mademoiselle is quite right not to put down her beautiful country in the map."

"Count von Rosen," says my lady with some show of petulance, "you are always proving Bell to be in the right. You never help me, and you know I never get any assistance from the quarter whence it ought to come. Now, if I were to say that I belonged to the North Country, you would never think of bringing all sorts of historical arguments to prove that I did."

"Madame," says the young man with great modesty, "the reason is, that you never need any such arguments, for you are always in the right at the first."

Here Bell laughs in a very malicious manner, for was not the retort provoked? My lady asks the girl to watch the creeping of a shadow over the summit of Glaramara, as if that had anything to do with the history of Deira.

Well, the women owed us some explanation, for between them they had resolved upon our setting out for Penrith that afternoon. All the excursions we had planned in this beautiful neighbor-

hood had to be abandoned, and for no ostensible reason whatever. That there must be some occult reason, however, for this odd resolve was quite certain, and the lieutenant and myself were left to fit such keys to the mystery as we might think proper.

Was it really, then, this odd longing of Bell's to go northward, or was it not rather a secret consciousness that Arthur would cease to accompany us at Carlisle? The young man had remained behind at the hotel that morning. He had important letters to write, he said. A telegram had arrived for him while we were at breakfast, and he had remarked, in a careless way, that it was from Mr. Tatham, Katty's father. Perhaps it was. There is no saying what a reckless young fellow may not goad an elderly gentleman into doing; but if this message, as we were given to understand, had really something to do with Arthur's relations toward Katty, it was certainly an odd matter to arrange by telegraph.

As for the lieutenant, he appeared to treat the whole affair with a cool indifference which was probably assumed. In private conversation he informed me that what Arthur might do in the way of marrying Miss Tatham or anybody else was of no consequence whatever to him.

"Mademoiselle will tell me my fate—that is enough," he said. "You think that I am careless, yes? It is not so, except I am convinced your friend from Twickenham has nothing to do with it. No, he will not marry mademoiselle—that is so clear that any one can see it—but he may induce her, frighten her, complain of her, so that she will not marry me. Good! If it is so, I will know who has served me that way."

"You needn't look as if you meant to eat up the whole family," I say to him.

"And more," he continued with even greater fierceness—"it has come to be too much, this. He shall not go beyond Carlisle with us. I will not allow mademoiselle to be persecuted. You will say I have no right—that it is no business of mine—"

"That is precisely what I do say.

Leave the girl to manage her own affairs. If she wishes Arthur to go, she can do it with a word. Do you think there is no method of giving a young man his *congé* but by breaking his neck?"

"Oh, you think, then, that mademoiselle wishes him to remain near her?"

A sudden cold reserve had fallen over the young fellow's manner. He stood there for a moment as if he calmly expected to hear the worst, and was ready to pack up his traps and betake himself to the South.

"I tell you again," I say, "that I think nothing about it and know nothing about it. But as for the decree of Providence which ordained that young people in love should become the pest and torture of their friends, of all the inscrutable, unjust, perplexing and monstrous facts of life, this is about the worst. I will take a cigar from you, if you please."

"That is all you care for—yes, a cigar," says the young man peevishly. "If the phaeton were to be smashed to pieces this afternoon—a cigar. If mademoiselle were to go and marry this wretched fellow—again a cigar. I do not think that you care more for anything around you than the seal which comes up and shakes hands with his keeper in the Zoological Gardens."

"Got a light?"

"And yet I think it is possible you will get a surprise very soon. Yes, and will not be so indifferent. After Carlisle—"

"After Carlisle you come to Gretna Green. But if you propose to run away with Bell, don't take my horses: they are not used to hard work."

"Run away! You do talk as if mademoiselle were willing to run away with anybody. No, it is quite another thing."

And here the lieutenant, getting into the morose state—which always follows the fierceness of a lover—begins to pull about the shawls and pack them up.

Nevertheless, the eighteen miles between Keswick and Penrith proved one of the pleasantest drives of our journey. There was not much driving, it is true. We started at midday, and, having

something like five or six hours in which to get over this stretch of mountain and moorland road, we spent most of the time in walking, even Tita descending from her usual post to wander along the hedgerows and look down into the valley of the Greta. As the white road rose gradually from the plains of the lakes, taking us along the slopes of the mighty Saddleback, the view of the beautiful country behind us grew more extended and lovely. The clear silver day showed us the vast array of mountains in the palest of hues, and as white clouds floated over the hills and the gleaming surface of Derwentwater, even the shadows seemed pale and luminous. There was no mist, but a bewildering glare of light that seemed at once to transpose and blend the clouds, the sky, the hills and the lake. There was plenty of motion in the picture, too, for there was a south wind blowing light shadows of gray across the silver whiteness, but there was no lowering mass of vapor lying up at the horizon, and all our evil anticipations of the previous day remained unfulfilled.

What a picturesque glen is that over which the great back of Saddleback towers! We could hear the Greta rushing down the chasm through a world of light-green foliage, and sometimes we got a glimpse of the stream itself—a rich brown with dashes of white foam. Then you cross the river where it is joined by St. John's Beck, and as you slowly climb the side of Saddleback the Greta becomes the Glenderamackin, and by and by you lose it altogether as it strikes off to the north. But there are plenty of streams about. Each gorge and valley has its beck, and you can hear the splashing of the water where there is nothing visible but masses of young trees lying warm and green in the sunshine.

And as for the wild flowers that grow here in a wonderful luxuriance of form and color, who can describe them? The lieutenant was growing quite learned in English wild blossoms. He could tell the difference between herb robert and ragged robin, was not to be deceived

into believing the rock-rose a buttercup, and had become profound in the study of the various speedwells. But he was a late scholar. Arthur had been under Bell's tuition years before. He knew all the flowers she liked best: he could pick them out at a distance, without going through the trouble of laboriously comparing them, as our poor lieutenant had to do. You should have seen these two young men, with black rage in their hearts, engaged in the idyllic pastime of culling pretty blossoms for a fair maiden. Bell treated them both with a simple indifference that was begotten chiefly by the very definite interest she had in their pursuit. She was really thinking a good deal more of her tangled and picturesque bouquet than of the intentions of the young men in bringing the flowers to her. She was speedily to be recalled from her dream.

At a certain portion of the way we came upon a lot of forget-me-nots that were growing amid the roadside grass, meaning no harm. The pale turquoise-blue of the flowers was looking up to the silver-white fleece of the sky, just as if there was some communion between the two that rude human hands had no right to break. Arthur made a plunge at them. He pulled up at once some half dozen stalks and came back with them to Bell. "Here," he said, with a strange sort of smile, "are some forget-me-nots for you. They are supposed to be typical of woman's constancy—are they not?—for they keep fresh about half a dozen hours."

Bell received the flowers without a trace of surprise or vexation in her manner, and then, with the most admirable self-possession, she turned to the lieutenant, separated one of the flowers from the lot, and said with a great gentleness and calmness, "Count von Rosen, do you care to have one of these? You have very pretty songs about the forget-me-not in Germany."

I believe that young fellow did not know whether he was dead or alive at the moment when the girl addressed him thus. For a single second a flash of surprise and bewilderment appeared

in his face, and then he took the flower from her and said, looking down as if he did not wish any of us to see his face, "Mademoiselle, thank you."

But almost directly afterward he had recovered himself. With an air as if nothing had happened he pulled out his pocket-book, most carefully and tenderly put the flower in it and closed it again. Arthur, with his face as hot as fire, had begun to talk to Tita about Threlkeld Hall.

It was a pretty little scene to be enacted on this bright morning, on a grassy wayside in Cumberland, with all the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland for a blue and silvery background. But, after all, of what importance was it? A girl may hand her companion of the moment a flower without any deadly intent? How was any one to tell, indeed, that she had so turned to the lieutenant as a retort to Arthur's not very courteous remark? There was no appearance of vexation in her manner. On the contrary, she turned and gave Von Rosen this paltry little forget-me-not and made a remark about German songs just as she might have done at home in Surrey to any of the young fellows who come dawdling about the house, wondering why such a pretty girl should not betray a preference for somebody. Even as a punishment for Arthur's piece of impudence it might not have any but the most transitory significance. Bell is quick to feel any remark of the kind, and it is just possible that at the moment she may have been stung into executing this pretty and pastoral deed of vengeance.

But the lieutenant, at all events, was persuaded that something of mighty import had just occurred on the picturesque banks of this Cumberland stream. He hung about Bell for some time, but seemed afraid to address her, and had ceased to offer her flowers. He was permitted to bring her a sunshade, however, and that pleased him greatly. And thereafter he went up to the horses and walked by their heads, and addressed them in very kindly and soothing language, just as if they had done him some great service. Arthur came back to us. "It

looks rather ridiculous," he said abruptly, "to see the procession of this horse and dog-cart following your phaeton. Hadn't I better drive on to Penrith?"

"The look of it does not matter here, surely," says Bell. "We have only met two persons since we started, and we sha'n't find many people up in this moorland we are coming to."

"Oh, as you please," says the young man, a trifle mollified. "If you don't mind, of course I don't."

Presently he said, with something of an effort, "How long is your journey to last, altogether?"

"I don't know," I say to him. "We shall be in Edinburgh in two or three days, and our project of driving thither accomplished. But we may spend a week or two in Scotland after that."

"Count von Rosen is very anxious to see something of Scotland," says Bell with the air of a person conveying information.

I know why Count von Rosen was so anxious to see something of Scotland: he would have welcomed a journey to the North Pole if only he was sure that Bell was going there too. But Arthur says, somewhat sharply, "I am glad I shall escape the duty of dancing attendance on a stranger. I suppose you mean to take him to the Tower and to Madame Tussaud's when you return to London?"

"But won't you come on with us to Edinburgh, Arthur?" says Bell quite amiably.

"No, thank you," he says; and then turning to me, "How much does it cost to send a horse and trap from Carlisle to London?"

"From Edinburgh it costs ten pounds five shillings; so you may calculate."

"I suppose I can get a late train to-morrow night for myself?"

"There is one after midnight."

He spoke in a gloomy way, that had nevertheless some affectation of carelessness in it. Bell again expressed her regret that he could not accompany us to Edinburgh, but he did not answer.

We were now about to get into our respective vehicles, for before us lay a

long stretch of high moorland road, and we had been merely idling the time away during the last mile or two.

"Won't you get into the dog-cart for a bit, Bell?" says Arthur.

"Oh yes, if you like," says Bell good-naturedly.

The lieutenant, knowing nothing of this proposal, was rather astonished, when, after having called to him to stop the horses, we came up and Bell was assisted into the dog-cart, Arthur following and taking the reins. The rest of us got into the phaeton, but of course Arthur had got the start of us, and went on in front.

"How far is Gretna Green in front?" asks my lady in a low voice.

The lieutenant scowled, and regarded the two figures in front of us in anything but an amiable mood.

"You do not care much for her safety to entrust her to that stupid boy," he remarks.

"Do you think he will really run away with her?" says Tita.

"Run away!" repeats the lieutenant with some scorn. "If he were to try that, or any other foolish thing, do you know what you would see? You would see mademoiselle take the reins from him and go where she pleased, in spite of him. Do you think that she is controlled by that pitiful fellow?"

Whatever control Bell possessed, there was no doubt at all that Arthur was taking her away from us at a considerable pace. After that stretch of moorland the road got very hilly, and no man who is driving his own horses likes to run them up steep ascents for the mere pleasure of catching a runaway boy and his sweetheart. In the ups and downs of this route we sometimes lost sight of Bell and Arthur altogether. The lieutenant was so wroth that he dared not speak. Tita grew a little anxious, and at last she said, "Won't you drive on and overtake these young people? I am sure Arthur is forgetting how hilly the road is."

"I don't. Arthur is driving somebody else's horse, but I can't afford to ill-treat my own in order to stop him."

"I am sure your horses have not been overworked," says the lieutenant; and at this moment, as we get to the crest of a hill, we find that the two fugitives are on the top of the next incline.

"Hillo! Hei! Heh!"

Two faces turn round. A series of pantomimic gestures now conveys my lady's wishes, and we see Arthur jump down to the ground, assist Bell to alight, and then she begins to pull some grass for the horse.

When we also get to the top of this hill, lo! the wonderful sight that spreads out before us! Along the northern horizon stands a pale line of mountains, and as we look down into the great plain that lies between, the yellow light of the sunset touches a strange sort of mist, so that you would think there lay there a broad estuary or a great arm of the sea. We ourselves are in shadow, but all the wide landscape before us is bathed in golden fire and smoke, and up there, ranged along the sky, are the pale hills that stand like phantoms rising out of another world.

Bell comes into the phaeton. We set out again along the hilly road, getting comforted by and by by the landlord of a wayside inn, who says, "Ay, the road goes pretty moo'ch doon bank a' t' waay to Penrith after ye get a mile forrit." Bell cannot tell us whether this is pure Cumbrian or Cumbrian mixed with Scotch, but the lieutenant insists that it does not much matter, for "forrit" is very good Frisian. The chances are that we should have suffered another sermon on the German origin of our language, but that signs of a town became visible. We drove in from the country highways in the gathering twilight. There were lights in the streets of Penrith, but the place itself seemed to have shut up and gone to bed. It was but half-past eight, yet nearly every shop was shut, and the inn into which we drove had clearly got over its day's labor. If we had asked for dinner at this hour, the simple folks would probably have laughed at us; so we called it supper, and a very excellent supper it was.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ADE!"

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along,
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

"I AM so sorry you can't come farther with us than Carlisle!" says Queen Titania to Arthur, with a great kindliness for the lad shining in her brown eyes.

"Duty calls me back—and pleasure, too," he says with rather a melancholy smile. "You will receive a message from me, I expect, shortly after I return. Where will letters find you in Scotland?"

This was rather a difficult question to answer, but it took us away from the dangerous subject of Arthur's intentions, about which the less said at that moment the better. The lieutenant professed a great desire to spend two or three weeks in Scotland, and Bell began to sketch out phantom-tours, whisking about from Loch Lubraig to Loch Long, cutting round the Mull of Cantire, and coming back from Oban to the Crinan in a surprising manner.

"And, mademoiselle," says he, "perhaps to-morrow, when you get into Scotland, you will begin to tell me something of the Scotch songs, if it does not trouble you. I have read some, yes, of Burns's songs, mostly through Freiligrath's translations, but I have not heard any sung, and I know that you know them all. Oh yes, I liked them very much: they are good, hearty songs, not all melancholy; and an excellent fellow of that country I met in the war—he was a correspondent for some newspaper, and he was at Metz, but he was as much of a soldier as any man of us—he told me there is not any such music as the music of the Scotch songs. That is a very bold thing to say, you know, mademoiselle, but if you will sing some of them I will give you my frank opinion."

"Very well," says mademoiselle with a gracious smile, "but I think I ought to begin to-day, for there is a great deal of ground to get over."

"So much the better," says he.

"But if you young people," says Queen

Tita, "who are all bent on your own pleasure, would let me make a suggestion, I think I can put your musical abilities to a better use. I am going to give a concert as soon as I get home for the benefit of our Clothing Club, and I want you to undertake, Count von Rosen, to sing for us two or three German songs—Körner's war-songs, for example."

"Oh, with great pleasure, madame, if you will not all laugh at my singing."

Unhappy wretch—another victim! But it was a mercy she asked him only for a few songs, instead of hinting something about a contribution. That was probably to come.

"Bell," says my lady, "do you think we ought to charge twopence this time?"

On this tremendous financial question Bell declined to express an opinion, beyond suggesting that the people, if they could only be induced to come, would value the concert all the more. A much more practical proposal, however, is placed before this committee now assembled in Penrith. At each of these charity-concerts in our school-room a chamber is set apart for the display of various viands and an uncommon quantity of champagne, devoted to the use of the performers, their friends and a few special guests. It is suggested that the expense of this entertainment should not always fall upon one person, there being several householders in the neighborhood who were much more able to afford such promiscuous banquets.

"I am sure," says my lady with some emphasis, "that I know several gentlemen who would only be too eager to come forward and send these refreshments, if they only knew you were making such a fuss about it."

"My dear," I say humbly, "I wish you would speak to them on this subject."

"I wouldn't demean myself so far," says Tita, "as to ask for wine and biscuits from my neighbors."

"I wish these neighbors wouldn't drink so much of my champagne."

"But it is a charity: why should you grumble?" says the lieutenant.

"Why? These abandoned ruffians

and their wives give five shillings to the charity, and come and eat and drink ten shillings' worth of my food and wine. That is why."

"Never mind," says Bell with her gentle voice: "when Count von Rosen comes to sing we shall have a great audience, and there will be a lot of money taken at the door, and we shall be able to clear all expenses and pay you, too, for the champagne."

"At sevenpence-halfpenny a bottle, I suppose?"

"I did not think you got it so cheap," says Tita with a pleasing look of innocence; and therewith the young folks began to laugh, as they generally do when she says anything specially impertinent.

Just before starting for Carlisle we happened to be in the old churchyard of Penrith, looking at the pillars which are supposed to mark the grave of a giant of old, and trying to persuade ourselves that we saw something like Runic carvings on the stones. There came forward to us a strange-looking person, who said suddenly, "God bless you!"

There was no harm in that, at all events, but presently he began to attach himself to Arthur, and insisted on talking to him, and whenever the young man seemed inclined to resent this intrusion, the mysterious stranger put in another "God bless you!" so as to disarm criticism. We speedily discovered that this person was a sort of whiskified Old Mortality, who claimed to have cut all manner of tombstones standing around; and to Arthur, whom he specially affected, he continually appealed with "Will that do, eh? I did that—will that do, eh?" The young man was not in a communicative mood, to begin with, but the persecution he now suffered was like to have driven him wild. In vain he moved away: the other followed him. In vain he pretended not to listen: the other did not care. He would probably have expressed his feelings warmly, but for the pious ejaculation which continually came in; and when a man says "God bless you!" you can't with decency wish him the reverse. At length, out of

pure compassion, the lieutenant went over to the man, and said, "Well, you are a very wicked old gentleman to have been drinking at this time in the morning."

"God bless you!"

"Thank you. You have given to us your blessing all around: now will you kindly go away?"

"Wouldn't you like to see a bit of my cutting now, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't. I would like to see you go home and get a sleep, and get up sober."

"God bless you!"

"The same to you. Good-bye;" and, behold! Arthur was delivered, and returned, blushing like a girl, to the women, who had been rather afraid of this half-tipsy or half-silly person, and remained at a distance.

You may be sure that when we were about to start from Penrith the lieutenant did not forget to leave out Bell's guitar-case. And so soon as we were well away from the town, and bowling along the level road that leads up to Carlisle, the girl put the blue ribbon round her shoulder and began to cast about for a song. Arthur was driving close behind us, occasionally sending on the cob so as to exchange a remark or two with my lady. The wheels made no great noise, however, and in the silence lying over the shining landscape around us we heard the clear, full, sweet tones of Bell's voice as well as if she had been singing in a room.

Behind yon hills where Lugal flows.

That was the first song that she sung; and it was well the lieutenant was not a Scotchman, and had never heard the air as it is daily played on the Clyde steamers by wandering fiddlers.

"I don't mean to sing all the songs," says Bell presently. "I shall only give you a verse or so of each of those I know, so that you may judge of them. Now this is a fighting song;" and with that she sung with fine courage—

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!

Here's Kenmure's health in wine!

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blood,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line!

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men!
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their foes shall ken!

How was it that she always sang these wild, rebellious Jacobite songs with so great an accession of spirit? Never in our southern home had she seemed to care anything about them. There the only Scotch songs she used to sing for us were the plaintive laments of unhappy lovers, and such like things; whereas now she was all for blood and slaughter, for the gathering of the clans and the general destruction of law and order. I don't believe she knew who Kenmure was. As for the braes o' Mar and Calander and Airlie, she had never seen one of these places. And what was this "Kane" of which she sang so proudly?—

Hark the horn!
 Up i' the morn:
 Bonnie lad, come to the march to-morrow!
 Down the glen,
 Grant and his men,
 They shall pay Kane to the king the morn!
 Down by Knockhaspie,
 Down by Gillespie,
 Many a red runt nods the horn;
 Waken not Callum,
 Rouky nor Allan—
 They shall pay Kane to the king the morn!

"Why, what a warlike creature you have become, Bell!" says Queen Titania. "Ever since you sang those songs of Maria, with Count von Rosen as the old Sergeant, you seem to have forgotten all the pleasant old ballads of melancholy and regret, and taken to nothing but fire and sword. Now, if you were to sing about Logan Braes, or Lucy's Flitting, or Annie's Tryst—"

"I am coming to them," says Bell meekly.

"No, mademoiselle," interposes the lieutenant, "please do not sing any more just now. You will sing again in the afternoon—yes? But at present you will harm your voice to sing too much."

Now, she had only sung snatches of three songs: what business had he to interfere and become her guardian? Yet you should have seen how quietly and naturally she laid aside the guitar as soon as he had spoken, and how she handed it to him to put in the case. My

lady looked hard at her gloves, which she always does when she is inwardly laughing and determined that no smile shall appear on her face.

It was rather hard upon Arthur that he should be banished into that solitary trap, but he rejoined us when we stopped at High Hesketh to bait the horses and have a snack of something for lunch. What a picture of desolation is the White Ox of this village! Once upon a time this broad road formed part of the great highway leading toward the North, and here the coaches stopped for the last time before driving into Carlisle. It is a large hostelry, but it had such an appearance of loneliness and desertion about it that we stopped at the front door (which was shut) to ask whether they could put the horses up. An old lady, dressed in black and with a worn and sad face, appeared. We could put the horses up, yes. As for luncheon, we could have ham and eggs. The butcher only came to the place twice a week, and as no traveler stopped here now, no butcher's meat was kept on the premises. We went into the great stables, and found a hostler, who looked at us with a wonderful astonishment shining in his light-blue eyes. Looking at the empty stalls, he said he could remember when forty horses were put up there every day. It was the railways that had done it.

We had our ham and eggs in a large and melancholy parlor filled with old-fashioned pictures and ornaments. The elderly servant-woman who waited on us told us that a gentleman had stopped at the inn on the Monday night before; but it turned out that he was walking to Carlisle, that he had got afraid of two navvies on the road, and that he therefore had taken a bed here. Before him, no one had stopped at the inn since Whitsuntide. It was all because of them railways.

We hastened away from this doleful and deserted inn so soon as the horses were rested. They had easy work of it for the remainder of the day's journey. The old coach-road is here remarkably broad, level and well made, and we

bowled along the solitary highway as many a vehicle had done in bygone years. As we drove into "merry Carlisle" the lamps were lit in the twilight, and there were numbers of people in the streets. For the convenience of Arthur we put up at a hotel abutting on the railway-station, and then went off to stable the horses elsewhere.

It was rather a melancholy dinner we had in a corner of the great room. The gloom that overspread Arthur's face was too obvious. In vain the lieutenant talked profoundly to us of the apple-legend of Tell in its various stages and appearances (he had just been cribbing his knowledge from Professor Büchheim), and said he would go with my lady next morning to see the famous market-place where William of Cloudeslee, who afterward shot the apple from off his son's head, was rescued from justice by two of his fellow-outlaws. Tita was far more concerned to see Arthur in somewhat better spirits on this the last night of his being with us. On our sitting down to dinner she had said to him with a pretty smile,

King Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see;
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

But was it not an unfortunate quotation, however kindly meant? Queen Guenever sat there as frank and gracious and beautiful as a queen or a bride might be, but not with him. That affair of the little blue flower on the banks of the Greta was still rankling in his mind.

He bore himself bravely, however. He would not have the women remain up to see him away by the 12.45 train. He bade good-bye to both of them without wincing, and looked after Bell for a moment as she left; and then he went away into a large and gloomy smoking-room and sat down there in silence. The lieutenant and I went with him. He was not inclined to speak; and at length Von Rosen, apparently to break the horrible spell of the place, said, "Will they give the horse any corn or water on the journey?"

"I don't think so," said the lad ab-

sently, "but I have telegraphed for a man to be at the station and take the cob into the nearest stables."

And with that he forced himself to talk of some of his adventures by the way while as yet he was driving by himself, though we could see he was thinking of something very different. At last the train from the North came in. He shook hands with us with a fine indifference, and we saw him bundle himself up in a corner of the carriage with a cigar in his mouth. There was nothing tragic in his going away, and yet there was not in all England a more wretched creature than the young man who thus started on his lonely night-journey; and I afterward heard that up in the railway-hotel at this moment one tender heart was still beating a little more quickly at the thought of his going, and two wakeful eyes were full of unconscious tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OVER THE BORDER.

And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between
Poured out expansive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding, deep, and green her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
Washed lovely from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Qued, thy tributary brook).

THAT next morning in Carlisle, as we walked about the red old city that is set amid beautiful green meadows interlaced with streams, there was something about Queen Titania's manner that I could not understand. She arrogated to herself a certain importance. She treated ordinary topics of talk with disdain. She had evidently become possessed of a great secret. Now, every one knows that the best way to discover a secret is to let the owner of it alone: if it is of great importance, she is sure to tell it you, and if it is of no importance, your ignorance of it won't hurt you.

We were up in that fine old castle,

leaning on the parapets of red sandstone and gazing away up in the North, where a line of Scotch hills lay on the horizon. That is a pretty landscape that lies around Carlisle Castle—the bright and grassy meadows through which the Eden winds, the woods and heights of the country beyond, the far stretches of sand at the mouth of the Solway, and the blue line of hills telling of the wilder regions of the North.

In the courtyard below us we can see the lieutenant instructing Bell in the art of fortification. My lady looks at them for a moment, and says, "Bell is near her North Country at last."

There was, at all events, nothing very startling in that disclosure. She pauses for a moment or two, and is apparently regarding with wistful eyes the brilliant landscape around, across which dashes of shadow are slowly moving from the west. Then she adds, "I suppose you are rather puzzled to account for Arthur's coming up to see us this last time."

"I never try to account for the insane actions of young people in love."

"That is your own experience, I suppose?" she says daintily.

"Precisely so—of you. But what is this about Arthur?"

"Don't you really think it looks absurd, his having come to join us a second time for no apparent purpose whatever?"

"Proceed."

"Oh," she says with some little *hauteur*, "I am not anxious to tell you anything."

"But I am dying to hear. Have you not marked my impatience ever since we set out this morning?"

"No, I haven't. But I will tell you all the same, if you promise to say not a word of it to Count von Rosen."

"I? Say anything to the lieutenant? The man who would betray the confidences of his wife, except when it suited him to do so— But what have you got to say about Arthur?"

"Only this—that his coming to see us was not so purposeless as it might appear. Yesterday he asked Bell definitely if she would marry him." She smiles with an air of pride. She knows she

has produced a sensation. "Would you like to know where? In that old inn at High Heskett, where they seem to have been left alone for a minute or two. And Bell told him frankly that she could not marry him."

Think of it! In that deserted old inn, with its forsaken chambers and empty stalls, and occasional visits from wandering butchers, a tragedy had been enacted so quietly that none of us had known. If folks were always to transact the most important business of their lives in this quiet, undramatic, unobserved way, whence would come all the material for our pictures and plays and books? These young people, so far as we knew, had never struck an attitude nor uttered an exclamation; for, now that one had time to remember, on our entering into the parlor where Bell and Arthur had been left, she was quietly looking out of the window, and he came forward to ask how many miles it was to Carlisle. They got into the vehicles outside as if nothing had happened. They chatted as usual on the road into Carlisle. Nay, at dinner how did those young hypocrites manage to make believe that they were on their old footing, so as to deceive us all?

"My dear," I say to her, "we have been robbed of a scene."

"I am glad there was no scene. There is more likely to be a scene when Arthur goes back and tells Dr. Ashburton that he means to marry Katty Tatham. He is sure to do that; and you know the doctor was very much in favor of Arthur's marrying Bell."

"Well now, I suppose all that is wanted for the completion of your diabolical project is that Bell should marry that young Prussian down there, who will be arrested in a minute or two if he does not drop his inquiries."

Tita looks up with a stare of well-affected surprise: "That is quite another matter, I assure you. You may be quite certain that Bell did not refuse Count von Rosen before without some very good reason; and the mere fact of Arthur's going away does not pledge her a bit. No, quite the contrary. He would

be very foolish if he asked her at this moment to become his wife. She is very sorry about Arthur, and so am I; but I confess that when I learned his case was hopeless, and that I could do nothing to help him, I was greatly relieved. But don't breathe a word of what I have told you to Count von Rosen: Bell would never forgive me if it were to reach his ears. But oh," says Queen Tita, almost clasping her hands, while a bright light beams over her face, "I *should* like to see those two married. I am sure they are so fond of each other. Can you doubt it if you look at them for a moment or two?"

But they had disappeared from the courtyard below. Almost at the same moment that she uttered these words she instinctively turned, and lo! there were Bell and her companion advancing to join us. The poor little woman blushed dreadfully in spite of all her assumption of gracious self-possession, but it was apparent that the young folks had not overheard, and no harm was done.

At length we started for Gretna. There might have been some obvious jokes going upon this subject had not some recollection of Arthur interfered. Was it because of his departure also that the lieutenant forbore to press Bell for the Scotch songs that she had promised him? Or was it not rather that the brightness and freshness of this rare forenoon were in themselves sufficient exhilaration? We drove down by the green meadows and over the Eden bridge. We clambered up the hill opposite, and drove past the suburban villas there. We had got so much accustomed to sweet perfumes floating to us from the hedgerows and the fields that we at first did not perceive that certain specially pleasant odors were the product of some large nurseries close by. Then we got out to that "shedding" of the roads which marks the junction of the highways coming down from Glasgow and Edinburgh; and here we chose the former, which would take us through Gretna and Moffat, leaving us to strike eastward toward Edinburgh afterward.

The old mail-coach road to the North is quite deserted now, but it is a pleasant road for all that, well made and smooth, with tracts of grass along each side, and tall and profuse hedges that only partially hide from view the dusky northern landscape with its blue line of hills beyond, mile after mile: however, we did not meet a single creature on this deserted highway; and when at length we reached a solitary turnpike, the woman in charge thereof regarded us with a look of surprise, as if we were a party of runaways who had blundered into the notion that Gretna-Green marriages were still possible.

The lieutenant, who was driving, got talking with the woman about these marriages, and the incidents that must have occurred at this very turnpike, and of the stories in the neighborhood about that picturesque and gay old time. She—with her eyes still looking toward our Bell, as if she suspected that the young man had quite an exceptional interest in talking of marriages—told us some of her own reminiscences with a great deal of good-humor; but it is sad to think that these anecdotes were chiefly of quarrels and separations—some of them occurring before the happy pair had crossed the first bridge on their homeward route. Whether these stories were not edifying, or whether a great bank of clouds coming up from the north against the wind looked very ominous, Bell besought her companion to drive on; and so on we went.

It was a lonely place in which to be caught by a thunder-storm. We came to the river Esk, and found its shallow waters flowing down a broad and shingly channel, leaving long islands of sand between. There was not a house in sight—only the marshy meadows, the riverbeds and the low flats of sand stretching out to the Solway Frith. Scotland was evidently bent on giving us a wet welcome. From the hills in the north those black masses of vapor came crowding up, and a strange silence fell over the land. Then a faint glimmer of red appeared somewhere, and a low noise was heard. Presently, a long, narrow streak

of forked lightning went darting across the black background, there was a smart roll of thunder, and then all around us the first clattering of heavy rain was heard among the leaves. We had the hood put up hastily. Bell and Tita were speedily swathed in shawls and water-proofs, and the lieutenant sent the horses on at a good pace, hoping to reach Gretna Green before we should be washed into the Solway. Then began the wild play of the elements. On all sides of us, it seemed, the bewildering glare of steel-blue flashed about, and the horses, terrified by the terrific peals of thunder, went plunging on through the torrents of rain.

"Mademoiselle," cried the lieutenant, with the water streaming over his face and down his great beard, "your Westmoreland rain—it was nothing to this."

Bell sat mute and patient, with her face down to escape the blinding torrents. Perhaps, had we crossed the Border in beautiful weather, she would have got down from the phaeton and pulled some pretty flower to take away with her as a memento; but now we could see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but the crashes of the thunder, the persistent waterfall, and those sudden glares that from time to time robbed us of our eyesight for several seconds. Some little time before reaching the river Sark, which is here the boundary-line between the two countries, we passed a small wayside inn, but we did not think of stopping there when Gretna promised to afford us more certain shelter. We drove on and over the Sark. We pulled up for a moment at the famous toll-house.

"We are over the Border!" cried Bell as we drove on again, but what of Scotland could she see in this wild storm of rain?

Surely no runaway lover was ever more glad to see that small church perched up on a hillock among trees than we were when we came in sight of Gretna. But where was the inn? There were a few cottages by the wayside, and there was one woman who kindly came out to look at us. No sooner had the lieutenant

heard that there was no inn in the place, than, without a word, but with an awful look of determination on his face, he turned the horses clean round and set them off at a gallop down the road to the Sark.

"Perhaps they can't take us in at that small place," said my lady.

"They must take us in," said he between his teeth; and with that we found ourselves in England again.

He drove us up to the front of the square building. With his whip-hand he dashed away the rain from his eyes and moustache, and called aloud. Lo! what strange vision was that which appeared to us in this lonely place in the middle of a storm? Through the mist of the rain we beheld the doorway of the inn suddenly becoming the frame of a beautiful picture, and the picture was that of a fair-haired and graceful young creature of eighteen, in a costume of pearly gray touched here and there with lines of blue, who regarded us with a winning expression of wonder and pity in her large and innocent eyes. Her appearance there seemed like a glimmer of sunlight shining through the rain, and a second or two elapsed before the lieutenant could collect himself so far as to ask whether this angel of deliverance could not shelter us from the rude violence of the storm.

"We have no hostler," says the young lady in a timid way.

"Have you any stables?" says the young man.

"Yes, we have stables. Shall I show them to you?"

"No, no, no!" he cries quite vehemently. "Don't you come out into the rain—not at all! I will find them out very well myself; but you must take in the ladies here and get them dry."

And when we had consigned Bell and Tita to the care of the young lady, who received them with a look of much friendliness and concern in her pretty face, we went off and sought out the stables.

"Now, look here, my good friend," says Von Rosen, "we are both wet. The horses have to be groomed—that is

very good work to dry one person—and so you go into the house and change your clothes, and I will see after the horses—yes?”

“My young friend, it is no use, your being very complaisant to me,” I observe to him. “I don’t mean to intercede with Bell for you.”

“Would you intercede with that beautiful young lady of the inn for me? Well, now, that is a devil of a language, yours. How am I to address a girl who is a stranger to me, and to whom I wish to be respectful? I cannot call her *Mademoiselle*, which is only an old nickname that *mademoiselle* used to have in Bonn, as you know. You tell me I cannot address a young lady as ‘Miss’ without mentioning her other name, and I do not know it. Yet I cannot address her with nothing, as if she were a servant. Tell me now: what does an English gentleman say to a young lady whom he may assist at a railway-station abroad, and does not know her name? And what, if he does not catch her name, when he is introduced in a house? He cannot say *Mademoiselle*. He cannot say *Fräulein*. He cannot say *Miss*.”

“He says nothing at all.”

“But that is rudeness: it is awkward to you not to be able to address her.”

“Why are you so anxious to know how to talk to this young lady?”

“Because I mean to ask her if it is impossible that she can get a little corn for the horses.”

It was tiresome work, that getting the horses out of the wet harness and grooming them without the implements of grooming. Moreover, we could find nothing but a handful of hay, and it was fortunate that the nose-bags we had with us still contained a small allowance of oats and beans.

What a comfortable little family-party, however, we made up in the great, warm kitchen! Tita had struck up a great friendship with the gentle and pretty daughter of the house; the old lady, her mother, was busy in having our wraps and rugs hung up to dry before the capacious fireplace; and the servant-maid had begun to cook some chops for us.

Bell, too—who might have figured as the elder sister of this flaxen-haired and frank-eyed creature who had appeared to us in the storm—was greatly interested in her; and was much pleased to hear her distinctly and proudly claim to be Scotch, although it was her misfortune to live a short distance on the wrong side of the Border. And with that the two girls fell to talking about Scotch and Cambrian words; but here Bell had a tremendous advantage, and pushed it to such an extreme that her opponent, with a pretty blush and a laugh, said that she did not know the English young ladies knew so much of Scotch. And when Bell protested that she would not be called English, the girl only stared. You see, she had never had the benefit of hearing the lieutenant discourse on the history of Strathclyde.

Well, we had our chops and what not in the parlor of the inn, but it was remarkable how soon the lieutenant proposed that we should return to the kitchen. He pretended that he was anxious to learn Scotch, and affected a profound surprise that the young lady of the inn should not know the meaning of the word “spurtle.” When we went into the kitchen, however, it was to the mamma that he addressed himself chiefly; and, behold! she speedily revealed to the young soldier that she was the widow of one of the Gretna priests. More than that I don’t mean to say. Some of you young fellows who may read this might perhaps like to know the name and the precise whereabouts of the fair wild flower that we found blooming up in these remote solitudes, but neither shall be revealed. If there was any one of us who fell in love with the sweet and gentle face, it was Queen Tita; and I know not what compacts about photographs may not have been made between the two women.

Meanwhile, the lieutenant had established himself as a great favorite with the elderly lady, and by and by she left the kitchen and came back with a sheet of paper in her hand, which she presented to him. It turned out to be one of the forms of the marriage certificates

used by her husband in former days; and for curiosity's sake I append it below, suppressing the name of the priest for obvious reasons:

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,
COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,
PARISH OF GREтна.

THESE ARE TO CERTIFY to all to whom these presents shall come, that ——— from the parish of ——— in the County of ———, and ——— from the parish of ——— in the County of ———, being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married after the manner of the Laws of the Church of England, and agreeable to the Laws of Scotland; as Witness our hands, Allison's Bank Toll-house, this ——— day of ———, 18—.

Before ——— { ———

WITNESSES, { ———

"That is a dangerous paper to carry about wi' ye," said the old woman, with a smile.

"Why so?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because ye might be tempted to ask a young leddy to sign her name there;" and what should prevent that innocent-eyed girl turning just at this moment to look with a pleased smile at our Bell? The lieutenant laughed in an embarrassed way, and said the rugs might as well be taken from before the fire, as they were quite dry now.

I think none of us would have been sorry to have stayed the night in this homely and comfortable little inn, but we wished to get on to Locherbie, so as to reach Edinburgh in other two days. Moreover, the clouds had broken, and there was a pale glimmer of sunshine appearing over the dark-green woods and meadows. We had the horses put into the phaeton again, and with many a friendly word of thanks to the good people who had been so kind to us, we started once more to cross the Border.

"And what do you think of the first Scotch family you have seen?" says Queen Tita to the lieutenant as we cross the bridge again.

"Madame," he says quite earnestly, "I did dream for a moment I was in Germany again—everything so friendly and homely, and the young lady not too proud to wait on you and help the servant in the cooking; and then, when that is over, to talk to you with good education and intelligence, and great simpleness and frankness. Oh, that is very good—whether it is Scotch or German or any other country—the simple ways and the friendliness, and the absence of all the fashions and the hypocrisy."

"That young lady was very fashionably dressed, Count von Rosen," says Tita with a smile.

"That is nothing, madame. Did she not bring in to us our dinner, just as the daughter of the house in a German country-inn would do, as a compliment to you, and not to let the servant come in? Is it debasement, do you think? No. You do respect her for it; and you yourself, madame, you did speak to her as if she were an old friend of yours. And why not, when you find people like that, honest and good-willing toward you?"

What demon of mischief was it that prompted Bell to sing that song as we drove through the darkening woods in this damp twilight? The lieutenant had just got out her guitar for her when he was led into these fierce statements quoted above. And Bell, with a great gravity, sang—

Farewell to Glenshalloch, a farewell for ever,
Farewell to my wee cot that stands by the river;
The fall is loud sounding in voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding lament with my Mary.

This much may be said, that the name of the young lady of whom they had been speaking was also Mary; and the lieutenant, divining some profound sarcasm in the song, began to laugh and protest that it was not because the girl was pretty and gentle that he had discovered so much excellence in the customs of Scotch households. Then Bell sang once more, as the sun went down

behind the woods, and we heard the streams murmuring in deep valleys by the side of the road—

Hame, hame, hame! Oh hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree:
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will
be fain
As I pass through Anan Water wi' my bonny bands
again!

We drive into the long village of Ecclefechan, and pause for a moment or two in front of the Bush Inn to let the horses have a draught of water and oatmeal. The lieutenant, who has descended to look after this prescription, now comes out from the inn bearing a small tray with some tumblers on it. "Madame," said he, "here is Scotch whisky: you must all drink it, for the good of the country."

"And of ourselves," says one of us, calling attention to the chill dampness of the night-air.

My lady pleaded for a bit of sugar. but that was not allowed; and when she had been induced to take about a third of the lieutenant's preparation, she put down the glass with an air of having done her duty. As for Bell, she drank pretty nearly half the quantity; and the chances are that if the lieutenant had handed her prussic acid she would have felt herself bound, as a compliment, to have accepted it.

Darker and darker grew the landscape as we drove through the thick woods, and when at last we got into Locherbie there was scarcely enough light of any sort to show us that the town, like most Scotch country-towns and villages, was whitewashed. In the inn at which we stopped, appropriately named the Blue Bell, the lieutenant once more remarked on the exceeding homeliness and friendliness of the Scotch. The landlord simply adopted us, and gave us advice in a

grave, paternal fashion about what we should have for supper. The waiter who attended us took quite a friendly interest in our trip, and said he would himself go and see that the horses which had accomplished such a feat were being properly looked after. Bell was immensely proud that she could understand one or two phrases that were rather obscure to the rest of the party; and the lieutenant still further delighted her by declaring that he wished we could travel for months through this friendly land, which reminded him of his own country. Perhaps the inquisitive reader, having learned that we drank Scotch whisky at the Bush Inn of Ecclefechan, would like to know what we drank at the Blue Bell of Locherbie. He may address a letter to Queen Titania on that subject, and he will doubtless receive a perfectly frank answer.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I do not see why our Bell should be made the chief subject of all the foregoing revelations. I will say this, that she and myself were convinced that we never saw two men *more jealous of each other* than those two were in that inn near the Borders. The old lady was *quite amused by it*, but I do not think the girl herself noticed it, for she is a very innocent and gentle young thing, and has probably had no experience of such *absurdities*. But I would like to ask, Who first mentioned that subject of photographs, and who proposed to send her a whole series of engravings, and who offered to send her a volume of German songs? If Arthur had been there, we should have had the laugh all on our side; but now I suppose they will deny that anything of the kind took place—with the ordinary candor of gentlemen who are *found out*.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TORPEDOES.

THE singular electric power of the torporific fishes, which in the European fauna belong to the ray family, but in the American to the conger, is mentioned in the earliest literature of the world. They are classed by Hippocrates among esculent fishes, and the Greek name, *νάρκη*, shows that their numbing or deadening power by contact was well known. In modern times, Reaumur tried their powers upon ducks which were put into the same water with the ray species, and the ducks were killed. Humboldt experimented in South America on a still more extensive scale, driving several horses into a pool in which a number of torporific eels were swimming, and more than one horse perished from the shocks of their electric coils. The ray species floats upon the surface of the water or buries itself slightly in the mud or sand at the bottom, armed at all points with its fatal yet hidden batteries: hence there could be no term more applicable to the invention of hidden water-mines for harbor defence than the *torpedo*.

The torpedo is claimed as an American invention, being said to have sprung from the fertile brain of old Ben Franklin, who in our Revolution experimented in this then unheard-of method of marine attack. The first attempt in war that we know of was made in the harbor of Brest, on the west coast of France, in 1801, under the orders of Napoleon, by an American, Robert Fulton, the father of steam-navigation. Fulton used a submarine boat, the drawings and designs of which have never been published. He is said to have attained considerable success in his experiments, but he failed in an attempt to blow up an English man-of-war, on which Napoleon withdrew his support, and the scheme was never carried into practical operation. We next hear of torpedoes in the Russian war of 1854, when one of prodigious power was exploded in the har-

bor of Cronstadt, through copper wires connecting with a galvanic battery on the shore. It raised the water in a huge column of fifty feet or more, shaking severely, and partly dismantling, a British ship of war, which barely escaped destruction by swinging just beyond the axis of explosion. It was left for the American Civil War to advance still farther the practical use of the torpedo for harbor defence, chiefly in and around the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, to which locality this paper will be confined.

From the general ignorance with regard to the explosive effects and power of gunpowder, it will be well concisely to consider the volume of gases generated by the ignition of powder, and the direction of its force in different elements, as earth, air and water. Of powder manufactured in accordance with the theory of chemical equivalents, one hundred and thirty-five grains will develop gases which would fill seven hundred times that space, while its maximum pressure on projectiles is from two to three hundred thousand pounds to the square inch. Its destructive effects are in the direction of the weakest point in the containing space; as in a gun, in the direction of the bore—in earth, toward the surface, forming an inverted cone—in air, in all directions from the centre of explosion—in water, conical, the base greater than the displacement of the charge in proportion to depth and pressure, the apex in the line of the perpendicular axis. No experiments, however, have as yet been made as to the displacement of water by the explosion of powder, and the statement of the conical form of its effects in water is a conjecture, based upon the rapid decrease of pressure on a gun in the direction of its muzzle from the instant of the movement of the shot by the ignition of the charge, and on the fact that torpedoes shoot up the water perpendic-

ularly above the charge, with clearly-defined edges. As the displacement, or effect by explosion, is as the depth and pressure of the water, it is evident that the deeper the charge the more violent is the force on any substance more compressible than water, such as wood, which it penetrates, tears and splinters, this being the weak point in the containing space. It is probable that a torpedo near the bottom of a ship will have ten thousand times the power as a destroyer that the same charge would have on the surface of the water or on the water-line of the vessel attacked. For this reason the torpedoes used by the Confederates were either submerged and anchored on floats from five to ten feet below the surface, or placed on the bowsprits of the torpedo-boats, and so geared as to be depressed below the water at the moment of impact, or attached to the stationary prow of a submerged boat. In one instance only a torpedo of boiler-iron with several thousand pounds of powder was sunk in the channel-way to be fired by an electrical current; but it was never exploded.

The torpedoes were at first of various patterns. That which was selected after a number of experiments was of the following form: the shell, of cast iron, painted, was an ellipsoid from two to three feet in its longer axis, the transverse from fifteen to twenty inches. It was perforated at three points, and into each of these holes was screwed a brass cylinder about three inches long, with a shoulder bearing upon the shell. In this cylinder were two small glass phials containing certain chemical compounds, the phials being held in position by brass hoods screwed on the end of the cylinder. These hoods were of course water-tight, but so thin as to be crushed in by the rolling of the shell against any hard body, when, the phials being broken, the compounds mingled, and an instantaneous heat was generated sufficient to ignite the charge. The shells when charged weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds; the powder, of the finest rifle grain, was loose; that is to say, the shells were not completely

filled, for had this been the case the powder would have packed, and would also perhaps have been affected by the pressure of the water.

The men employed were usually volunteers. It was requisite that they should be intelligent and careful, yet brave to recklessness; cool and steady under fire or in a heavy sea; ready in the darkness and silence of the night to sacrifice life if success demanded it—to go down with the enemy rather than not destroy that enemy. Exploding by impact, the torpedo is of course extremely dangerous to handle. The rolling of the shell in a boat tossed by the sea, the accidental falling of a thwart or an oar, the swinging of the boat at the moment of anchoring the floats and torpedo, its falling in transportation or at the time of adjusting, any carelessness on the part of the men in charge, may cause the immediate destruction of the whole party. When to these risks are added those of attacking at night the enemy's fleet, or even a single ship in an open roadstead, of the passage through the line of scout-boats, of destruction from the fire of the ship's batteries if the approach is discovered, or from the fire of the marines under the ship's quarter, and finally of destruction to the boat by the explosion of its own arm at the moment of attack, it will be hard to conceive of any service attended with greater peril.

During the siege of Charleston a steamer which had just run the blockade through a sharp fire passed up the harbor and anchored. The captain, knowing the danger from torpedoes, which are as watchful for the destruction of friends as of enemies, picked up one with the aid of one of the crew, carefully lodged it upon the bulwarks just abaft the wheelhouse, and heaved it into the river under the impression that it would peacefully sink into Davy Jones's locker without complaint or anger. The torpedo, however, had no such pacific intentions, and at the instant of impact with the surface of the water exploded with the roar of a thirteen-inch mortar, tearing the wheelhouse into fragments and knocking the master to the deck

seriously jarred. Had this torpedo exploded three feet deep, the ship would have been in great danger; at five feet, she would have sunk like a shot: as it was a surface explosion, the planks were only abraded.

On another occasion a boat's crew in the torpedo-service had in charge the placement of a line of torpedoes in the Vernon River, which flows into Ossabaw Sound south of Savannah. After placing one of the torpedoes, the crew had some dispute as to which way the boat should swing off from the partly-submerged float. Before the point could be settled, the boat came in contact with the traitor, and in an instant all was over, and one man only escaped. We mention these two instances to show the great caution required in handling so mischievous an arm.

In regard to anchored or stationary torpedoes, we do not know of a single instance in which a government ship was destroyed or injured by them. Nor is this to be explained solely by the fact that good care was taken not to pass up channels known to be equipped with these submarine mines. Such may have been the case at Charleston, for, as the first fight between the iron-clad fleet and the forts lasted over two hours, one vessel only being sunk, it is evident that the fleet had the power to pass the forts, and it may be inferred that the fear of torpedoes prevented the attempt. A Nelson, a Decatur or a Farragut would have made it at all hazards, and would probably have succeeded. But at other points the government fleet dragged for torpedoes wherever it was suspected that any were anchored, and those put down in Skull Creek, between Port Royal and Savannah, were taken up without accident.

The first attempt in the way of attack with a torpedo was made with what was called a "cigar-boat," though "spindle" would have been a more appropriate name, as both ends were sharp. These boats were thirty feet long and six feet in diameter, painted lead-color. They were driven by a six-horse engine geared to a propelling shaft. At the forward end, or bow, there was an iron bowsprit

so geared as to be lowered to the required depth, and at the end of this the torpedo shell was secured. When afloat, about fifteen feet only of the boat's length was some fourteen inches above water. The rate of motion possible to be attained was six knots an hour. A hard coal was used as fuel, giving little or no smoke.

It was in such a craft as this, of about seven or eight tons burden, that the gallant Lieutenant Glassells of Virginia, formerly an officer of the United States navy, volunteered to approach and lodge a torpedo under the bends of the huge and potent Ironsides, of between three and four thousand tons. This ship was in every way the most powerful vessel ever floated up to that date—iron-plated from the top of her bulwarks to four or five feet below her water-line, and forward and aft her ports, and her guns were eleven-inchers, and capable of delivering the heaviest broadside fire ever poured from a ship's decks. The fire of all the monitors combined was child's play to the wicked and destructive blaze that issued from her ports. Never was there so grand a sight in night-battles as the streams of fire bursting from her sides with a rapidity that appeared supernatural, flashing fifty feet forward in cylinders of flame, darting the fiery rays from wave to wave for hundreds of yards, and lighting up not only her sides and spars from keel to top, but the torn and ragged walls of Fort Sumter, the sand-batteries along the islands, and even the spires of the distant city: the rolling thunder of her huge armament reverberated and echoed back from the shores, the forests and the dark and hanging clouds which pallid the sky, while the ground at a distance of some miles trembled from the concussions. Even in the battery of Fort Moultrie, torn up and rent by the shot, amidst the wrecks of dismounted guns, explosions of ammunition-chests, and the shattered carcasses of the gallant garrison flying literally into shreds like the shells, exclamations were forced from lips in momentary expectation of annihilation, "Great God! how grand! how terrible!"

It was to attack and destroy such a ship as this that Glassells, accompanied by a pilot and a fireman, left the wharves of Charleston on board the cigar-boat above described, equipped with one torpedo and one double-barreled fowling-piece. Truly, the charge upon the windmills by the gallant Don is the only parallel instance recorded in history or fiction. It was the 6th of October, 1863. The night was as black as need be, one mass of clouds covering the canopy of stars from the zenith to the surrounding horizon. The calmness was equally intense, not a ripple being perceptible on the waters.

A brother-officer advised the lieutenant to leave the gun: "What do you want with such a thing in the fight you are now going into?"

"Why, you know I have served in the United States navy, and I shall not attack my old comrades like an assassin. I shall hail and fire into them with this, then let the torpedo do its work like an open and declared foe."

Away they go. It is so black there is nothing visible but a low lantern on the rear of Fort Sumter's left demi-bastion, two and a half miles off. There are two hours of ebb-tide yet, and the attack is to be made at slack-water, that the flood may add speed to the retreat. The boat runs silently—no sparks from the chimney, no ripple from the bow, which is two feet below the surface, the water rolling over it up to the chimney almost without breaking, so smoothly, so noiselessly this little monster sweeps along.

Fort Sumter is now square off the starboard quarter, Fort Moultrie's light north-east, the shores are invisible, cloud and sea meet without a visible horizon. The pilot now pulls the starboard tiller-rope and goes by compass south-south-east. A phosphoric streak ripples in the wake and bubbles above the propeller: the only sound is the low roar of breakers on the bar, for now all the batteries rest, if they sleep not. Fort Moultrie is behind, though this is known only by the compass: ahead and around nothing is visible but the dark waters and the darker cloud above.

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But where is the Ironsides? "Whist! look!" the pilot says in a whisper. The huge hulk looms up suddenly, so near that a voice from the boat would reach the quartermaster of the watch. Now is the time to hail and fire. Sixty yards for buckshot—in sixty seconds the torpedo strikes. The ship's deck is as silent as death: is it possible the assailant is not seen? "Ship ahoy!" shouts the gallant Glassells. "Where away?" is demanded in return. "We have come to attack you!" is the answer, and bang goes the buckshot slap among the lookouts and the rigging. Now for the torpedo!

In an instant the engine was checked and the lodgment effected. With a gurgling roar, like the discharge of a submerged gun, water mixed with flame mounted up far above the gunwales of the ship, heaving up the bows of the boat and pouring back in torrents that entered the chimney and put out the fire. For a moment all was confusion aboard the ship, but the discipline of a man-of-war is equal to all emergencies. The drums beat to quarters, the guns were manned and the marines poured a tremendous fire upon the now helpless boat floating at the will of the open sea. Glassells, to escape death by shot, leaped into the sea, followed by the pilot, while the fireman remained by the furnace to sink or swim with the boat. The tide drifted her off. Glassells called for help, and the fire of the marines generously ceased at the cry. The pilot swam back to the boat, which had now drifted out of sight of the ship, and he and the fireman bailed out the water, rekindled the fire and returned in safety to the city. Glassells was rescued by the ship's boat, and treated as a daring and gallant man should be treated. It was not until the civilians clutched him that shackles and dungeons mastered his strong constitution.

This attempt, so far as regards the destruction of the ship, was only partially successful, but the terrible battery on her decks was silenced for ever. The armament was dismantled and the ship taken North for repairs. It was said that the torpedo was not lodged at the

right point, which is under the stern: there the upward blast would have passed through the ship; but from the curve of the stern, which would then be over the torpedo-boat, the latter would certainly have filled and sunk with water founted up and thrown back by the bends; and Glassells, if guided by this reasoning, was justifiable in lodging on the side. The exact spot for lodging a torpedo must depend upon circumstances not always within the control of the attacking party, and only those know the difficulties "who live and move upon the waters."

The second attack with a torpedo was made in the "fish-boat," which differed materially in form from the cigar-boat. The fish-boat, built of boiler iron, was thirty feet long by five feet eight inches deep, and some four and a half feet, more or less, in width. Its section was ellipsoidal until it approached the ends, when it flattened into a wedge, both ends alike. This boat established certain points in regard to the proper construction of submerged boats. The main difficulty appears to be to preserve their specific gravity, which must be that of water to enable them to rise or sink or navigate, like a fish, at any depth. For this it is required to preserve a longitudinal level parallel to the surface. It is evident, then, that when balanced by ballast aft, to counterpoise the one hundred and fifty pounds of the torpedo on a bowsprit projecting ten feet beyond her bows, the boat will lose her longitudinal level at the instant of explosion of the shell, when she has also lost her specific gravity; the result of which is that the bow rises instantly, throwing the crew back into the gearing of the propeller, fouling the propeller, causing the boat to become unmanageable and the crew to perish from suffocation. This was the difficulty to be overcome.

Ten feet from the bows the fish-boat was provided with two iron fins, one on each side, four feet or more long and six or seven inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. These fins were riveted to an inch rod of iron, which passed through a water-tight fit-

ting into the boat, and was bent into a crank on the inside, so that the pins could be turned to any angle to the water, forcing the boat to the surface or the bottom as forward or aft propulsion was exerted, or turning her if one fin were perpendicular and the other horizontal, as an ordinary boat is turned by pulling with a starboard oar and backing with a port oar. At one end, midway between the top and bottom of the stern, the propelling shaft entered, fixed inside of the hull with crank-gearing to work the propeller by hand-power. At the other end, or bow, was the torpedo bowsprit. On the top of the boat were two circular hatches or man-holes made of thick glass, such as is used in sidewalks to light cellars or tunnelings below the streets. These hatches, which could be raised by hinges, were watertight when closed, and fastened on the inside. Between these glass hatches, which were some ten feet apart, were two flexible pipes with air-tight valves, so that when the boat was within a foot of the surface fresh air could be inhaled by the lungs of the boat through the pipes when the valves were raised. The lung-action was produced by beating the air in the boat with a fan-motion of the hats of the crew. As soon as wholesome air was thus inhaled, the valves were closed and the boat again forced below.

This boat, in the experiments made with her, cost the lives of nearly the whole of two crews, and a third crew was lost in the attack made upon one of the sloops of war of the blockading fleet. The first experiment was made in Cooper River, off the wharves of Charleston. The boat left the wharf with eight men and a shifting ballast of inch iron cast in squares of one foot. She moved along, just showing the tops of the hatches, approached a ship of John Fraser & Co., and passed under her, rose to the surface on the opposite side, again settled down and passed back to the wharf under the ship. The experiment was successfully repeated, after which the chief of the crew left for some purpose, when the hands deter-

mined to go off without him, although they were all green, ignorant of what was required and probably wanting in caution. They never returned. Some fourteen days after the boat was recovered by dragging the bottom of the river, landed and opened. When the hatches were taken off the bodies were in a terrible condition, decomposed and cut by the shifting ballast as the craft rolled in the tideway. She was now ventilated, scoured with disinfecting washes, and repainted white within.

Some time after she was removed across the harbor to Fort Johnston. Another crew readily volunteered for the cruise in the lower regions, but by some mismanagement in manning the craft she filled and sunk: the captain and one other reached the surface and were rescued; the rest, five poor fellows, had ended their voyage. She was raised at once, the exact spot of her anchorage being known, and the dead "discharged."

Again volunteers were called for, and a crew of nine men was promptly mustered, which was to be her last cargo of living souls. The experiments being perfectly satisfactory, having only expended twelve lives without any result, the torpedo was lashed to the bowsprit, and the boat was run across the harbor to Sullivan's Island. It was now arranged with the commandant of that post that when the torpedo-boat showed a red light from her hatches the light on the west end of Sullivan's Island would be set as a beacon, and on the 17th of February, 1864, the boat, with its crew of heroes or dare-devils, set forth to attack the government fleet.

A little before midnight a sentinel at Sullivan's Island reported a red light upon the sea, south-south-east, and the beacon-lamp was immediately lighted. The night passed in silence, save for the never-ceasing bombardment of the devoted city. The morning came, but sunless, gray, gloomy: the deep, hoarse and moaning roar of the surf and breakers on the bars would have told a blind-folded tar that a dense fog covered the deep, the capes and the headlands.

Although broad daylight, the flanking batteries of Fort Moultrie were invisible from the centre of the connecting curtain. No news of the fish-boat. Scarcely any curiosity was felt. She had already drowned two crews in the harbor: she would no doubt drown the third at sea. What were the lives of nine men, more or less, to a garrison that had been six hundred and odd days under constant fire? Who of us would live to see the fog clear away? That was the question. "Damn the torpedo fish-boat! She is a mistake, good for nothing, unseaworthy—the water-coffin for burials by detachments without funeral rites."

About eight o'clock the wind freshened up, the fog banked and rolled into clouds, lifting and breaking into detached wreaths of floating mists, the sun's rays flashed along the water and the view to seaward was perfectly clear. And now cheer after cheer floated from garrison to garrison until it reached head-quarters.

"What's the row?"

"Look, sir! just off Fort Wagner!"

"By Heavens! the fish-boat has done her work gloriously! I wonder where the poor fellows are? Ten to one, gone to the bottom."

The sea was smooth and glassy: the boats of the fleet were being manned and pulling in all directions for the sunken ship, which had become visible to those afloat and ashore at the same moment. The sloop of war Housatonic was down in six fathoms water, her masts and spars and rigging crowded by her crew as close and thick as black-birds or wild-pigeons on the leafless forest trees. What has sunk her in the still calm night? What but a torpedo could have achieved it?

It is worthy of note that no previous experiment had been made in exploding a torpedo with this boat. The fatal result may be accounted for in this way: As the shell exploded, the boat lost her level, the bows were lifted and jammed against the ship's bottom, the volume of water founted into the ship through the torn vent made by the blast rushed in the boat, and the ship settled upon her.

The boat's crew may have been stunned by the roar of the explosion, and they probably perished by suffocation, jammed aft on to the gearing of the propeller among the shifting and rolling iron ballast. As an achievement of heroism their deed may be ranked with the fabulous plunge of the Roman knight into the yawning chasm of the Forum.

These two attacks with torpedoes were the only two attempts. Both were destructive, and one was fatal to the ship attacked. If success in war is proof of efficiency, there can be no doubt as to the value of torpedoes and their importance as a means of harbor defence.

JOHN G. BARNWELL.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

I.—OUR CREOLES.

NO word, perhaps, that runs glibly off ten thousand tongues is yet so little comprehended in its true sense as the simple one—*Creole*. Even that comprehensive—while much put upon—monosyllable "fast" is not more misapplied in its hourly use; while those well-abused adjectives "nice" and "awful" sink into nothingness of misuse beside the peculiar *Creole*. From Canada to the Carolinas, from Jersey to Minnesota, we daily meet that word in print—almost surely most inaptly used, always misunderstood.

To the average Northern mind, *Creole* is a generic term which embraces the whole population of the States lying along the Gulf of Mexico. And this error is shared even by that army of "drummers" which yearly invades the cities of the Gulf, and as regularly returns laden with the rich spoils of those greenback-bannered victories Peace hath so much more than War.

To the average Northern mind the word *Creole* calls up the dim photograph of a tall, gaunt man, with piercing black eyes and slouching port; his chief characteristics the undying cigarette under the black moustache, unfitness for work and huge thirst for claret, and lean, brown hands that itch for "a queen full;" his unfailing amusements horse-racing, duelling, and chicken-fighting on Sunday. Or, if the thought-portrait be fem-

inine, it is of a *pétite* but plump figure, with olive face *piquante* but restless, with its blue-veined brow and long black lashes; small hands fit for the burden of rings, but not of work; and the tiniest feet squeezed into the tightest of slippers. Add a rich crown of glossy hair and a dash of rich drapery gorgeous in color, but carelessly disposed, and the thought-photograph is about complete. And it is also very incorrect. In the bare outline the accepted sketch may or may not be entirely false, but it lacks the truth of tone and color that might make up for its being out of drawing.

I have said that *Creoles* are supposed to comprise the bulk of population in the black-land Cotton States—to include all who are tanned by the far South-western sun or fanned by remote breezes from the Gulf of Mexico. In truth, the *Creoles* comprise but a very small proportion of the population of *two* States, Alabama and Louisiana, and a far smaller number in *two* others, Mississippi and Florida, where they touch upon the Gulf. And even in these narrow and fast narrowing limits the word bears significations as widely differing as the terms "Yankee" and "Hoosier."

Creole seems to have originated from *criollo*, or *criadillo*, the diminutive of *criado*, signifying "born," "bred." Of course, the early term was not applied to the Indians, it being always understood that the red man was "native here,"

even while with very peculiar "manner born;" but to the whites and negroes, whose color and language might be taken *primâ facie* to prove them foreigners, when in reality children of the soil—"born here." This significance is further proved by the application of the term to plants and inanimate productions of the soil, as "creole butter"—*i. e.*, home-made; "creole eggs," etc.

In New Orleans and in all Lower Louisiana the word was gradually appropriated by the whites, who were too proud of the title to share it with the negroes. There the Creole is the child or the lineal descendant of *émigré* French or Spanish parents—almost invariably the former. The children of mixed marriages—French and American, or American and Spanish—are *not* Creoles, nor are they so looked upon in Louisiana. The lineal descent is distinctly pronounced in appearance, habits and characteristics; and even now the "blue blood" is as easily recognized, and as tenaciously claimed, as that of the children of the Pilgrim Fathers. Most generally of the pure brunette type, but with lithe, active and sinewy frame, the Creole combines the perseverance and endurance of his American nativity with the dash and incisive movement of his French blood. Usually intelligent, curious and often industrious, he has an invariable suavity and innate courtesy that mark his smallest action toward man, no less than woman. Delicate and fastidious in his tastes, the true Creole is often a *gourmet*, never a glutton, and very rarely a drinker to excess. Not only natural taste and long habit of life, but the necessities of a trying climate also, lead to this. Even in winter the soft, enervating atmosphere prevents very great physical exertion, and consequently little craving is born for heavy dishes and inflaming drinks. An inveterate smoker he almost always is, but his bibulous tendencies generally begin and end in claret and white wines, with the occasional *chasse café*. Of late that curse of France, *absinthe*, has grown into more general use in the Gulf cities, but I find it as common among American

as French residents, while generally more recklessly used by the former.

Duelling, gambling and Sabbath-breaking—those three dis-Graces that so shock purrulent Puritanism—are no more prevalent than in the Northern cities, as I shall show in detail hereafter. The first is one of those customs of the *ancien régime* to which all that is French will ever cling in theory, even though little resorted to in practice; but never, even in its greatest excesses, were there displayed the degrading and disgusting features of the Western bowie-knife fight, nor the more mathematical murder of "rifles and forty yards." When Creoles fight it is with the weapon that centuries have placed in the hand of the gentleman; and, as in the case of the absinthe, I have known the frequent and unnecessary duels of the section to be brought on by those with no drop of French blood in their hot heads. Gambling, in the Gulf States, is the result of climate and habit combined, the one acting on naturally impressionable temperaments, already prepared for lenient judgment on its results by tradition and example. But of this, as well as of the peculiar observance of the Sabbath, I cannot speak in detail in the brief limits of this paper.

A more pleasing subject for a few words awaits us in the Creole woman of Louisiana. The ordinary ideal of her, that assimilates to an *odalisque* in a French toilette, is as absurd as it is unjust. On the promenade, the drive and at the opera the younger ladies of French blood are the cynosure of stranger eyes in New Orleans, while within its society they are unanimously voted its chiefest ornament. Generally highly accomplished, they are almost invariably good linguists and fair musicians, while they are sufficiently repressed, by that sensible prejudice of French training, to become a contrast to the free-and-easy intercourse of your "patent" Westerner, at once *piquant* and refreshing. That *la belle Creole* dresses well need not be repeated by me. Lacking perhaps the gorgeous array and proportionate expense of a New York belle's wardrobe, the Creole's

is always in perfect keeping with the occasion and in perfect unison with the marked points of the wearer. She may dress plainly—as she ever does in the street, and often at home—but there is always a nameless adaptability that is born, not made.

And nowhere in the world is there more careful attention to those delicate trifles that go to make up the sum of home-life than among the ladies of the Creole family. They may think much about beaux, and more about dress; they may spend much time at church, and still more in shopping; they may frequent "Germans" and rave about the opera, but Creole women neglect few of those pretty little details that so sweeten and beautify the home-life. It used to be said of the Parisians that they had houses, but never homes. However much their American cousins may assimilate to them in other respects, in this they are far beyond the civilization of their exemplars: however humble the Creole's house, it is in the most sacred sense his home.

With this brief glance at the Creole of Louisiana, let us sail over the Lake and see what the word means in the next-door State. In Mobile, which at first was rather a post than a colony, the scarcity of legitimate white Creoles caused the title to fall to the mixed breeds. It has gradually been entirely abandoned to them, and from Mobile usage seems to have been propagated the notion that *Creole* means *colored*—an error, as I have shown, with no foundation whatever. Many of these Alabama Creoles originated in Pensacola, where a like signification of the word obtains. All of these were born free, as by the Roman law the child follows the condition of the father. Indeed, the mothers were also of doubtful condition, never having been slaves, except nominally. I have also reason to believe that a portion of them, at least, were Morescas, and always free—a theory strengthened by the physiognomy and character of the Pensacola Creoles, which show no trait of negro admixture.

So in Alabama your Creole is not only of French, but also of mixed, blood. He is a quadroon or an octoroon—*i. e.*, the grandson or the great-grandson of French mulatto parents. But let us not confound him with any other of the many forms of negro blood. He is a tawny aristocrat of the most thorough type, prouder of his dusky skin than the hidalgo of his blue blood. And he is not without reason, for the stream flowing in his veins probably descends from the proudest sources of colonial or post-Revolutionary French America. The Creole here is as great an exclusive, in his own way, as his namesake across the Lake, and while natural prejudice of race prohibits marriage with the whites, he utterly repudiates it with the blacks. Alabama Creoles intermarry only among themselves; and, as they were originally only a few families, which have now ramified and increased, the choice is naturally limited. Matrimony, therefore, assumes a quasi-royal aspect, running in the grooves of necessity and expediency, if not of *convenance*. Partly from their exclusiveness and partly from community of interest, most of the Alabama Creoles congregate in villages of their own upon the banks of the rivers tributary to the Gulf. Holding their property for years, gradually adding to it, and being little interfered with by the war, some of these family-heads are quite seigniorial lords. "Chastang's Bluff" is a notable example. Sitting high over the Mobile River current, and dotted with cottages, more or less fresh, that cluster round the central house of the father of the settlement, this Creole village shows at once the exclusiveness and the ramifications of some of the families. Here the head of the Chastang family resides, surrounded by his descendants to the third generation, by his flocks and his herds. Here he sits literally under his own vine and fig tree in true patriarchal fashion; and a patriarch he is in age and family, if not in the number of his wives.

Partly in respect to their old descent, partly in deference to their tenacious pride for generations, these Creoles are

held in high regard, and are received upon terms approaching equality by the Mobile county whites. This, too, is apart from any political bearing that such conduct might have, for not only are the Creole voters very few, but long before they had the suffrage their social status was at least as good. The Creole Fire Company, No. 1, is one of that city's most respectable and most cherished institutions, and at the supper that succeeds its annual nocturnal parade, with its burished steamer dressed with flowers, and the prettiest of the Creole population on tiptoe of excitement, the best-descended and highest-placed Mobilians sit at the board as honored and as honoring guests. At the annual fair held by the Creoles for charity among their race there is an equal respect shown by all classes of whites. In proof of this I need only note that the fair last year was held in the hall of the Franklin Society, the oldest literary institution in the State, and one that bears upon its rolls most of her proudest names.

But the laws of race are still stringent enough to keep the line drawn sharp and tight. I remember a social bomb-shell exploded at a Mobile dinner-table that may somewhat illustrate the situation. A gentleman fresh from New York was dining with a very brilliant and jovial party. His pretty hostess rallied him on his persistent bachelorhood; to which he replied, in one of those dread pauses that sometimes drop upon the gayest talkers, "Only wait till I find a pretty Creole I can have all to myself!" The result may be imagined, although the stranger, it was understood, had only confounded the New Orleans and Mobile definitions of the word *Creole*.

Where Mississippi runs her narrow tongue of thirsty pine-lands between Louisiana and Alabama, to lap the waters of the Gulf, we find Creole settlements along the coast. These, from their propinquity to that city, partake generally of the features of the New Orleans type. They are more mixed, however, from earlier intermarriage, and their descendants preserve the name of Creoles long after the American descent

becomes plain. Like the Louisiana Creoles, these also speak French, though the language is less pure than in the liquid tongues of the city Frenchmen. Still, it is far purer than that employed by the colored Creoles of Alabama. These latter speak a singular mixture of French, English, and perhaps Indian, each language being vocally smelted out of all natural shape. Generally used in head-tones, and consonant without being guttural, "Gumbo-French," as it is called, is a mixture as indigenous to the soil as the unequaled soup from which it takes its name; and though an equally thorough mixture, it is by no means so savory and attractive.

Such are our Creoles—neither the whole Gulf population, as Northern acceptance makes them, nor even the entire foreign-descended portion of our people. Of the others I may speak hereafter; only hoping, in this paper, to have cleared up a misconception about an ancient and unique race.

II.—THE CREOLE CARNIVAL.

THERE is a tinkling and mirth-bearing sound always hovering about the word Carnival that in no sort reminds one of its origin—*carni vale*, "farewell to meat!" And this inherent quality of awakening mirth is given it solely by association, for, with all its mirth, music and masking, the season of Carnival only precedes the penitential one of Lent. Into its brief span of jollity is compressed all the fun that must last for all those forty days wherein Catholic communities bid farewell to the Flesh, and—to all outward seeming—to the World and the Devil, as well.

The proper celebration of this antelenten festival has been long confined to the Latin races of Southern Europe; and "their heirs and assigns," the Creoles of the Gulf, have alone on this continent preserved the custom in anything like its entirety. The volatile, quick-blooded Franco-American demands a stated amount and variety of amusement to last throughout the year. This neces-

sity of his nature must be supplied; but he is also a devout observer of the forms of the Church of his fathers. So, while he murmurs not at all at the dispensation of Lent, with its frequent fasts and infrequent fish, he yet attempts to condense so much and such rare fun into the few preceding days as shall last him for those forty of mortification and of abstinence. This necessity of race was the origin of the Carnival in Catholic Europe: this hereditary trait causes its regular observance in our cities of the Gulf.

The Carnival begins about the third week preceding Ash-Wednesday. It is marked by no specified details, nor does it mean any particular festivity. But the fiat has by this time gone forth, "Eat, drink and be merry!" at every possible time and in almost impossible ways. And obedience thereto is universal, extending even beyond the limits of Mother-Church; for in the Gulf cities those who see no reason to fast in Lent fail not to see good reasons, and many, for feasting before it. For three weeks, then, New Orleans throws all care to the wind, and devotes herself to one constant whirl of vivid though not entirely irrational fun.

At this season private houses are thrown open with a hospitality profuse enough to be marked even in this generous city; and dinners, suppers and dances—which latter often turn out masked balls or domino-parties—are nightly occurrences on all hands. Music fills the air as soon as Night drops her veil over the city; gay crowds hurrying in every direction show diverse streams of expectant fun, not even now restrained; theatres and opera are crowded, principally, though, with strangers; and the horse-cars are packed with parties hastening to and from scenes of ever-varying joyousness.

The restaurants of the Crescent City are justly celebrated for their *cuisines*, but at this particular season they outdo themselves in every cunning device that can tempt the already feasted *gourmet* with just one more *plat* before Lent. These restaurants now are one

and all ablaze with light far into the small hours, while theatre-goers and opera-parties—especially of the visiting thousands who flock into the city at this time—test the cunning of their cooks and the verity of their vintages in lavish style. The opera especially is in its glory now: the greatest works have been held in reserve and the greatest singers rested. Then in Carnival-times a fresh burst of song and a fresh glitter of scenery and dresses delight the *habitué* anew, and call the stranger in to crowd pit and box and aisle. On the fall of the curtain it is a short drive to Victor's or Moreau's or some other favorite *café*. Once there, luscious birds are lulled to their last rest to the gurgle of delicate wines and the click of costly glass, while talk of the opera and jest and laugh may be punctuated, here and there, by something "tenderer far to tell;" for your opera-supper is a wondrous sentimentalizer. Or perhaps you are whirled through the French quarter, where dance and music and invariable laughter season the invariable supper, till in the misty dawn you light your cigarette to stroll under the orange trees, and try to think in the only hour of the Carnival when thought is possible. And even then the sound of far-off music breaks in on your reverie, and the morning breeze bears upon it the sound of far-off laughter that knows no stilling property in night. For, remember, in the far South winter assumes no such forms as the rigorous North knows, and few nights of early spring—the season at which Lent usually falls—are cool enough to forbid a post-prandial cigarette, or a flirtation with it, under the orange trees of the convenient garden.

Breakfasting hastily next morning—sometimes on *café au lait*, sometimes on Seltzer water and a wet towel knotted around the head—the male reveler hurries off to business. Half-absently he reads his letters, makes his notes and writes his answers; then he attends to foreign business by telegraph and to home-sales by a process scarcely less rapid; races home and jumps into the evening-dress that becomes his emanci-

pation proclamation. Day after day, night after night, the revelry continues in fast-ascending scale, until

Mirth,

That humbler harmonist of care on earth,

swells into one universal chorus, joyous and unrestrained.

But all this fun seldom runs into license, for there is a something far underlying the levity of the Creoles that repels grossness and restrains excess; and even those who have recently come to dwell among them in some sort imbibe and evolve the same sentiment. Perhaps for this reason New Orleans, while the city of most general and continuous gayety on the continent, is in very small degree a dissipated one.

At this season balls of every kind and for every class are crowded into every night. They are public, private and mystical—military, club and civic. Here open windows give a glimpse of the grand "crush" of the *haute volée*, where diamonds flash under wax tapers and powdered *coiffures* stain immaculate broadcloth; there is your genuine "sociable," where real fun and a "German" are punctuated by birds and perfect punch; again, we find the "danceable tea" that so raised the wrath of the paternal *Dodd Abroad*; or farther on we hear equally lively strains from inferior bands, where those who know not Society hold revel less reserved, but equally enjoyed.

Of course, among these many we find not infrequent domino-parties and *bals masqués*. At the former—far less expensive, while equally tantalizing and fun-producing—no variety of costume is admitted. All the guests are in plain domino, with hood and mask, and, utterly ignorant of each other's identity save by guess or by chance detection, they mingle in dance and jest and laughter until the announcement of supper. Then comes a general unmasking, bringing with it the frequent laugh and the not infrequent but provoking *contretemps* where one has happened to say just the right thing to just the wrong person. The masked ball is a simple expansion of all this into the region of grand costume and brilliant disguise. It perhaps offers more

scope for fancy or for taste, often displaying dresses perfect in conception and regal in splendor; but the very effort to portray the character assumed often produces a flatness, and offers the means of detection. Of course every private masquerade is governed by the same invariable laws as to unmasking. This takes place first on entering, before the host or a delegated substitute, and again at supper, before the assembled company. The one precaution serves to prevent any unwarrantable intrusion; the other delicately hints the necessity for keeping all jesting and practical joking within the limits of propriety by holding out the certainty of early detection.

Previous to the war the celebration of the Carnival was not only universal in every class of society, but it involved an expenditure far out of apparent proportion to its brief period of life. Rich and poor, young and old, Creole and American, white man and negro, all looked forward to Carnival as the very pinnacle of the enjoyment of the year. Birthdays and weddings, Fourth of July and New Year's, even Christmas, paled their grandeur before this prime festival of the Monarch of Misrule. The sole refuge of the dull Lenten season was its retrospect; and from Easter until the next season all was expectancy and anticipation. But during those four busy years—so pregnant with suffering and productive of sorrow for the gay cities of the Gulf—the custom fell into enforced disuse. No sooner, however, had the cloud of war begun to lift from view, and its ugly scars to heal, than Creole society, in its elastic natural joyousness, bounded once more into Carnival-keeping. A thorough change in many component parts of New Orleans society has in a great degree changed the manner of universal celebration. But the ante-Lenten days are still crammed to overflow with varied forms of feast and festival; the same bright eyes and dainty slippers glance from under dominos as of yore; while the delicate olive of the Creole face and the swarthy thickness of the negro's alike reflect the common

enjoyment as they pass along the street. Even the strangers on business—and this is the time when they usually flock in, being the height of the cotton-season—seem to imbibe a new life from the atmosphere of gayety that they find surrounding them. I have known a Massachusetts spinner lose a "good thing" in cotton to attend a lunch that ran into an opera-party and the small hours; and I have seen a New York banker, on the shady side of sixty-four, attempt impossible disguise in a pink domino and equally impossible flirtation under the orange trees at dawn. That rheumatism and an enforced visit to Havana were the results was no fault of his. It was the Carnival's or the bright eye's behind that satin mask.

And so, with mirth and revel, the swift days and winged nights run from week to week, until the three have glided by and we stand upon the very threshold of Lent.

The last day of Carnival has dawned. To-night at midnight viol and laughter and feasting will have changed, as if by sudden magic, to psalmody and prayer and fasting; for at that solemn hour will be born Ash-Wednesday. This Tuesday, the last when the Creole world tastes meat, confines within its too brief limits a world of fun, that rises only faster and higher the nearer it approaches to its end.

But, having said so much of feasting and of folly, I were a very glutton to attempt, at the end of this paper, one word in feeble description of *Mardi Gras*.

III—NEW ORLEANS SOCIETY.

FRENCH was the early language of the Crescent City, and it has left its impress upon the records, the business and the conversation of her people to-day. French, too, was the dominant tone of sentiment, manners and habits, and even now its influence is traced in the minute details of every-day life. So strong was this influence that before the war even the American residents were so markedly French in their tastes as to

be noted when away from home, and distinguished by this trait from those of other cities. Constant communication and consequent change of habits had made them almost as much Frenchmen as the Creoles themselves.

At that time New Orleans was, in many respects, as distinctly divided into two cities as though a Chinese wall had been built between its two divisions. This was especially the case with all its social aspects, and the invisible line of demarcation was the present common thoroughfare, Canal street. Below this, and bounded by the old lines of defence when the city was a line of works around a stockade village, spread out old New Orleans, or French Town, as it was invariably known to the dwellers beyond its threshold.

Between the boundaries of these broad avenues was compressed the whole essential life of a distinct city—its architecture, its society, its very language, different from those of the American town across the street, that even then was beginning to envelop it for future absorption. There French was the universal language of the family, of the churches, of the shops, and even of the courts. The houses—generally old and dingy, while yet cool and commodious, with *portes cochères* and thick-walled basements—almost touched their hanging balconies across the narrow streets; and wandering among the sinuous length of these, the stranger was apt to lose himself in broad daylight. Addressing the queer, faded-parchment old man lounging in the door of the first cigar-store, the answer would be sure to come in French. Application at the nearest bar-room had the same result, and the smiling, plump *dame du comptoir* who came down to assist mine host's perplexity would but add to it. Then the lost one would wander helplessly, and almost hopelessly, until his delighted gaze met a flaring orange bandanna handkerchief striped with black, and surmounting in gaudy knot a face of yellowish hue and a feminine form of obese tendencies. In the glancing white of the mulatto's grin was promise of

speedy aid, but an eager question only produced a more generous display of ivory and a rattling gush of gutturals—composed of alternate squeak and hiss—that go to make up "Gumbo-French," the language of the negro Creole. Then the astounded querist would fly the crackling mystery, with a wonder like Tom Hood's that the children of Brussels spoke French, and if from the far North, with the addendum, "Here the blarsted nigger speaks it too!" For French was the recognized language of the Old Town. Spanish and Italian, with then infrequent German, were spoken by some of the venders of fruits and tobacco; but even these used French as the medium of plying their trades and in the every-day intercourse of life.

In the home-circles of the better class there was no need for any other tongue. The Creole of those days, jealous of his old blood and haughtily looking down on the *nouveaux riches*, seldom penetrated the hum and hurry of an American assemblage; and it was the very rarest privilege accorded the dweller beyond the limits of French Town to be admitted as a guest into its society. Entrance here was most jealously guarded, and the letters of introduction that would open every door in American New Orleans would be powerless to admit him to the Japan-like harbors of her elder sister. Not that the Creole is lacking in hospitality, for no man is more courteous and more generous in his welcome; but he knows thoroughly the sacredness of his home, and he guards the access to it with a jealous care not to be lightly evaded. But once admitted, by unimpeachable vouchers, into Creole society, none could hesitate to acknowledge its elevation of tone and its perfection of old-time courtesy and kindness.

But the stranger thus introduced might well paraphrase Dante and exclaim, "Who enters here, *all* English leaves behind!" not only in the spoken words, but in the lightest action accompanying them. Indeed, so jealous were these older people in guarding their hearths from the bold intrusion of Yankee progress that English was so studiously

avoided as almost to be forbidden; and I have known large families in which not one, from grandfather to grandchild, could speak a word of the tongue in general use a thousand yards from their door. Born, reared and living their threescore years within pistol-shot of the most thriving and busy American population in the whole South, these older residents would have been unable to speak the common words of greeting or of warning had they entered its lively streets. This they seldom did, however, save on occasions of solemn ceremonial or of grave need.

But not alone in language was French Town a strange city to its municipal Siamese twin, only divided from it by the narrow strip bearing the great artery that supported the vitality of both. In all matters of family government, as well as of society precedence, old-country notions prevailed in French Town; and many of them remain to this day, impregnable to example and impervious to fast-conquering progress. The Creole youth, even after his first duel, had no synonym for "the governor" when speaking of his father, nor did *ma mère*, to his unprogressive sense, offer the translation of "the old girl." There the young lady's aspiration was not to be "a little of a goer," and she was rarely "harmlessly fast." Nor was the reigning belle a gushing miss, with "the tangles of Næra's hair," but a comfortable—and not seldom quite comfortably stout—*madame*. Young ladies were kept in durance, vile indeed to those born freemen under American skies, and their first emancipation into even the nominal license of life was received at the hands of the priest who pronounced the marriage benediction.

Woe to the aspiring youth from across Canal who, transfixed by a pair of killing black eyes leveled from embrasure of opera-box, was lucky enough to get access to the household they were supposed to illumine and to warm! At early eve or miserable morn the frozen steppes of Siberia were not more glacial nor more slippery to the foothold of his manly sensibilities. Call when he would,

those burning orbs *would* wear the parental veil, through which their rays no longer melted him, and the houri of the opera-box became the proper young person, who could only be "interviewed" in the presence of stout and sonorous *maman* on one sofa and of most courteous but equally refrigerant *papa* on the other. The weather and kindred subjects failing, when ambitious and all-conquering Browne's courage and French had together failed before, he would gradually freeze into awkward silence, that only outside the front door thawed into a short, strong oath to hunt thereafter in pastures better known.

And yet in the charmed and charming limits of their own social life never were people more genial and more whole-souled—never did any more ingeniously contrive and more pleasingly carry out unfeeling hospitality—than these Creoles of the *ancien régime*.

Outside of this charmed circle and beyond the bounds of French Town dwelt the merchants, professional men, planters and thousand others that go to make up the life of a great and busy city. Mostly American *per se*, with small admixture of the foreign element, and *very* rare cases of descent from Creole intermarriage, this population still led a life far different from that of any other American city. Part of this difference was doubtless due to climate, which here necessitates a departure from fixed rules of life that govern other localities. But a far greater part of it doubtless came from long connection with, and gradual assimilation of, the habits of the Creole in food, dress and details of domestic habit. The French population—"to the manner born," and wise in experience of all its good and evil—knew as well how to humor their climate and ward off its dangers as to utilize its generous products. So Brother Jonathan, ever quick to learn what is best for his interest, sat down beside the Gaul and copied his practice.

Thus, for many years these twin towns—or rather these two distinct beings with the body of one—bought and sold, lived and died, elbow to elbow, both labor-

ing for a common advantage, running in the same business current, yet never mingling their social lives.

Then came the war. Poverty is said to make strange bedfellows, but he's a fool to Civil War for that sort of bundling. Animated by one impulse and banded for common interest, all classes of society in New Orleans now mingled with an ease and freedom they could not have comprehended themselves had they taken time to analyze them. When Creole and American slept under the same blanket and stood shoulder to shoulder in the same charge, when women of all spheres and of all descents nursed the suffering by the same cot and wrought their beautiful work of mercy in the same hospital, the change had been made for all time. Associations thus formed and interests thus bound in one were not to be dissolved at the bidding of an effete idea. When the war was over New Orleans was one city, as we see it to-day, owning one nationality, one common purpose and one theory of existence only. Of course its large society has *cliques* and sets, still more distinctly marked, perhaps, than those of other cities. But these are parts of one great whole, even while they revolve in three subdivisions.

Old Town is still marked by French origin and French influence, but even here American progress has now pushed its way into the streets, the business and the courts. It has even intruded—greatest reform of all!—into the household; for it is no longer uncommon to find mixed social gatherings, and even families, where the fair Saxon type and the brunette Latin Creole are the united heads.

The Middle Town, spreading along and just above Canal street, is a debatable ground, neither entirely Yankee nor peculiarly French in its plainer features. In this mixed district lie the great hotels, where thousands of birds of passage from the extreme North and Northwest mostly congregate. Here, too, we find most of the visitors from the business tributaries "stopping;" and indeed many resident families are now adopting

the Northern habits of hotel life. In this section, too, are the largest and handsomest shops—a neutral ground where lavish pale-faced shopper and tasteful brunette meet in amity and price the silk of peace. Here, too, we find most of the principal public buildings, and the chief avenues of city travel, as well as of city trade, run through it. Naturally, then, the Middle Town is the busiest and most wide-awake, if not the most picturesque, portion of New Orleans.

Still farther up town lies the distinctively American quarter, most of it fresh and new, and in great part peopled by new-comers. Many of these are Western people, whose interests have become so knit with those of the Crescent City as to make residence a necessity. Bold, bluff, and sometimes rough, the manner of these new residents is marked in its contrast to that of the French inhabitants; nor does the first generation bid fair to lessen the distinctive peculiarities. The Western ladies, too, have more progressive ideas than their Southern-born sisters, hesitating not to risk their charms in the seductive buggy with the most noted lady-killer, and even penetrating the mysteries of the *petit souper* after an opera enjoyed without the moral handcuffs of chaperonage. Yet these self-reliant belles—be they found in hotel-corridor or in a *loge grillée*—never

give an opening for the intrusive tongue of Mrs. Grundy. "Bold and erect," like the much-sung Caledonian, they have the substance of propriety, and manage to make gossip respect its shadow too, even while *habitués* of opera-foyer or of the road can at a single glance pronounce them "from the West."

Besides these this district is partly peopled by Northern men, whose business with New Orleans rapidly increases in size and value; and there are also many families who were left by, or who returned from, the army of occupation after the declaration of peace.

Thus we see that New Orleans has now three great circles in its social life, each revolving on its own distinct axis and propelled by its own peculiar motors, yet all intersecting without the retarding of any, without jar, and even without perceptible friction. Whereas, as I have tried to show, there were in the past but two, and they were not only tangent at no point, but, socially considered, they revolved in directions diametrically opposite. So strange a mingler is civil war, and so irresistible are the changes that follow in its footsteps; for the friction of its resulting wants and the lubricator of common interests now smooth down all roughness of contact, until the unaccustomed eye sees but one plane, unbroken and unique.

T. C. DE LEON.

IN THE DARK.

IT was about ten o'clock in the evening when a young man ran up the steps of Mrs. Porter's lodging-house and pulled the bell smartly. The door was opened by a pretty maid-servant, who smiled on recognizing the visitor. After exchanging a few laughing words in the passage, he turned to go up stairs, when the girl, evidently not averse to a little more conversation, said with an apologetic

cough, "I ain't sure you'll find Mr. Ryse up; he ain't so well as he might be to-day."

"Oh, I know he's up," was the confident answer: "I saw the light in his room as I came along."

The girl pursed up her lips mysteriously. "You can't tell anything by that, sir," said she. "Mr. Ryse, he burns a light all night long every blessed night."

"The deuce he does!" exclaimed the young man, stopping short on the stairs. "What's that for, Dolly?"

"That's what we can't none of us make out, Mr. Remington," said the maid eagerly. It was plain the subject had been a good deal discussed in the Porter household. "Maybe it's in case of sickness or anything happenin' on a sudden, though Mr. Ryse ain't what I should have took for a timid gentleman, neither."

"Well, I suppose it *is* safer," said Remington, suddenly recollecting that it was not just the thing to stand discussing his friend's affairs with a servant. But, while making light to her of what she had told him, he did not himself think of it with less curiosity as a peculiarity foreign to his ideas of Ryse's character.

Turning to the left at the first landing, he opened a door and stood on the threshold of what looked like a remarkably comfortable room, so far as it could be seen through the clouds of smoke that filled it.

"Here's a Dutch interior!" he said laughing. "I take it for granted you're here, Ryse, because Dolly said so, and I'm of a trusting nature where 'the sect,' as Pattieson says, is concerned; otherwise—"

"Dolly was right as usual," said a voice proceeding from an extension-chair under the glimmer of a shaded lamp, where a young man was lying back luxuriously, with a closed book on his knee, and the mouthpiece of a rather intricate piece of workmanship, that did duty as a pipe, between his lips. "Here I am, and, what is worse, here I am likely to be for the rest of the week. What with a sprain, and a chill on top of it, I'm tied worse than a devil on two sticks, for it's all I can do to stir from this chair."

"That is a bore," assented Remington, helping himself from a cigar-stand the other pushed toward him. "Dolly told me you were not just what you might be, but—"

"Dolly this and Dolly that!" put in Ryse with a laugh. "You appear to have been holding a regular talkee-

talkee with Dolly. Did she tell you any state secrets?"

"No—no, not precisely," said Remington, a sudden thought occurring to him, "but she did tell me something rather queer, for all that. You may as well hear it, as it concerns a friend of ours."

"Concerns a friend of ours?" repeated Ryse. "What piece of gossip has Mother Porter picked up now, I wonder?"

"You shall hear. I was informed, with an air of great mystery, that one Ryse, not a thousand miles from here, was in the habit of turning darkness into day with a night-light every blessed night, and I suppose the unblest ones too, though Dolly didn't say so."

"Indeed?" said Ryse stiffly. "Allow me to say that I see nothing particularly 'queer' in that, Mr. Remington."

"No, no—of course not," Remington hastened to reply, surprised to find his friend take it so seriously in earnest: "that was only my nonsense, which I know you'll excuse, being used to it. Do you know they're saying now there isn't the ghost of a chance for Jones's picture?"

"Hang Jones's picture!"

"Precisely what they won't do," said Remington with a laugh.

"Well, hang Jones, then!" said Ryse laughing too. "Remington, you're the best fellow I know, and the nonsense was all on my side. But the truth is—" he hesitated and finally added with a forced laugh—"I'm afraid of the dark. There's nothing to be ashamed of in that, though, is there?"

"Not a bit," said Remington simply, "only I don't see why you should be."

"Perhaps you might if you knew. I've half a mind to tell you, though it's something I never talk about. Are you curious enough to want to hear?"

"I know you wouldn't believe me if I should say No," answered Remington, "so I may as well own I've been confoundedly curious all along."

"Well, then, just turn up that light a little, will you, and poke the fire—it's getting dull." And as his friend wonderingly obeyed these directions, Ryse,

casting a more satisfied glance about the room, began his explanation. At first he spoke with a sort of constraint, but this passed away as he went on and became absorbed in his story. It shall be given succinctly, and without the questions occasionally put by Remington.

"It is a little more than a year now," he began, "since I was on the Continent. I had spent the winter in Paris, where I had seen life pretty extensively, after the fashion of the Latin Quarter. But that has nothing to do with it, for what I am going to tell you about happened to me in Germany.

"I had been traveling all day through some of the most magnificent scenery that ever a railway cut across. It was on the Rhine; so you can imagine for yourself the ruined castles and crags, and all the rest of it. Only add that it was early in May, and that the leaves were just coming out on the trees that covered the rolling hills that swelled up one over another almost as far as the eye could reach—beech, oak, linden, birch, sycamore—twenty different sorts with as many different shades of green, mixed in pell-mell with the dark last year's foliage of most of the evergreens. I had already seen in the Paris flower-beds some elegant effects of shading in the same color, but I had no idea till then of what could be done with it on a grand scale. I give you my word, contrasts seemed almost vulgar afterward. Such light and depth! such endless variety, combined with perfect harmony! If Jones and the rest of his tribe down there could manage to catch the faintest reflection of anything like that, they might snap their fingers at the hangers.

"As I had been on the road ever since daybreak, and had done nothing but stare out of the window the whole time, you may suppose I was dead tired and sleepy by nightfall. At any rate, I was, and when we reached my station I thought more of supper and bed than of all the scenery in the world. I made my way to the nearest inn, where I found accommodations without any difficulty, though the house seemed rather in a state of disorder.

"The village was a small one, and its fine views had not yet become the fashion; so few people stopped there—just enough in the course of the traveling season to keep alive the two little 'hotels,' as they called themselves, that glared at each other from opposite sides of the steep, straggling street. I had come there, as agreed, to meet a friend for whom it was the most convenient rendezvous, and whom I expected the next day. I knew nothing of the respective claims of the rival establishments, and had gone to the nearest simply because it was the nearest.

"After a hot supper—which I am bound to say was not so bad, with the exception of the slimy, lukewarm 'sauerkraut,' which I created a sort of phlegmatic astonishment by requesting to have removed from the table *instantly*—I felt prepared to give my undivided attention to sleep. Preceded by a waiter with a guttering tallow-candle, I went up the stairs and along a narrow passage to the room that had been given me. When we had gone some little way, deceived by a similarity of position, I thought I had reached it, and turned the handle of a door which, however, proved to be locked from the outside, as I saw at the next glance by the key in the lock.

"'Not there, mein Herr,' said the waiter quickly at the same moment. He seemed about to add something, hesitated, looked at me, and was silent. I was too sleepy to particularly notice this at the time: it was only afterward that I recalled it.

"We turned a square corner in the passage and reached my room, when I saw what it was that had deceived me. Precisely in the middle, with two doors on each hand, the room was situated just like the other, only at right angles with it—that is to say, the two walls of which each respectively formed a part made the two adjoining sides of the house. The door of each was the third door counting either way.

"My preparations for bed were soon made, as you can imagine, but, tired as I was, I could not help lingering a minute to look out of my window. The

green waters of the river ran just below the house—not on my side of it, to be sure, but by twisting myself three quarters outside, at the imminent risk of a broken neck, I succeeded in getting a glimpse of it as it wound through the still night-landscape, the only life in it all. The evening was very quiet, the trees did not stir their young leaves, everything had a kind of listening look. There was no moon, but stars that looked very far and clear and *fixed*, so to say—not like those you sometimes see on a summer night, you know, that seem to tremble in a mist and hang almost within reach: those stars suited the spirit of the scene far beyond any moonlight.

But I did not stay very long poetizing at the window. My bed looked as warm and soft as everything outside did cold and hard, and I was tired enough to prefer comfort to all besides. I turned away, and was just going to put out my candle when it struck me there were no matches on the table. I hunted all over the room: none to be seen. I thought for a moment I would ring the bell, and then discovered there was no bell to ring. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'they are evidently not troubled with visitors enough in the house to teach them how to keep it: no matter, I'm generally a good sleeper, and likely to be particularly so to-night; and if I should happen to lie awake, why, I'm not afraid of the dark.' I laughed as I thought of that, but it was the last time I was ever to say those words to myself.

"I blew out the candle then and got into bed, which was covered with one of the inevitable feather wads under which those people swelter the greater part of the year. I can't endure feathers under any circumstances, and I kicked this off at once, but in the very act I fell asleep.

"My sleep must have been very sound while it lasted, but how long that was I have no means of judging. I woke up suddenly, without any of those degrees of drowsing and dreaming through which I suppose most people pass before coming to full consciousness. All in an instant I was as wide awake as ever I was

in my life, and with all my faculties unnaturally keen.

"The first thing I remarked was that the dim twilight that had filled the room when I went to bed had changed into total darkness, as if thick clouds covered the stars; the atmosphere about me, too, had grown oppressive: a heavy storm was evidently near. Almost at the same moment the rush of the Rhine struck on my ear in that dead silence with tenfold its former volume of sound. I lay still listening while it filled my brain with a succession of images at once fantastic and terrible. I was a point in space, and those were worlds whirling round me; mine was the only life in creation, and that was a vast multitude of ghosts sweeping by; the earth's last day had come, and that was the roar of the flames in which it was consuming: such were some of the ideas that chased each other through my mind.

"There was a species of madness in all this, very likely, but I have no doubt it saved me from something yet worse, by preparing me in a measure for a thought which, if it had come upon me entirely without warning—

"I don't know if you have one of those organizations susceptible of another's presence without the aid of any of the recognized senses: people differ so greatly in this respect. I happen to have an uncommon amount of this sensitiveness—magnetic, nervous, call it what you like: it is next to impossible to deceive me ordinarily, and that night, as I said, my perceptions were abnormally alive. From the instant when I started broad awake the conviction had been slowly growing upon me that *somebody or something was in the room with me.*

"I fought against it as long as I could, indulging and even encouraging the wild notions I told you of, making the most of them, and trying to spread them out so fully over my consciousness as to leave no room for anything else. But the moment came when this was no longer possible: I had to yield at last.

"You have seen enough of me to know whether I am cowardly by nature. Well, I assure you no sooner had I given up

the struggle than I flung the clothes over my head and cowered down among them. I turned cold under all my warm coverings: I shook as if in an ague-fit, and my hands, that clasped together, were damp and rigid.

"You will wonder why the presence of some person in my bed-chamber at night, disagreeable, possibly even dangerous, as it might be, should have thrown me into such a childish fright. I could not say: that is precisely what it was—an unreasonable, instinctive, childish panic: no baby brought up on hobgoblin nursery tales was ever more afraid of the dark than I was just then.

"After a while the first delirium of fear passed away. I uncovered my face, looked, listened: no change, nothing but the rush of the river, the formless darkness and that undefined presence. I set myself to think steadily what it could be.

"To begin with: Was it man or beast? Absurd! you will say. How was a beast to get there? or if by chance one of the house-pets had slipped in, was a dog or a cat to frighten anybody out of his wits? No, certainly not, but then it was not exactly of a dog or cat, nor of any common animal, I was thinking. There was a strange element in this presence, as of something beyond nature, that called up monsters to my imagination—dragons, vampires, wehr-wolves, or some of those hideous combinations that figure in the legends of the French peasantry. Of course I did not seriously receive these as possibilities: they only crowded confusedly through my mind without really resting there.

"I returned then to my first supposition: it was a man. And what kind of man? A burglar, naturally: what else could he be? But was there likely to be a burglar in this dull little German village, where each was too poor to tempt another to steal? Would a burglar remain, minute after minute, so inexplicably quiet, instead of taking what he had come for and making off with it, in which case my strained ears would have caught his slightest movement?

"One thing I concluded—that if it were a burglar, this excessive caution

and timidity proved him a tyro at such work. It occurred to me that one of the servants in the house, having duplicate keys to the rooms, might have been tempted to try my door, which I remembered having locked before going to bed. The inside key—as I knew from youthful experiments of my own—might have been pushed far enough out of the lock, without falling, to allow the free working of a key from without; or even if it had fallen, ten to one the sound would not have disturbed the profound sleep I was then in. Or again, suppose it had disturbed me, and I had waked up—I reminded myself what a sudden waking it had been—just as the thief had quietly slipped in: some motion of mine had shown him he had roused me, and he had been afraid to stir ever since. The case began to look very clear as I thus made it out, particularly when I remembered a peculiar nervousness about the fellow that had waited on me, and the unsteadiness of his hand as it touched mine on the lock of the door I had tried: he was thinking of this scheme even then, or perhaps that was the way it had come into his head. But just here an idea came into *my* head that drove everything else out of it.

"What was the man's manner as we stood together in the passage most like—guilt or fear? Fear, unquestionably. He had seemed to feel a sort of horror at the mere thought of entering the room: he had shrunk back, yet at the same time made an eager movement to prevent my even turning the handle of a door which, as he could see, and no doubt had previously known, was locked from the outside. What did this mean? There was something on the other side of that locked door that made him hardly trust his own knowledge of the barriers between. What was it?

"I answered my question even in asking it. It was a madman. All the circumstances, as I thought them over, seemed to make this probable: a certain confusion about the house and the people, as if all had been thrown somewhat out of gear by some extraordinary event—a frightful scene of raving and violence,

perhaps, which my mistake had brought afresh to the servant's mind, and which the fear of prejudicing me against the house had made him suppress just as he was on the point of mentioning it. Here was the explanation of that hesitation I recalled so clearly now.

"But there were two difficulties in the way of my conclusion: How had the madman got out of his own room, which was locked from the outside, and into mine, which was locked from the inside? Allowing for a moment that some very strange chance had opened his door for him, why should he come to my chamber and undertake that delicate and tedious process with the key which I had just before pictured the servant as going through with? We all know a madman is cunning enough for anything when he expects to gain by it, but in this case there was no possible motive. I was fairly puzzled: the creature could not be in my room, and yet he was there: he was certainly there, although he could not have got in through the door or the window.

"Stop! I thought. Might he not have got in through the window? It was on the second story, too high for any unaided attempt, but as I tried to project my mind through the darkness into the scene I had looked at a few hours before, I seemed to remember a tree growing near my window on one side, which might afford a hold for an agile foot and hand. This was doubtless the true state of the case, after all. Locked in as he was, the creature had found some way of slipping out of his window, and when tired of his nocturnal prowlings had perhaps mistaken mine for his; for, as I told you, they were situated just alike, each in the centre of a wall. Once up in the tree, with that devil's gift which enables mad people to do things that seem impossible to ordinary human beings, he had managed by means of the branches to swing himself near enough to clutch at the ledge, and so had worked himself in, ape-like, opening the window easily enough, which ran, not up and down, but on side-hinges, as is common on the Continent, and, when not fastened, working as well from

one side as the other. So far from fastening mine, I had purposely left it ajar, for an airless room always makes me wakeful and feverish. That was one obstacle the less, then.

"While I was thinking this over it occurred to me that I might at any rate settle my doubts about the door, which stood within easy reach at the right of my bed-head. I stretched out my arm very slowly and softly, and made sure that the key was not only still in the lock, but in its proper place there: then, with the greatest caution, I put my fingers on the handle and turned it. The door was fastened.

"Here was an end to any suspicions of the waiter, for it must be a queer kind of thief that would begin by turning the key on himself. But I did not need it. From my first thought of a possible madman no other theory had held possession of my mind. It was not so much a conclusion as a conviction that had seized me, and the chain of argument I had been trying to put together was merely meant to satisfy my reason that this instinct had not erred. I was only proving the possibility of an established fact. And now I had proved it, what next?

"So long as I could occupy myself with reconciling contradictions I kept in tolerably good order. But when there was nothing to think of but that I was far from any light or help, that I was alone in the dark with a creature hardly human, that I had yet to pass in this way I did not know how many hours, how many eternities, it seemed to me—What was to come at the end of those hours I did not care in the least: the morning light would show me to the madman, I supposed, but it would also show him to me, and it was not the struggle and bodily danger I feared so much: it was the uncertainty, the brain-and-nerve-tension of constant waiting till that thing, even then perhaps crouched close to me in the black stillness, should drop suddenly on my pillow.

"A phase of my first terror returned, only now I was hot instead of cold. The heavy atmosphere oppressed me more

and more. I could scarcely breathe, my eyes began swelling painfully, and flashes of light of every shape you can think of danced before them. I began to grow light-headed; I felt the most insane desire to sing and dance and make all the noise I possibly could; I whispered the silliest things under the bed-clothes, and laughed at them till all my coverings shook. I said to myself, 'There'll be two madmen here soon,' and had all I could do to keep from screaming it aloud. I thought there really would be, at the rate I was going on: I must pull up short and fix my mind on something, or it was all over with me.

"I commenced speculating on what the madman in my room was like. An odd sort of diversion under the circumstances, you may think, but it was better than nothing, and I could not get rid of the subject in one form or another. It answered the purpose of keeping me rather more under my own control, otherwise it did not, on the whole, amount to much. I never succeeded, from first to last, in getting any distinct image before my mental vision, with a single exception. The one thing that I did see, with a most perfect distinctness, was an arm and hand from which the third finger was wanting. The arm was clothed with a long white sleeve, and appeared to be surrounded with a sort of bluish vapor, which, however, did not in the least obscure its outlines. It ended abruptly just below the shoulder: though I strained my eyes almost out of their sockets I could discover nothing beyond.

"I concluded that the maniac had left his room in his night-clothes, for I accepted this vision as a true one. I thought that the fixed intensity I had brought to bear on the matter had called out a portion of the reality, and I only wondered it should fail with the rest. But it did, spite of all my efforts. I could see nothing more, though the detached limb was now continually before my sight, moving as it moved and resting where it rested. I closed my eyes, but the image was still before them as plainly as ever.

"My eyes were still shut and my face

turned toward the wall, when I felt on my uncovered shoulder a hand like ice, that seemed to freeze me instantly out of a burning fever into unconsciousness.

"When I opened my eyes again it was exactly the reverse of my first waking. I roused myself with much more difficulty than usual: there was a heaviness about me that outward things were very slow to pierce. When the last night's events had at length come back I was confounded. The creature had been in the room with me, had discovered my presence, had seized hold of me, and yet here I was alive and unharmed! Had meeting no resistance quieted him? had he taken my insensibility for death? or had some crazy whim made him leave me as soon as he had found me? Was he still in the room, or had he gone out as he had come in? I raised myself on my elbow feebly—for I felt like a sick man—and looked around.

"It appeared to be early morning. The light was dull and gray, but sufficient to distinguish objects with perfect clearness. I looked, rubbed my eyes, looked again, and fell back on my pillow. Great Heavens! it was not my room at all!

"'What in the devil's name does this mean?' I asked myself. 'I am dreaming: last night's tricks are not out of my head yet.' I rubbed my eyes again, leaned forward, and began a steady examination of the chamber foot by foot.

"There could be no doubt about it: the room was not the same. The paper on the walls was of a different pattern; the scanty furniture was differently arranged; there were two beds instead of one—

"I don't know why my heart stood still as my eyes fell on that second bed with its close white curtains; I don't know what I expected to find there; I don't know anything clearly except that I staggered across the floor and seized hold of those curtains.

"I did not draw them at first, nor even look toward the bed. I stood there with the folds between my fingers, and my face turned away, staring about the room as if it were my one object to photograph it on my eyes. In that stupid

but faithful stare I saw that it had been carefully darkened. The thick window-shade was down, and a wooden shutter had been barred across. The half light about me then was no true indication: outside it might be broad day.

"When there was not a single detail of the room left to study, I turned my head, gave one hasty pull at the curtains and dropped them. They did not settle back into their old places, but left a gap toward the head of the bed perhaps a foot and a half wide. In the gap, hanging down over the side of the bed, was an arm and a hand that wanted the third finger.

"I opened the curtains wide, drew down the sheet that covered everything but this hand and arm, and saw the dead body of a man whose high white grave-clothes did not conceal a ghastly wound in the throat. I dropped to the floor, not unconscious this time, but simply unable to move.

"I don't know exactly how long I lay there—half an hour perhaps. I heard the house waking up by degrees: steps came and went in the passage outside. I moved my lips, but seemed to have no voice left. At length there was a kind of bustle just by my door—whisperings, quick excited tones, a stifled scream. I made a tremendous effort, and gave a shout in which I certainly never should have recognized my voice. It was followed by a scream, anything but stifled now, steps running wildly about, then silence. I got myself up from the floor somehow, unlocked the door and opened it, which caused a very sudden scattering of the little group in the passage. I can imagine that for anybody who knew what was lying on that bed it must have been startling to see a white figure more dead than alive leaning in the dark doorway. It was only after considerable parley that the man who had waited on me the evening before could be induced to help me back to my own room.

"How came I out of it at all? and what was the meaning of that other room with the disfigured corpse in it? I will tell you just what I heard when I was fit to hear anything.

"The man was a stranger and a foreigner—Portuguese or something of that sort, they fancied in the house, though nothing but a small sum of money had been found about him; not a scrap of paper or anything to prove his identity. However, a Portuguese and a sailor they had settled him to be on the authority of one of them who had served a voyage or two. On first coming to the house nothing odd had been noticed in his manner, but in the middle of his supper he had suddenly jumped up, gone to his room and locked himself in. It was supposed that in a fit of madness some time in the night he had cut his throat, for he was found in the morning dead, with a gash through his windpipe.

"This was what the servant was on the point of telling me when he had checked himself for the reasons I supposed. The shocking story was not likely to be a very good sleeping-dose for a wornout stranger: a nervous man might have taken it into his head to change his quarters on account of it. So the fellow held his tongue for the sake of the house.

"My part in the affair is less simple. But it seems clear that the various circumstances connected with the locked room must have worked very strangely, on my abnormal state of mind, and led me to do a thing quite contrary to my habit—that is, walk in my sleep. And as sleep-walking goes, what I did was nothing very much. However, 'twas enough for me. That night was the beginning of a brain-fever that lasted me for weeks, and might have made an end of me if my friend Trawley had not been there to get me through it. All that while I knew nothing of the explanation I have just given you. When Trawley came, that same day, he found me in a strong delirium, and raving—as he said I did incessantly—for *light*.

"I've never got over that part of my craze," concluded Ryse, forcing a smile, "and I don't suppose I ever shall. I can hold my own pretty fairly so long as I can see, but since then I'm no better than a coward in the dark, or should be if I ever allowed myself to be in the dark.

I think I'd put a pistol to my head sooner than risk such another night as that."

Remington had listened with extreme interest to his friend's story. At the end, after a thoughtful silence, he said, "The sleep-walking is evident enough, but there are some other things that seem rather—rather less clear—eh?"

Ryse's face was turned away: he made no sign of having heard. Remington persisted: "The apparition of the arm and hand, for instance, that hung outside the sheet? I can just imagine the possibility of the mind's being so intensely fixed as to call up, under certain conditions, the image of a thing unseen, but when it comes to a purely physical sensation, like the touch you say you felt—"

"Remington," said Ryse abruptly, "turn up the light as high as it will go, and come here."

Remington obeyed. Ryse unfastened his neck-coverings and pushed them down. "Wheel me a little to the right,"

said he: "there, that will do. Now look—do you see any mark on my shoulder?"

"Good God!" exclaimed his friend.

"What is it like?"

"A hand that lacks the third finger," answered Remington instantly.

There was a rather long pause.

"Strange! unaccountable!" muttered Remington at last. "Do you think," he continued musingly, "that matter under certain circumstances may possess an electric fluid capable of impressing other matter not in contact with it, as a lightning-freak prints some neighboring object on a man's flesh?—or do you think—" He stopped short.

"I think neither one thing nor another," said Ryse quickly. "I never encourage myself to think about it at all. I dare say there are more things in heaven and earth than we dream about, but I don't want to dream about them. I've had enough to satisfy me for the rest of my life."

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

AN EVENING WITH A SPIRITUALIST.

ONE sultry summer evening my friend S— and myself, under the friendly shade of his piazza, influenced perhaps by the gathering darkness, almost unconsciously drifted into the discussion of that modern enigma which has received the name of "Spiritualism." We soon mutually agreed that our stock of information from any personal knowledge of facts was exceedingly limited, while our curiosity was intense to know something reliable of a subject which was either a humbug of magnificent proportions or a reality of startling interest. While we knew that the subject was one usually ignored in polite circles, we also knew that hundreds of thousands, educated and uneducated, were secretly or openly the ardent adherents of the faith or the vic-

tims of the delusion, as the case might be. We could not comprehend how the inborn inquisitiveness of the Yankee intellect could so long have suffered the question of the truth or falsity of so remarkable an idea to remain undecided. We resolved, notwithstanding our native antagonism to all "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," that we would, if the opportunity should offer, see and investigate for ourselves. We determined, like Columbus, disregarding public prejudice, to steer for an unknown world, and, whether we discovered it or not, to return to our moorings better satisfied if not wiser men.

An opportunity to commence and complete our investigations at length presented itself. This paper will set forth in a plain statement of facts our

experience: our deductions therefrom may or may not be accepted by those who have felt the same curiosity as ourselves, but have not had the same means of gratifying it.

Those who seek to acquire knowledge of any science should apply for information to the highest authority—to its professors of acknowledged skill. This we did. We sought and obtained special letters of introduction to a "medium" who is generally conceded to possess more remarkable powers than any other living, who was at the time holding "séances" in the city, but whose name we think proper to withhold. He was aware, however, that we presented ourselves rather as curiosity-hunters than as disciples of his faith, and that the interview would be the subject of criticism.

Behold, then, at eight o'clock one winter evening, two inquirers after truth pulling the door-bell of a three-story brick in a retired street of the city. The house, if the truth must be told, was in rather close proximity to a neighborhood where modest individuals desire not to be habitually seen after nightfall; but this was the hour and this the portal we were obliged to select in order to find our Charon who was to transport us living across the modern Styx. The door opened in response to our summons, and a sable attendant awaited our bidding. "Is Professor F—— in?" we asked.

"He is in the front room up stairs. Walk up."

We were ushered into a well-lighted, neatly-furnished room, with centre-table, piano, carpet, chairs and lounges, a bright coal-fire burning in the grate, and in front of it a young man whom we afterward learned to be a boarder in the house—for it was a boarding-house—and a friend of the professor.

"Take seats: Mr. F—— will be in soon," said our sable friend as he withdrew.

We seated ourselves near the table and looked around for anything mysterious or suggestive of the black art, but there was nothing at all unusual to be seen excepting an odd, Japanese-looking box on the centre-table. This furnished

food for a famishing imagination until we afterward saw it furnishing tobacco for the professor's pipe, when our wonder ceased.

In a few moments the medium entered—a pleasant, gentlemanly-looking, rather corpulent man, of light complexion and rather large mild blue eyes, of the temperament denominated lymphatic—one whom I should have selected rather as an appropriate victim for sharp practice than as himself adapted to deceive others. With an affable smile he saluted us and received our note of introduction. "Draw near the table. Any one from my friend R——" (mentioning the person who introduced us) "is welcome. In a few moments I will put you through," said he, smiling again.

A cheerful but rather familiar way, we thought, of speaking of the solemn introduction to the spirits of the dead we were soon to experience.

"Sam," said he, calling to our usher, at the same time offering us pipes while he filled his own,— "Sam, did all the pieces come home from the wash?"

Sam responded according to the facts of the case, while we, with minds burdened with the importance and solemnity of our errand, could hardly comprehend how one who had the freedom of two worlds could concern himself with the minute trivialities of the present one.

As an act of justice to the medium, and as a fact of interest, I remark here that during the séance his countenance and manner were those of one earnestly engaged with the task before him, exhibiting at times intensity of feeling, losing entirely the free-and-easy manner which seemed to border upon frivolity.

"Now place the palms of your hands upon the table," said he, doing so himself. This remarkable feat I had occasionally performed before, in conjunction with a bevy of fair country cousins, with great perseverance and assiduity, but with no success so far as any spiritual or magnetic manifestations were concerned.

After a few minutes of this silent exercise, "Now you may," said the professor, "write the names of deceased friends with whom you wish to commu-

licate—as many as you please—on slips of paper, fold the slips so that I cannot see the contents, and place them folded in the centre of the table.”

This we did, I writing the names of two, and my friend of three, deceased friends, who seemed as likely as any to approach at our summons. We folded the five slips of paper—which were of similar appearance in every respect, and lying at our service upon the table—so that we were certain that no writing could be discerned by ordinary powers of vision. We then placed them in the centre of the table and awaited developments.

The professor—who had been quietly smoking, without apparently noticing our efforts at penmanship—seeing that we had completed our work, laid aside his pipe and seemed disposed now to enter upon the business of the evening. Taking the five slips, he shuffled them together; then, without unfolding them, applied each in succession to his forehead, and placed two before me and three before my friend: “See whether those are the slips upon which you each wrote.”

As we unfolded them we were somewhat surprised to see that no mistake had been made in returning each to its proper owner. It seemed like accurate guessing, but might have been accidental.

While a little thoughtful at what seemed a somewhat remarkable feat, but before I had become very much astonished at the developments of the evening, and while I was entirely awake, as I knew, I found myself in a condition which, now that I look back upon it, seems like a dream. Although I now know that the carpet was not visible as I was sitting, the table being directly in front of me, yet I seemed to see it before me, and to see made in it, while I heard the sound of footsteps, indentations or depressions, one after the other in succession, as if something invisible were walking across it. A moment afterward I seemed to hear just behind my chair sounds which I can only compare to the cracking sound which some loose-jointed individuals can produce by pulling their fin-

gers. I turned involuntarily and a little ashamed of my weakness. I turned hastily again, to see if I had been noticed by the professor. I saw that his now brilliant eyes were fixed with intensity upon me, as if he had seen in me something to excite his interest or curiosity. Bewildered as I was, I thought I saw in his countenance a gleam of satisfaction. He seemed even to know what was in my mind, for he said at once, “You hear them now. The room is full of spirits.”

“Yes, I do,” I answered, for I certainly was surprised enough at that moment to have assented to any proposition. The theory of my own, which no one else is bound to accept, is, that at that time I was so enchained by the mesmeric power of the professor that he could control my imagination, and could and did produce upon it impressions which were unreal. My confidence in this theory is strengthened by the fact that my friend S—, though sitting directly by my side, was entirely unconscious of that which I imagined myself to see and hear.

On one of the slips of paper, which had never been unfolded, but simply applied to the forehead of the medium and restored to me—the contents of which I am positive I alone had seen—I had written the name of a relative and friend who had recently died, and with whom I had been intimate from early boyhood. I had written the initials of the first two names and the last in full, A. J. W—.

“There is a spirit standing by your side who wishes to communicate with you,” said the professor to me. “His name is A. J. W—” (precisely as I had written it). “He says his entire name is Andrew J. W—, although you gave only the initials. He gives you the full name in order that you may be satisfied that it is he who is present. You may now write any question you choose upon a slip of paper, and he will answer it through me.”

The medium was correct in saying that the full name of which I had given only the initial was Andrew. If a guess,

it was a better one than another of a similar character attempted later in the evening.

Just at that moment I was too much astounded by the sudden and unexpected developments to comply with the professor's kind invitation to communicate with the spirit. I chose rather to collect my somewhat demoralized faculties, to make an attempt to comprehend the situation, and, if I was the victim of any hallucination, if possible to divest myself of it. The medium, noticing either my inability or unwillingness to proceed farther, said, "The spirit of your friend wishes to say to you that he is perfectly contented and happy in his present situation."

I had been informed that this was the hackneyed expression which all good and polite spirits make use of when their earthly friends strive to interview them, as if the fact of happiness in the disembodied state were a matter of grave doubt, and, when assured, of immediate and excessive congratulation. Still, from what I knew of the habits and peculiarities of my departed friend, I did not think it would constitute the burden of his first communication to me.

"There is another spirit present: his name is R. J—," said the medium.

It was now the turn of my friend to be surprised. This was one of the names he had written, that of a friend who had committed suicide in a fit of religious mania.

"Write on the paper any question you choose, fold it so that I cannot see the nature of it, and the spirit will answer your question through me," said the medium. To avoid repetition, I would say this was the method of communication the professor adopted throughout the evening, answering the written questions without opening the paper which contained them, sometimes without even touching it. Once he told us that the spirit would respond to a question to which a positive or negative answer could be given by three raps on the top of my friend's head. To the apparent surprise of the professor, no sounds such as he predicted were heard.

The first question written by S— was this: "Will you tell me what caused your death?"

The effect which the folded slip of paper produced upon the medium when placed between his fingers was marvellous. His face was contorted, he gasped, placed his hand upon his breast as if struggling for breath, and replied quickly, as if in distress, "Why, he died a violent death: he committed suicide." Then turning to the young man, the boarder, who was still sitting in front of the grate and watching the proceedings with some interest, he said: "I can always recognize the spirits of those who have died from violence: they come with such force."

I noticed that S— was becoming somewhat exercised in mind, but still he persevered with his questioning: "Why did you commit suicide?"

The professor looked at vacancy beside his chair, and seemed to be listening to an answer, which was this: "He says that he became so d—d tired of life that he did not care to live any longer, so he made way with himself."

S— was now astonished from a new cause. His friend had never been guilty of profanity during life, and it seemed a little remarkable that he should have contracted the evil habit since his decease. He therefore asked the medium, orally, "Is the oath you made use of your own or that of my friend? He never was profane in life."

The professor seemed slightly embarrassed, consulted the vacant space beside his chair once more, and replied, "The spirit says that he is not in the habit of swearing, and only does so on special occasions. He says, too, that at first, soon after death, he was not happy—had rather a hard time of it. If he had his life to live over again, he would not commit suicide; but now he is getting to be quite happy."

"There is a little boy here—Willie—who wishes to communicate with one of you," said the medium.

Neither S— nor myself remembered a deceased friend answering the description. "What is the entire name," I asked.

"Willie is the only name he will give," said the medium, after appearing to listen for a moment. The medium evidently expected that one or the other of us would recognize Willie as a friend, and seemed disappointed that we did not.

"The room is full of spirits," said the professor next, with something of the air of one who finds a brisk singing of mosquitoes about his ears. It seemed a casual remark, dropped in a matter-of-fact way, as if there could be no question upon the subject at all.

"The spirit of your father is here," said the medium, turning quite suddenly to me. My father was alive and in good health, and so I informed him. "Then it is your father," said he, instantly turning to S—, not at all disconcerted. "Is *your* father living?" S— answered in the negative.

Upon one of the slips of paper which had not yet been opened S— had written the name of his father-in-law, R. L—, the circumstances of whose death were somewhat peculiar, and must have been entirely unknown to the medium. The gentleman was traveling in the West, and was known to have upon his person a considerable amount of money. At the city of Toledo all trace of him was suddenly lost. Nothing was heard of him for months, when his half-decomposed body was found partially buried under a heap of compost in a secluded portion of that city. The breast-bone was crushed in, as if from a blow with some heavy instrument. The widow of this gentleman, knowing the errand of S— for that evening, had requested him to communicate with the spirit of her deceased husband, if possible. In obedience to her request, S— now said, "Can I communicate with the spirit of the person named in this paper?" handing the medium the folded slip.

"The name is R. L—," said the medium without any hesitation. A moment afterward, "His spirit is present, and will communicate with you."

"What occasioned your death?" wrote S—.

In an instant the professor was the victim of another convulsion. He gasp-

ed, appeared to struggle for breath, placed his hand forcibly upon his breast, then, like a drowning man, stretched it across the table and seized the hand of S— with the exclamation, "Help me!" If this was a piece of affectation, the acting was most capitally done, and worthy of a larger audience. When he had recovered his power of speech he said, "Your friend was murdered by a stab in the breast."

"For what was he murdered?" wrote S—.

After a pause the professor replied, "The spirit refuses to answer any further questions of the character you are now asking, because he says you wish to convey the information you receive to his wife, and this will only cause her distress and accomplish no good."

The professor then suggested, "The spirit of your father is standing behind your chair, and he will give you any further information you may wish upon the subject."

For one spirit to disclose the private affairs of another against his wish would be a breach of etiquette of which the father of S— never could have been guilty, unless his residence in the spirit-land had caused him to forget the ordinary rules of politeness. Nevertheless, an answer came, purporting to be from him, to the effect that R. L— was murdered for the money he had upon his person.

While the professor had been thus occupied with my friend, I felt that I had fully recovered my equanimity, and if I had ever been the victim of mesmeric influence it was now gone. I had written on one of the slips the name of an aged clergyman who had been dead several years, and whom I had known intimately. He was strictly orthodox, and in life viewed all the doctrines of Spiritualism as heathenish and abominable. As I could not at the time recall more than the surname, I had written the title by which I had been accustomed to address him in life—Dominie M—. The first question I wrote was the following: "Do you think it right for me to be here?"

I knew very well that unless the views

of the dominie had changed since he left the world, he would consider me in the immediate sanctuary of Satan, and exposing myself directly to the wiles of that adversary, and would probably administer to me a rebuke which the professor would regard as anything but complimentary to himself.

The professor took the folded paper with his usual composure, applied it to his forehead, seemed a little discomposed as its contents became known to him, and answered with some impatience, as if speaking for himself rather than as an interpreter for the spirit, "We do think it right. We are always happy to meet you here."

I then asked the dominie, in the same way, whether his present condition corresponded with his anticipation before death. He answered in the affirmative. I could hardly believe this answer to be correct, for I knew that the dominie's ideas of the heaven he hoped to inhabit were entirely inconsistent with the humiliating process of being interviewed by mortals through a medium which he considered an agency of the Evil One.

I had noticed throughout the séance that the professor had a faculty which was truly wonderful of telling us what we already knew—a power, apparently, of taking possession of our minds and repeating to us the thoughts he found in them. In no instance thus far had he told us anything really new, or disclosed anything which we did not ourselves know at the time. The thought occurred to me that I could test his power of conveying some information which I did not already possess. I had entirely forgotten the Christian name of the dominie, though I believed I should recognize it if it were repeated to me. Therefore, to learn whether I could be told something correctly which I did not already know, I wrote the following question to the spirit: "Will you inform me what is your entire name? I have forgotten a portion of it."

The professor took the folded paper as usual, but showed no inclination to respond.

I then said, "I ask this as a test-ques-

tion. If the spirit gives his name correctly, I shall be convinced that he possesses more knowledge than I do, and perhaps of his identity."

The professor answered almost with petulance, "He says his name is John."

"Has he a middle name?" said I.

"B.—his name is John B."

According to the doctrine of chances, his name was more likely to be "John" than any other; nevertheless, I knew that the answer was incorrect, but not until I reached home did I learn the correct name—Aaron A.

My friend S—, who had been patiently waiting, now asked if the spirits could inform him by whom R. L— had been murdered. A correct answer to this question would have been a piece of information entirely new, and would have strengthened our faith in the professor wonderfully. The answer, however, was, "The spirit cannot give you the information this evening. He may do so at some other time, but not this evening."

At this point the professor ascertained the fact that a number of callers were waiting for an interview, when he immediately informed us that the spirits were indisposed to communicate anything further at that time, and, inviting us to call again, hastily bade us good-evening.

We found ourselves once more in the street and wending our way homeward. Our curiosity had been fully satisfied, and we were no longer surprised that thousands should become the victims of what our evening's experience convinced us was a delusion. We had both arrived at the conclusion that, strange as had been our experience, we had had no communication with the spirits of our departed friends. After all our efforts to obtain information from them, we had left the room with precisely the knowledge we had upon entering—not a particle gained by two hours' cross-examination. Witnesses on the stand in a court-room, with no greater faculty of communication than our deceased friends, would draw upon themselves the contempt of the court, the indignation of the lawyers and the disgust of

the jury. Any one who might venture there with intellect so enfeebled as not to be able to give his own name correctly would be considered unreliable in every particular, and ejected without ceremony. We unexpectedly found our departed friends to be impolite, untruthful, profane, exceedingly ignorant and intellectually dwarfed, possessing qualities which had not belonged to them in life.

We were forced, however, to believe that the professor had some remarkable power which does not belong to the majority of mortals. Whether this power was clairvoyance, mesmerism, somnambulism, or something else which has not yet been honored with a name, we could not decide; but why we should denominate it "Spiritualism" we could not understand, for the power evidently

belonged to the professor, and not to the spirits of the dead. If he had the faculty of making us believe we saw and heard what we did not, this was truly wonderful. That we were the victims of such deception throughout the entire evening does not seem possible. We are confident that he had the faculty of reading the written contents of a paper when so concealed as to be invisible to one possessing only ordinary power of vision. If he also had a faculty no more wonderful—as he certainly seemed to have—of ascertaining our thoughts without any oral communication of our own, of taking possession of our minds, as it were, and reading what was contained therein, then the mystery of the evening is susceptible of explanation without the intervention of the theory of so-called Spiritualism.

E. P. B.

AIMÉE'S STORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I SIT in a large work-room: the declining sun of June gleams through the open French window. Far below, the confused murmur of busy Paris continues unceasingly, but in this place, nearer the clouds, all is peace. The harsh noises of the crowd seem purified as they rise through the clear air, and meet the ear like half-heard melodies. Across the housetops the chimneys stand like sentinels, darkly cut against the blue sky. The pigeons, their purple wings cleaving the golden air, take their way home toward the smiling fields beyond the city. The swallows twitter on the eaves, and one little pair fearlessly enter the grinning jaws of a huge gargoyle on the cathedral opposite, where they have built a nest. The sculptured saint above seems to smile protectingly upon this sweet type of the millennium in the midst of the thoughtless, busy city. From a

neighboring mansard a girl appears to water a brilliant vine growing on her balcony and grasping with slender tendrils the iron trellis, perhaps with the idea that it had climbed to the top of a tall tree in its native forest. *Datur hora quieti.*

My imagination filled with the beauties of the world outside of the window, I turn to the beauties within, where my eyes wander with pleasure over the artistic confusion of the apartment, the atelier of a painter. The warm gray walls are almost hidden by a multitude of sketches, that gently lead my thoughts from country to country by suggestive traits of landscape, figure or costume. The sunny East, the blue Mediterranean, the cold Alps, in turn possess me. Now I linger near a group of gayly-dressed peasants, who pique my curiosity by their animated gestures. Again, I wander behind two pensive lovers through

a country bright with poppies and cornflowers. Here a little boy claims my sympathy for the death of a dear pet; and just beyond I lean with a young mother to touch the soft lips of her sleeping child. Now I advance farther into the land of shadows: I look upon the sweet face of Beatrice drawing a soul to Paradise by her holy smile; or I tremble for the gentle Esther waiting for the curtain that hides the despot to be drawn back by the slave, who is regarding her with pity; or I stand on a storm-washed beach, touched with horror by the pale Andromeda hopelessly clinging to the rock.

The sun sinks lower as I dream. I try to penetrate a gloomy corner filled with old tapestry, but I am attracted by some brilliant costumes nearer by—rich velvets and silk; odd Venetian stuffs that look as if they might be the cast-off clothing of the figures in a picture by Paul Veronese; the peasant dresses from various countries—that of the sombre Breton or the gay Basque; ribbons, cloaks and headgear piled together, and relieved against a walnut cabinet, evidently of German origin, ornamented with the carved heads of cherubim, whose upturned eyes seem desirous of avoiding the vain show of earthly vanity spread out beneath them.

An ebony piano stands open, its white keys reflecting the brightness of the high "northern light," as the painters call their large window at the top of the room. Above the piano hangs an expressive sketch of Flandrin's "Procession of Holy Women."

"He gave it to me when I met him in Rome: it was his first study for the picture he afterward painted in the church of St. Vincent de Paul," my friend told me one day as I stood admiring this poetical conception.

"It is very fine," I replied—"almost worthy of Raphael. Was Flandrin at all like the great Italian in character?"

"He was very pious, and cold and slow," she answered. "He usually painted religious subjects in churches, and had contracted a habit of intoning his conversation, just as they do the

psalms at vespers—so droll! like this;" and she threw back her pretty head laughingly and gave me a specimen of the style. "C'était un brave garçon tout le même," she continued, "and very amiable for me."

The remembrance of this little conversation brings my thoughts to her, the owner, the mistress and creator of this sanctum, who, to me, is the most interesting and least real thing it contains. There she stands near the door: she is talking. I idly watch her, and dream of her instead of Beatrice. I wonder how she happened to become an artist, and I wonder, as stupid persons are apt to do, what is the secret of her success. I wonder, as I have often done, if her smiling face has a history; and I wonder—I am a woman, how can I help it?—if she was ever in love. She is kind, sweet and frank to every one, and appears to me to be a woman who could love devotedly; but I had looked in vain during the year I had known her for any expression of warm feeling or any trace of "la grande passion."

She had met so many people in her career that I thought she ought to have made a choice; instead of which she seemed to avoid the "eligible" young men, and kept her friendship for a few artists and Bohemians, strugglers or stragglers up the Hill of Fame, whom she looked upon as fellow-workmen, and who, to tell the truth, were very pleasant company, but in other respects far from being perfection.

So, as the color fades from the view without and the darkness settles into the corners within, I continue to watch her, half listening to scraps of conversation that come to me from the end of the long room. She is talking with two young peasants. It chimes oddly with my thoughts when I find that their subject is matrimony—a topic I had myself often tried to approach with her, that I might tease her into giving me some clue to her history. But she had always dismissed it with a smile, and "You know I am an old maid, Mattie." What was my surprise now to hear her discussing the forbidden subject with ani-

mation, advocating a speedy wedding for somebody—smoothing difficulties and promising help like the most experienced match-maker!

The persons she is speaking with are models of the better class: the baby (that I have not yet mentioned) kicking about on a sort of low table was their child. It had just commenced its profession of model: it had entered upon its third year to-day, and it was posing for a picture of Cupid. The young couple had come to fetch it, and embraced the opportunity of speaking with Mademoiselle Aimée about the future of their sister, who, as I learned later, was *fiancée* to a well-doing cabman in the city.

The conversation seemed endless. They feared that Thomas might get a bad number at the next drafting, which would oblige him to leave for four years. This was the chief obstacle to the union, but with happy facility they turned and twisted it until it grew into at least a dozen. Aimée listened with great patience and sympathy, suggesting and advising, until the baby, getting tired of its platform and Cupid's very slight attire (only a quiver of arrows), seized an old shield that had been arranged for a background, and with a great effort rolled it and himself on the floor together. The hubbub ended the conversation. The mother darted forward with as many expressions of pity for her child as if he had received a mortal wound: "O mon fi-fils! mon petit chéri! a-t-il du mal, mon prince? Va-t-en, mauvaise table, au diable!" with a torrent of French baby-talk that my unaccustomed ear failed to understand, rounding her period with a kick at the unoffending platform.

The child, under this treatment, was soon pacified and dressed, a meeting was arranged for the following day, and, much to my satisfaction, the noisy party closed the door behind them.

Aimée quietly put the shield in its former place, looked to see if anything else was disarranged, glanced at her picture on the easel which stood near, and sighed. She looked pale as she came toward me, and greeted me with a kiss

on the forehead. "I am so tired!" she said with a little *mou*; and, curling herself with childish grace into a fauteuil by my side, she rested her head on her pretty hand, and looked across the housetops into the blue sky with an expression of sad longing in her eyes, her mouth gravely shut as if in pain. I let her rest a while, playing with her hair, running my fingers in and out of the soft curls.

"Aimée, how did you arrange about the wedding?" I asked finally, to rouse her from her reverie.

She started suddenly as I broke the silence. "What do you mean, my friend?"

"Do I tire you more by talking?"

"No, no, *ma mie*—continue."

"You have astonished me this evening."

"Pourquoi donc?"

"Don't you call yourself a *vieille fille*?"

"Certainly," she said, smiling and turning her soft dark eyes on me. "I am thirty years old: you know we French girls are old maids at twenty-five, except in Balzac's novels. Why do you ask?"

"Why did you not advise those people?" said I, answering her question by another. "Why did you not send them word to forget each other and never marry?"

"How singular! But you do not know them. They love one another," she said simply.

"But what have you to do with love—an artist and an old maid? You should preach what you practice."

"Am I not pretty enough to be loved?" she asked with French frankness. "I have changed, it is true," she added, as if anticipating my answer. "Study makes a woman old soon; it is not intended for her to be learned; she should keep her 'little hands' white;" and she held hers up to the light, smiling at the charcoal which covered them, "and her dress neat," looking down with a significant glance at several paint-spots on hers, "and her dwelling-place in order," glancing around her with the pleased

expression of an artist—an expression which she tried in vain to make severe. A sudden ray of the dying sun just then lit up the gorgeous details. "Yes, women ought to be as Willems paints them—a lover inevitably accompanies a girl dressed in white satin—and Nature makes a mistake when she gives us brains. Is that what you mean, Mattie?"

"It is not at all what I mean. You must not speak like that," I answered warmly. "I know at least some gentlemen who like brains in woman, *ma chère*; or they like you, which is the same thing. Witness M. Vivat and M. de la Tour, and I don't know how many others. I do not say you have not been loved, but have you loved? Remember how you have refused them all, even poor Auguste, who was half wild about you, and such a good *parti*—handsome, wealthy and talented. Do not think," I continued, "that I would say you cannot inspire love. I mean that you do not return it; and it surprised me to hear you interested in Irma's love-affair with the cabman, because from your coldness I had formed an idea that you despised everything connected with matrimony. You know I think all the world should love and admire you."

"Mattie, forgive me: I was cross and tired. But I shall marry Irma and Thomas next autumn, if he is not drafted, and perhaps even if he is;" and she shook her head decidedly and smiled at me. "They are good people, and they love each other."

"*Voyons*, be frank," said I: "tell me the cause of your sympathy with lovers: make a little romance for me."

"It would be a sad romance. Thinking of the love-story I have just listened to has brought back my own to me tonight: that is why I feel so tired; but I had no friend."

The pained look came again around her mouth, and the animation with which she had spoken her *raillerie* faded from her face. She turned her head from me, and I heard her sigh.

"Forgive my curiosity, Aimée. I should so love to know all about you, and why you are an artist. It seems wonderful

to me how you have succeeded in life, how you have done so much, and why you never married—you who look just like a woman with a romance; and it is such a lovely evening to tell a love-story!" said I, coaxingly patting her hand.

"Do you like sad stories?" she asked with a little tremble in her voice.

"I will like anything that concerns you," I replied, "but not if it pains you to repeat it."

"I will tell you, Mattie," she said after a silence: "I like to recall some of it. I shall have your sympathy, shall I not?"

A warm pressure of the hand was my answer.

"It was hard to bear at the time, but twelve years make a difference in the heart as well as the face. I don't often think of it now."

I waited for her to continue.

"I believe thirty is a contented age," she said, settling herself comfortably, "and I have done well—*n'est ce pas, mon amie*? You read in the *Revue* what they said of my last picture?" she asked, for though she seldom praised herself or asked for praise from others, she seemed at this moment to wish to be assured that her life held some compensation for the pain of which she had been thinking.

I cordially agreed with what she had said. I praised and caressed her, till she nestled back into the deep chair, and her eyes had resumed the reflective look they had worn when she first spoke of her sad romance.

"Perhaps I am happier as it is," she resumed after a pause. "I believe we are all created for different purposes, and I was made for work. No one is *very* happy. What think you?" and then, without waiting for my response, "I was, for a little while, but my happiness was all gone before I knew it. Nothing told me when I possessed it, but I knew the fact the moment it was gone. So it is:

We are well, and are not glad,
But when sick we are sad.

It is like life: we don't know what it is but by the contrast of death. We shall only know what living really is when we die. I was happy for a little while," she

repeated softly to herself, "and he loves me yet. I am myself—I mean, I am an artist, Mattie—because I met him."

"You forget, dear, that I do not know who *he* is?"

"Ah, yes, I will tell you. You will promise not to be shocked, *n'est ce pas?*"

"How could I be, with *you*?"

She shrugged her shoulders a tiny bit.

I said, "Do not tell me if you would rather not."

After this we remained silent for some time.

"You want to know how artists are made?" asked Aimée finally.

"Yes, will you tell me?"

"It is long story."

"I am a good listener."

Another silence: it seemed as if she could not commence.

"You have met my mother?"

"Of course."

"You never knew dear papa?"

"No."

"They loved me much."

"They could not do otherwise, you bright little darling!"

Then she began relating, half to herself, half to me, quietly at first, then quicker—sometimes so low that I scarcely heard her. Had I not been there, she would have thought it all over for herself that night: as I was there, she thought aloud. There are times when we all feel the necessity of the Ancient Mariner to pass in review some critical part of our life, word for word, scene for scene. This accounts for the confidence which comparative strangers have at times accorded us—instances of which we can all recall—a sudden outpouring from persons we may never meet again; and this is what Aimée did that night. I was spectator, she was actor, in a drama of life. I interrupted her as little as possible during her recital, so that she might forget I was there and unveil her heart without diffidence. Once only my sympathy got the better of my resolve. The light faded from the sky. I could only feel by her trembling or hear by the vibration of her voice how she was affected. I could

not see her face, for she turned her head from me as she began:

"You are good, but you must try to realize what people are who have never had the least religious feeling—who have never even heard it spoken of, except as something to laugh at. Our ancestors not very far back were Israelites—my parents were nothing. They lost the faith of our forefathers, and did not gain another to replace it. Enjoyment was our only creed—a creed which was inculcated on me from my earliest recollection. I was taught everything that could please or amuse. At the age of fourteen I was a superior musician, and I then commenced drawing in an excellent school of art. My parents were not wealthy enough to give me a *dot*, though I was their only child. It was intended, therefore, that I should make a marriage by my accomplishments, or, if I did not succeed in that, to support myself by them after the death of my parents.

"This was freely talked of in my presence, and in the mean while every pleasure was mine that heart could desire. My education gave me an appreciation for everything beautiful, for ease, for enjoyment and excitement. I went to theatres, operas and balls, for how could I make a good marriage unless I was seen? I devoted the daytime to hard study, which gave greater zest to my gay evenings. After taking my first drawing-lessons I applied myself chiefly to that art, for I decided in my own mind that it should be my profession, should such a thing become necessary.

"Our summers we passed in a small village near Paris. There was a romantic wood and an old castle in the vicinity, and at the back of the castle lay a neglected park, the walls of which were thick and high, through which there was a small gate that was open to all comers. Visitors were few, however, and I have spent day after day there without ever being disturbed by a human footstep, looking at the tame rabbits lying on the grass pricking up a hundred ears at the slightest breeze, or sitting idly by the moat listening to the noise of waters falling from the open

mouths of gigantic stone dolphins set at close intervals around the castle wall, and, like guardians of a fairy domain, vomiting forth a sea to divide it from the world. The speckled trout, sunning themselves in the clear water, I could regard as adventurous princes who had lost their natural form in trying to pass the enchanted barrier. Even the rats, ancient inhabitants that came to take the water in pleasant parties as the cool evening approached, I would consider jailers to some disconsolate princess held in durance within the walls. The nightingales—you should hear them singing in that old park!—seemed to me to be good spirits cheering the lone heart in its trials, of which my poor princess no doubt had many.

"At the far end of the park there was a desolate lake, shuddering with bare reeds: water-birds built and cried there, and the cawing rooks had nests in the trees above. There was also the broken wall of a summer-house, and a ruined seat covered with ivy. In happier days my princess might have met her lover there, but now it looked like the resort of wicked spirits. I would often sit there till late, thinking, dreaming, and then start up frightened, and run home through the underbrush with beating heart, my superstitious imaginings taking the form of realities in the darkness.

"On the other side of the village was a slope descending into the valley. Paris lay glistening in the distance, or at night gleamed hot like the open mouth of a burning pit, tinging the clouds with red and causing the quiet stars to fade in contrast. In the pleasant fields between you could count the spires of four country churches, lifted heavenward like praying hands. You do not tire of my telling you so much of my home and its surroundings, do you? Well-known scenes often hold the place of friends in a friendless life, and my dearest remembrances cluster so closely about Ménil that my story would seem incomplete without describing it."

"Go on," I murmured.

"One of the prettiest houses of Ménil was occupied by an intimate friend of

my father. The friend was an artist, and justly celebrated. He had married when quite a boy, and become great by a hard struggle. His wife had been very beautiful: she seemed twice his age, but they were very happy together. Although he appeared more like her son than her husband, it had been a love-match on both sides. They were both very good to me, and I was like a child of the house. I studied with him each summer, and my admiration for my dear master knew no bounds. Ah, the pleasant days I have spent at his house, in the shady garden or the quiet studio! and how patient the master was, and so good! There was not one of the poor villagers who had not felt his kindness. For one old woman he paid the rent; for another provided the winter's fuel: the sick received medicine, the naked clothing, and the children holiday presents and dresses for their first communion. All the town loved him, and his old wife adored him. Though sought after and praised on all sides, he was as humble and simple as a child.

"Well, such was my happy life until I was seventeen—sketching in the sunny fields or in the park, studying at home, dancing on Sunday evenings with my friends, riding on donkeys in the shady woods, and spending my winters in Paris with its round of gayety."

CHAPTER II.

"It was my seventeenth summer, and we had been a month at Ménil. By this time I had greatly improved in painting, and was amusing myself taking the portraits of my friends, and in many instances I succeeded quite well. One evening at a ball it was laughingly suggested that I should paint a portrait of Lieutenant L—. The lieutenant was a young gentleman who had just graduated at the military school of Saint-Cyr. He was on a long leave of absence, and was visiting his relations in Ménil before going to join his regiment in Algeria.

"The young soldier was delighted at the proposition: it would be so pleasant

to leave his portrait with his good mother when he went away. Would mademoiselle really have the goodness to do him this favor?

"The master, standing by, smiled and said it would be good practice. My mother, when asked, assented to the request—why I do not know, unless it was for the usual motive, that I should be amused; and thus the matter was soon arranged. The lieutenant eagerly proposed that we should have the first sitting the next day, with which I complied. You will be surprised to hear of this happening in French society, but in Ménil we were a set of Bohemians, and did not mind *les convenances*: it occasioned a few *plaisanteries*, *et voilà tout*.

"He came." She almost whispered these words, and seemed to be listening as if she could catch the music of that footstep coming long ago. After a moment's pause she resumed in her usual tone:

"The master was with us the first morning, and there was much arranging, posing and talking. The master was young enough to enjoy our fun; but was he not always delighted with the pleasure of others? I have seen him on the *fête-days* make games for the children, and even play with them and share their happiness, until you would wonder who enjoyed it most.

The man of genius is a child in heart.

"Our sittings were long: Émile had nothing to do, and his leave of absence still extended two months. The master could not always be with us. Madame his wife for a few days played propriety, and after a few days satisfied herself by dropping in occasionally to see my progress. At first I was rapid enough with my work: the fine pose of the head, the drawing of the artistic features, the color of the clear-tinted skin, relieved by hair not too dark, and the tender eyes,—all this was sufficient to make any artist enthusiastic, and I thoroughly enjoyed my task. But by and by I talked more and painted less. Gradually I worked idly and dreamed over my labor. I thought

of my model as a Roland, a Knight-Templar or crusader, and imagined pictures in which he would make a fine figure. I examined his profile, and carelessly threw colored draperies near him to study effect. I made sketches of him when I was alone, in which he, with buckler and hooked lance, rushed fearlessly on his foes with the Sicambri his brothers. When he spoke to me of his profession and of the battles he would fight, I could only think of him as clothed in the high-furred shoes and red-bordered green tunic of the ancient Franks. I was inclined to wish his name Eric: 'twould suit his handsome countenance so much better than the soft-sounding Émile. Indeed, I cannot tell you all the foolish thoughts I had while I drew, and the result was, that though I did not look to love, I found to my sorrow that I had loved in looking. Before the picture was half finished I dreamed no more of Roland nor of heroic barbarian, but only of Émile."

"And then?" I asked.

"The sittings continued, and we were together all the beautiful summer days. My lieutenant was neither witty nor learned; he did not talk love or literature; he knew nothing of art or music: no two could have differed more than he and I in sentiments, ideas, feelings; and yet I loved him. You will understand it when I tell you that the main-spring of his character was duty—mine was pleasure. You can see why I thought him so noble, and what a trifle I found myself in comparison with him and his high aspirations. He spoke of the reward of another life as certainly as he did of his journey to Algeria; and his heart held but two images—his parents and his profession. His instinct told him what was right, and his strong will made him resist every temptation.

"*Mon Dieu!* I did not know I was in love," she said suddenly. "I was only very happy and gay, and they said I grew pretty that summer. Truly, I had an idea in those days that only married people fell in love.

"The orders for Algeria were sent suddenly. The summer was nearly gone:

it was such a short summer!" she remarked naively.

"He came one morning. The portrait had been finished some time; still, he came—at times to drink tea in the garden, sometimes to carry my box when I went sketching, and sometimes for just nothing at all, unless it was because I was there. I had ceased to think of him ever going away. When I saw him coming I smiled and held out my hand to greet him as usual. I was standing in the master's garden cutting flowers (I had been visiting madame for several weeks past). Émile advanced toward me and said abruptly, without taking my hand, 'I have come to bid you good-bye, mademoiselle.'

"'Good-bye?' I repeated in a questioning tone.

"'I have had my orders to march,' he said, trying to smile.

"'But you are not ready?' I answered stupidly, not knowing what I was saying.

"'A soldier must be always ready,' he rejoined, pulling at his moustache and not looking at me.

"I suddenly felt sick, and trembled so much that I crushed a thorn into my hand from the rose I was cutting. It brought back my senses. I tried to recover myself, to say what was necessary to keep up the conversation; and with an effort I was able to reply, though with unsteady tone, 'Bon voyage, monsieur!' and then, gaining courage, I added carelessly, 'I shall soon be going also.'

"He did not speak.

"'By the by,' I resumed, trying hard to find something to say, for all my ideas seemed to have left me, 'will you have the kindness to take a little packet to a friend of mine as you pass through Paris?'

"'Willingly, mademoiselle,' he replied stiffly; then, with an effort at bravado, he added, 'Was there ever a place so tiresome as Ménil? How glad I am to leave it!' He met my eyes for the first time since we were talking, and appeared quite calm. I should have believed him to be so had it not been for a little circumstance. In his pocket he had one

hand, which betrayed his agitation by nervously twitching some loose coin while he was speaking.

"'You go to-morrow?' I asked in an even voice, trying not to show how his words hurt me.

"'Now! to-day! immediately!' The coins still rattled, like the little bells one sometimes hears ringing in the ear—said to be a warning of coming misfortune—but he was calmer than I. My heart beat in such heavy strokes it seemed to me he must hear it: I felt sick and cold, and shivered. I knew I should betray myself if I stayed, and instinct more than sense told me to get away.

"'I must go for the package for my friend, as you have so little time to stay,' I managed to say as an excuse, and then turned to the house and hurried to my room. When there I threw myself on my bed sobbing. I could not understand the cause of my emotion: I tried to stop my tears, but in vain. I felt I had been hurt, without knowing where to find the wound. A fire consumed me, my lips were dry and I gasped for breath. I had seldom felt physical pain, but it was not unknown to me. This strange, new suffering, so different from anything I had experienced before, was a revelation to me of another self—of a power unsuspected by me. It affected me as one might feel on suddenly pressing a hidden spring in a seemingly harmless machine and seeing it work horrible disaster. In the midst of all was the feeling that it could not be possible—that the transformation could not be true. Why am I so miserable? I asked myself. What was the matter with me? I had never felt so before. I was the same person I had always been. I—I will not weep.

"But the unknown spring had been touched, the machine was in motion: was it harmless or dangerous? Time alone would show. All at once, like a flash of light, knowledge came upon me. 'You love him,' something seemed to say. I leaped from the bed, stung with shame: the tears still ran down my cheeks, but hot blushes rose revengefully to burn them. 'He does not love me!

he does not love me! and I—' I wrung my hands in despair. How could I be so unmaidenly, so ridiculous, such a fool? I could never look any one in the face again: they would see it in my eyes. Oh how I wished I could run far away and never, never see a human being while I lived! But they would miss me soon: I must go down. I choked back the tears, I wiped my eyes, then wrung my hands and wept again. *Could* I not stop weeping? wasn't I to be master of myself? Anger, shame and contempt held me in turn, but I knew I must return to the garden. I must hide my feelings—I must not let them be known. With a final effort I rushed to my toilette, and nearly drowned myself in a basin of water to efface the trace of tears; and after rubbing my face with the towel I hurried to my bureau, where the little packet was lying that I intended to send to my friend. Then I ran down stairs as fast as I could, to prevent the bitter thoughts coming again into my mind.

"I passed by madame's room to tell her the news and take her with me, so that I might not meet Émile alone. I felt that was impossible. She was not there, but I saw through the low French window that she had already joined the lieutenant in the garden. She noticed me, and called me to come to her. 'Ah mon enfant,' said she as I approached, 'le pauvre Émile va s'en aller. Is it not sad? What shall we do without him?' The little old lady here gave me a sharp look, but I had learned a lesson in my chamber, and was proof against her.

"But, madame," I said innocently, seeing a reply was expected of me, 'he will bring us something pretty from Algeria when he returns, and madame sa mère will read to us from his letters of his engagements with the enemy: it will be very amusing.' During this speech I was running my finger-nails into my shut hand to prevent my tears.

"In my youth it would have ended in an engagement of another kind," muttered madame. 'They are odd, these young people of to-day.'

"Did she mean us to fall in love?

would she help us to marry? You know, Mattie, that a French officer is forbidden to marry a girl without a *dot*. He is required to support a certain style, which his pay does not admit of without assistance from the wife. Perhaps madame meant to be kind and give me one. I looked up at her eagerly, but she had turned away. She had only wanted a little *scène du théâtre*, with love for the plot: it would have been amusing if I had fallen in love, and madame liked to be amused. She was curious, not philanthropic: her money was for her son, for her own laces and silks—to give gossiping dinners and noisy balls. I was poor, and had no right to marry.

"I looked furtively at Émile. He had not overheard the remark, and he was walking near her, thanking her for her hospitality, and telling her of the pleasure he had had in her society. Would she not give him her photograph to carry with him in his exile? He was expressive, eager, kind—no more cold tones and longing to get away from Ménil. I knew he was sincere in his protestations of regard to madame, and it made the indifference he showed toward me all the harder to bear. He had not seen the packet I had in my hand, nor looked at me once since I returned. Hard thought! I was not even a friend. I longed to run away again, but did not dare. I knew the parting must soon be over: I saw at the hôtel opposite the unwieldy omnibus, with *Union des Postes* on its yellow sides, was being dragged to its place of starting. The two white Normandy horses that held the honored place of a locomotive engine in this primitive village were taking their last mouthful of oats from the bags suspended at each nose: the signal-horn would soon sound and my agony would end. *Mon Dieu!* but I suffered in those ten minutes! They seemed to be the most bitter I could ever feel, because they were my first taste of pain. One learns to bear by bearing.

"At the house the master was called: he exclaimed at the suddenness of the departure.

"'I only received orders late last night,' Émile explained. 'I could not come to tell you then. You have no idea how I regret leaving you; but the adieu must be short. May we meet again! and if I find as good friends *là-bas*, I shall be satisfied with my lot, for Fate will be kind.'

"The two men embraced like brothers. "*La bonne mère* must have a kiss,' said madame, and he bent down smiling that the old lady might kiss his cheek.

"'Adieu, mademoiselle,' said he to me, holding out his hand.

"In return I put my hand in his and made him a cold little curtsey like a boarding-school girl. I did not look at him, lest he should see the tears that would come into my eyes.

"'Are you returning to-morrow,' asked madame, laughing, 'that you part so coldly?' Her laugh sounded wicked to me. Did she want to kill me?

"'Kiss her, my lad,' said the master. 'I'll be your godfather at the ceremony;' and he half put his arm around me as I drew back pale and ready to fly. 'Kiss her, *mon garçon*, quick!' He laughed as he saw my frightened face.

"Émile still held my hand: as madame spoke he grasped it tighter, but hesitated until the master laughed, when he grew pale and suddenly drew me to him, and putting both arms about me he whispered tenderly, '*Mon âme!*' and touched my forehead softly with his lips.

"In another moment I was gone. I heard madame say as I left the room, '*Petite méchante!*' she is offended. As if I would permit anything that was not perfectly *comme il faut!* I was happy in my sorrow to know that she did not guess my secret."

"And that is all. You have never seen him since?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, once afterward; and I shall see him again. If I die first, he has promised to come," she answered solemnly.

"You do not wish to tell me more: you are tired," said I as she sank back in her chair listlessly.

"Ask me what you will—I will try to tell you."

"Well, did he never write?"

"No," she answered laconically.

"Was nothing done?"

"*Mon Dieu!* there was nothing to do."

"And you have loved him all your life for so little?" I asked in a disappointed tone.

"So little?" she said surprised. "But he loves me just as I love him."

"Why don't you marry now? You are surely rich enough."

For reply she shrugged her shoulders.

"Do tell me," I asked coaxingly, "where he is, and what he is doing now."

"I can't—I don't know."

"Have I ever seen him, do you think?"

I felt there had been no kind friend to arrange matters at the time she spoke of, nor was it possible, perhaps, even with the best intention, to have done so then: now it was different. Of course Aimée was too sensitive to let Émile know that she still loved him, and he doubtless was too proud to make the first advance, now that she was celebrated and wealthy. It was just the place for a friend to step in, and, by pushing Fate a little to one side, assist the good to triumph. I would be that friend: the pretty story should end with a wedding. I should be bridesmaid of course: after such efficient service as I should render they could not avoid asking me. I had almost decided on the toilette I should wear on the occasion. Aimée sat silent.

I was eager to commence the good work. "Tell me, Aimée, have I ever seen him?" I asked again.

"You have seen some one who belongs to him—a relation," she said, smiling at me.

"Oh, it is his mother," I answered—"it is Madame de L——, that stately lady whom I saw here last week. She has a son in the army, and she likes you very much: I saw *that* in the little time I was with her. Why do you hesitate to be happy, Aimée?"

"How you do run on, dear Mattie! It is true the gentleman you speak of does wish to marry me: I am a good *parti* now, you know. But *he* is not Émile;" and she laughed heartily.

"Whom did I see?" asked I, a little nettled, for it is provoking to make such a mistake just when one thinks one is showing a great deal of penetration.

"Do you remember," still laughing, "the little boy who comes here sometimes on Sunday evening with his English nurse?"

"Well," I said shortly, "it is his brother?"

"No again, *ma chère*—it is his son."

At this announcement I felt very much inclined to exclaim *Mon Dieu!* after the manner of my friend, but I could never quite get rid of my Anglo-Saxon idea that it was profane; so I stammered, "But—but—I don't understand."

"It is easy to understand," she replied. "My lieutenant has been married many years, and his youngest son is my god-child and heir."

"And you will give your money to him?"

"Why not?" she replied simply. "I have no near relatives after my mother, and I care more for his children than for any one else."

"And you love him still after *that*?" I was indignant, and spoke very frankly.

"After what, *chérie*?"

"After his being so faithless as to marry another."

"I see I shall have to tell you all, Mattie, or you will not understand."

"How can you be so tender and yet so cold?"

"First, because it is long passed; and secondly, in a busy life like mine there is no room for much sentiment. I revere and love Émile still, because I have reason to be thankful to him above every one in the world, and he is the noblest man I ever met."

"I think he was just the opposite of noble—he was mean. But that is just the way men love. I should despise him."

"He ought rather to despise me," she said sadly. "I should despise myself if I did not remember I was very ignorant and very unhappy at the time. I speak in riddles, Mattie, and I know you are very curious."

"Well, explain, dear Aimée, and don't tease me. But I tell you in advance that I won't admire your lieutenant. We don't love in that way in our country, I assure you. What did you do when he left? Horrid man! I can't bear him. *You* to blame indeed!" Anything so prosaic as the devoted lover marrying some one else had never entered my head—no climax, no wedding! I was thoroughly disappointed in Aimée's romance. "They do these things differently in France." I had lost all interest in the story. Still, I listened as my friend resumed.

ITA ANIOL PROKOP.

MINOR SHOWS.

IN the good old times of rugged roads and rickety stage-coaches the show-business, which is now a combination of gigantic schemes, was comparatively insignificant, if not humble, in its arrangements. Many of the traveling entertainments which used to astonish the rustics would now be despised by them, since much of the rust has been taken off the rustic by the attrition of the railway and electric telegraph. Even in

remote districts people are now accustomed to the pageantry of immense combination shows, in which the roaring of the lions and the shrill screams of tropical birds and monkeys mingle with the clangor of the brass instruments to the strains of which the cavaliers of the arena are careering centrifugally upon their trained steeds. It is true that in many of their features the shows of past days bore a strong resemblance to those

of the present, but it was a miniature resemblance only. Everything is on a large scale now, and the improved means and appliances of the craft enable modern performers to surpass greatly the feats of those who have gone before.

The traveling menagerie used to be a show in itself, and had no connection with the equestrian drama. An average exhibition of this kind, such as may be remembered by people not yet past their prime, was absolutely a minor show compared with the great zoological caravans with circus attachments that now every summer traverse the country far and wide. In many cases it took but a couple of vans to carry the whole show, alongside of which the keeper and his assistants sometimes trudged on foot. I have reminiscences of a quiet old village in which a show of this kind made its appearance for the first time. No huge pictorial posters heralded its coming, as is the custom in these days of big accessories and bright colors. A few modest handbills were distributed or tacked upon walls and gates, and remarkable indeed were the twists given by the villagers to some of the words of these. They called the menagerie a "manageria," and by that word was any zoological collection that came along afterward known in the primitive old place. Pending the arrival of the show, a kind of awe seemed to brood over the people of the village. The street was even more hushed and still than usual, hardly a sound breaking the silence except the howling of the village curs, whose mysterious instinct advised them that strange beasts were at hand. This canine trait did not escape the observation of Shakespeare. Says Master Slender to Anne Page: "Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' the town?" Absolutely devoid of ostentation was the entry of that show into the village. It came under cover of night, and it was by the dim light of tallow candles that the cages were trundled out of the vans and deposited in a small building prepared for their reception. Awful rumors pervaded households during that eventful night. It was whispered low but clear

that the lion had broken from his cage, and was then engaged in decimating the more tender and succulent portion of the population. The midnight roar of the wretched old beast from his den served only to corroborate this rumor, as the sound, vibrating upon demoralized ears, appeared to come from all quarters at once, impelling old ladies in frilled nightcaps to make tours of inspection of the bars and bolts, and little children to pull the bedclothes over their innocent heads.

Sometimes establishments of the kind mentioned did not carry music with them, but depended for that important feature upon such amateur bands as the towns and villages through which they passed might be able to furnish. In the village of which I speak there was a band of seven or eight pieces played by some tradesmen and mechanics of the place. This band, whose services were engaged by the showman, used to march playing along the street after the show was over, each member of it dropping out as he reached his home, at the threshold of which he would stand and continue to contribute his part to the receding music. Thus, the huge, battered ophicleide would be grunting all by itself here, while farther down the street a wheezy clarionet would keep wafting its reedy expostulations after the big drum that was just turning the corner of the miller's lane.

The first circus performance I remember to have seen in a country town was presented in the open air, for the proprietors traveled without a tent, and there was not in the place a building suitable for their purpose. Permission was readily accorded to them to arrange their show upon an open space of ground nearly in the centre of the village. Here they fenced off an arena with ropes and stakes, opening from which there was a small booth of boards and canvas, used by the performers as a dressing-room. There were no seats, the crowd, which was not oppressively dense, accommodating itself by standing upon door-steps, barrels, or chairs brought from neighboring houses, the

windows of which were thronged with eager faces. The spectacle was open to all comers, without any exacted charge, as the showmen relied for their scanty remuneration upon the voluntary contributions of the spectators, to whom there came now and then a sylph-like young girl in bright calico and spangles, walking upon stilts, and receiving her tribute in a tambourine fastened to a long handle. The most popular feature of the performance was a *divertissement* given by one of the performers upon stilts, representing the vagaries of a drunken man. This drew such peals of laughter from the spectators that it resulted—so the story went—in the reform of the village sot, a man sensitive to ridicule, and who suspected that he saw the reflex of himself in the performer on stilts. The clown—especially among the juvenile portion of the spectators—was nearly as popular as the spangled, stilted man. Whether it be that perfection in clowning reached its climax at the start, or from some other cause, it is certain that the only kind of dramatic performance which has remained faithful to its traditions is that of the circus clown. From generation to generation there sits ever the same grotesque sadness, the same contagious folly, upon the face of each succeeding jester. The old jokes never die: new ones can hardly be said to live until they have grown old. A venerable mountebank of the streets accounted for his decrepit jokes by saying that they paid best. They are expected by the audience, who would only be puzzled by new ones, pondering over which they would button up their pockets thoughtfully and go their ways. The clown of the little circus that came to the village had all the ancient jest-books by heart. But it was with his clumsy imitations of the feats of the equestrians and tumblers that he especially drew the plaudits of the assemblage; and his popularity was immensely enhanced when it became known through the hostler of the public-house at which the troupe were staying that he was really a first-rate tumbler, and had ignominiously defeated all the other members of the

show in a contest of ground and lofty tumbling, extemporized in the stable-yard of the inn, for the championship and the beer.

In very rural districts, where amusements are scarce, and to which distraction has not yet come in the shriek of the locomotive and the other flurrying incidents of modern life, wondrous attempts are sometimes made to get up entertainments that shall at once satisfy the hankering of people after dramatic sensations and bring money to the pockets of the projectors. The simple old story of the Babes in the Wood once furnished an honest country blacksmith, as I remember, with a subject for a puppet-show ingeniously constructed and worked by himself. With this he traveled from village to village, where he used to fit up a shed or a room in a tavern as a theatre. His accessories were simple and few, consisting chiefly of a large bed-quilt used as a curtain, a flat painted to represent a wood, and a tin horn to be blown behind the scene as an indication that people were scouring the wood in search of the babes. The visitors to this show were chiefly women, many of whom would shed ready tears when the closing dialogue between the two ridiculous wooden puppets was given with a strong nasal twang by somebody behind the scene. The crowning triumph of the show, however, was the bird, which, with bold disregard of an effete European tradition, the dramatist presented as a genuine familiar North American robin, constructed of cloth or paper and painted with the proper colors. This faithful bird, when the poor little babes had been laid away at the foot of a tree, used to be swung rapidly in from a side door and as rapidly withdrawn by means of a string, the manipulator of which imitated the clucking of the robin with a perfection that always drew rounds of applause. Just as the robin descended leaves were showered down upon the babes by an unseen hand until the melancholy rite was complete, when the curtain fell to slow music spirited from a fiddle by the blacksmith himself.

Of all the wild beasts belonging to

this continent, few take better with the public than the grizzly bear, especially if supplemented with a boa-constrictor of respectable size. Ten or twelve years ago a group of very fine bears of this kind was exhibited in New York by "Old Adams," a celebrated hunter and trapper, dead now for some years past. This man was in himself a show nearly as strange as the beasts exhibited by him. He was a spare but well-knit man, apparently about fifty years of age at the time of which I speak. His face, hardened by long exposure to the Rocky Mountain storms, reminded one in its texture and color of a parchment mask, through slits in which, as it were, two beady black eyes gleamed with smouldering fire from beneath the shade of a pair of bushy eyebrows; and it would have puzzled the most adroit even of those barbers who announce that they cut hair "to suit the countenance," to put into anything like form the matted locks of his wild hair and beard, which were long and of an ashy-white hue. When exhibiting his animals, Old Adams used to appear in his hunter's costume of buckskin coat and leggings, the blood-stains that had dried into which gave evidence of many fierce conflicts with such ferocious creatures as are to be encountered in the gulches and cañons of the mountains. This man, who seemed to be gifted with an uncommon magnetic influence over wild animals, had brought some of his bears to a remarkable degree of docility. One old she-bear of great size, captured by him when young, used to carry his pack for him, he said, during his expeditions over the mountains, and he had slept many a night with his head pillowed upon her shaggy hide. These bears would sometimes rebel, however, and during their stay in New York it was no unusual thing to see Old Adams, with his clothes sadly rent, his hands gashed and torn, and sometimes with one arm in a sling, making his way with gloomy but victorious looks to the office of a surgeon, whose services he always called into requisition when he had come out lacerated after a "free fight" with his bears.

Old Adams used often to express his regret, in his peculiar whining voice, that he had not secured a couple of boa-constrictors, or even a few sizable rattlesnakes, for his show. There was another man, he said, who traveled the country with one grizzly bear only, but he had two snakes, each about five yards long, and they "charmed people into the show."

This mysterious fascination of reptiles was admirably described as follows by Charles Lamb, in a letter written by him to Manning seventy years ago: "I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped *your genius*—a live rattlesnake ten feet in length and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candlelight. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of *snakes*—whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose-snakes, American vipers, and *this monster*. He lies curled up in folds, and immediately a stranger enters (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards) he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad-mouth wide open: the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to Heaven you could see it! He absolutely swelled with pas-

sion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box, and just behind, a little devil, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pain all over my body with the fright."

Fraudulent posters are often made use of by unprincipled showmen to beguile people into their lairs. Five or six years ago placards on the front of a show-room in Broadway, and small bills distributed in the street, announced the arrival from Africa of three enormous gorillas, captured at fabulous expense, and the first that had ever been brought to this country. The bills were so worded as to imply that the apes were alive. On entering the show-room the visitor was indeed likely to be startled for a moment at sight of the three gigantic effigies that stood upon a platform at the farther end of it, each of them wielding a club that looked like a promising young tree.. That these absurd objects were counterfeits any intelligent person could see at a glance, their size being exaggerated beyond the bounds of possibility. M. du Chaillu's gorillas were mere spider-monkeys compared with them; and should that enterprising traveler succeed at last in bringing to this country some living specimens of the great ape from the Gaboon River, it is to be feared that, no matter how gigantic, they would fail to astonish many persons whose simple faith in the three Broadway specimens cannot easily be shaken. A brief examination of these monstrosities showed that they were manufactured out of buffalo skins, stuffed with tow or some such material, and fitted with black masks representing ape-faces of most appalling expression.

Some time since there was on exhibition in the room referred to something

described in the bills as "the great sea-monster, a wonderful and almost indescribable inhabitant of the mighty deep. This mighty, mysterious animal is thirty feet long and sixteen feet in circumference; has two legs, each four feet long; mouth and head like a whale and tail like a shark. Its skin resembles that of an elephant—mouth when open measuring four feet." Further, the bills went on to say that "this inexplicable inhabitant of the deep was captured in Rumery's Bay, Maine," and the sensations of the show were heightened by the additional announcement of a "great American sea-dog, mammoth man-eater, sea-tigers and other wonderful marine curiosities." All of these were represented in a rude wood-cut at the head of the bill as accompanying the principal monster on a constitutional excursion along a shingly beach. As in the case of the "gorillas," the bills of this show were cunningly worded so as to induce people to suppose that it contained living marine monsters. They were merely preserved ones, however, the "great sea-monster" being a dried specimen of that member of the *Squalidæ* family known as the "basking shark." This disagreeable beast of ocean lurks near the beach, up which it sometimes throws itself to a considerable distance, for the purpose of enjoying the sunshine and the breeze. When the people of the coast capture one it generally falls into the hands of some astute showman, who alters it to suit the popular taste for everything that is abnormal and sinister. By a simple process the fins near the tail of the shark or strips of its tough skin are distorted so as to give them a certain though not very exact resemblance to legs. With these it is asserted that the monster propels itself along the beach, some showmen going so far as to say that it even makes country excursions to a great distance from the sea.

Again, as I was walking down the Bowery not long since, there was handed to me a bill headed "The Wonder of the Nineteenth Century!" This referred to a mammoth ox, which was said to be accompanied by an "Egyptian horned

mule." Curious to see what the latter was like, I entered the place. There, indeed, was a remarkably fine ox of the Durham breed, weighing nearly forty-five hundred pounds. Alongside of this animal stood a dun-colored ox of smaller size, and with no peculiarities to entitle it to a place in a show. I looked about for the horned mule, but not seeing it, applied for information to a man with a blue-black moustache who was tossing up the litter with a pitchfork. He pointed to the dun ox. "But that isn't a mule," said I. "Wa'll," rejoined the fellow, with a hideous leer, "outside there it's an Egyptian horned mawl, but inside here it's a Spanish keow."

Here, in cosmopolitan Broadway, is a show the front arrangements of which remind one of the mountebanks who perform upon the edge of some fair-ground or race-course in the rural districts. In front of the place there is a small crowd, consisting chiefly of street-boys, whom the money-taker, a young man of the fighting type, is keeping back with his right hand, his left being encumbered with ten-cent stamps lapped tightly over the fore finger. "Life in Death" is the alluring title given in the bills to the show within, which is illustrated by a large oil painting placed above the door. The provincial feature of the arrangement, though, is the appearance every now and again, in the vestibule, of the performer himself, who, in fact, constitutes the show, and is at once recognizable as the principal figure in the picture over the entrance. He is a man of middle size, with a profusion of frowzy brown hair and beard, and his objurgations addressed to the scurrilous crowd outside are couched in a mingled jargon of French and English. His costume consists of a black velvet jerkin, well greased about the collar and embroidered with gold lace, baggy red breeches, and white cotton stockings, which do not look as if they had lately passed through the washerwoman's hands. For ten cents the visitor obtains admission to the show-room, which is a small one, the inner division of it separated by a slight railing from the space

allotted to the spectators. It is draped in the rear and fitted up with a curtain in front. There are no seats, as the exhibition lasts for a few minutes only, and is repeated many times during the day and night. Soon the small space—it does not hold more than forty or fifty perhaps—is crowded with spectators, and the curtain rises. Lying flat on his back upon the ground is seen the embroidered man of the vestibule, now apparently headless, but showing by occasional jerks of his arms that he still lives. Immediately over the spot where his head ought to be, and within reach of his hands, there is suspended a tray, upon which appears the living head of the man, smiling affably at the spectators, and addressing a few words to them in faltering *patois*. They are mostly a rough set, leveling much "chaff" at the head, some of them threatening to "punch it if it won't speak English so as to be understood." Presently an assistant places a lighted cigar in one of the hands of the prostrate body, which raises its arm and plants the cigar in the mouth of the head, out from which puffs of smoke are immediately blown in the most natural manner possible. Several other actions, showing the connection between the body and head, are also performed, and then the show is over and the curtain falls, the "professor" immediately appearing before it with his head in its proper place. Insignificant though the accessories of this show are, the trick is admirably performed, the illusion being absolutely complete. Of course it is unaccountable to outsiders, but it is possibly arranged on the principle of the illusions invented in London by Professor Pepper, the originator of the famous Ghost.

Some years ago an enterprising showman from Boston constructed at Jones's Wood, near New York, a large wooden tank, which was filled with salt water from the East River by means of pumps. Into this he introduced a fine specimen of that curious creature the white whale (*Delphinapterus* of Lacepede), together with its calf. When cruising in the Lower St. Lawrence, near the Gulf, I

had frequent opportunities of observing the habits of the white whales, which are very numerous in those waters, by the fishermen of which they are called white porpoises. Occasionally I had seen them accompanied by their calves, which, the fishermen asserted, would sometimes leap on to the backs of their dams, who would carry them about as Indian women carry their papposes. They also stated that the calf-whale, when in sportive mood or frightened, bleats like the ordinary veal creature of the pastures and shambles. Observation of the whales in the tank at Jones's Wood proved that the statements of the Canadian fishermen were correct. The mother-whale appeared naturally uneasy at being confined in so small a space, swimming rapidly round and round the tank as if in search of an exit, closely followed by her young one, which, when fatigued with the exercise, would throw itself on to the back of its mother, uttering, at the same time, not a bleat much resembling that of a calf, but a very audible sob or squeak, which was doubtless expressive of affection. But the career of these poor white captives was a brief one. The calf died before it had been many days on exhibition, and the last time I went to have a look at the old whale I found that she had died the night before, and her proprietor was then engaged in making an autopsy of her remains.

Attempts have been made from time to time, but without success, to establish in this country that most ancient of puppet-shows, "Punch and Judy." For generations past the popularity of Punch and Judy in England has been unbounded, as is evident from the fact that the most successful of humorous periodicals walks abroad as the incarnation of the leading puppet of that show. Directly a Punch-and-Judy box is pitched at a street corner in any English town, business in that neighborhood is brought to a dead-lock for the time. The area railings blossom with kitchen-maids. Haggard apprentices rush eagerly from courts and alley-ways to the point of attraction, and the windows of the most staid old

mansions even are thrown open and crowded with heads, old and young, all anxious to regale their ears with the dialogue carried on between the squeaking wooden impostor and his preposterous wife. Tradition has much to do with the popularity of this show in England. Here it could not possibly be made a success. Not more than three or four years ago a last effort was made by the proprietors of a large variety entertainment in New York to introduce Punch and Judy to an American audience. It was one of the side-shows of the concern, and arranged with all the modern improvements, including a small dog trained to take a part in the performance. The puppets were uglier, and the dialogue was louder and squeakier perhaps, than ever before presented in any Pulchinella show. Yet with all these allurements the entertainment proved to be a failure. Hard, progressive people who came for once to see it irreverently pronounced it to be a "fraud," and so the puppets were packed away in their box; and it is to be hoped that the clever little cur-dog retired into private life, there to enjoy the repose denied him while he was connected with the vexatious puppets of the great European street-show.

It is notable that of the giants and dwarfs who so commonly make the staple of minor shows, but few are possessed of bright intellect or gifted with conversational power, while among the fat people who figure in the same exhibitions it is not unusual to meet with some who have pleasant wits, and can hold their own in colloquy and repartee. I remember a fat man who used to travel as a side-show, and whose delight it was to engage visitors in conversation about field-sports, in which he was a great proficient ere he had yet reached the weight of nearly six hundred pounds. On one subject, that of his weight, he was very sensitive, and would become sad if any person hinted that he was decreasing in girth. Great affliction fell upon him one time when a fat boy was added to the show. This pinguid youth, who was attired like a Scottish High-

lander, already weighed nearly four hundred pounds, and was growing visibly day after day. The reflection that in a few months this boy might rival him in weight so embittered the existence of the fat man that he actually fell off in condition. To have "the bread taken out of his mouth," as he expressed it, by a mere boy, was too much for him, and he soon retired from the business in disgust, and died in private society at the weight of less than five hundred pounds.

Although the giants are usually the mildest and most harmless of human beings, I have a reminiscence of one who wound up with a tragedy that which was only intended for a show. The incident happened at a provincial fair, which attracted to its borders, of course, various collateral exhibitions of the minor-show kind. Among these was a French giant, who occupied a tent by himself, and was one of the leading attractions of the fair. It was late in the afternoon when I visited the place with a friend, and the shows were just closing, but the giant welcomed us at the door of his tent, and courteously invited us to enter. He was a splendid-looking fellow, not far from eight feet high and of symmetrical proportions. While we were conversing with him three men dressed in police uniform and armed with clubs entered the tent. One of them was a very tall man—six feet three inches high, I think he said—but when he stood close beside the giant the latter overtopped him by the head and shoulders. These three men did not belong to the regular police, but had merely been sworn in as special constables to assist in keeping order on the grounds during the fair. They were fellows of such a bad type that they looked less like policemen than criminals whom the police were likely to be after. The giant lodged in a small wooden house occupied by a market-gardener and his family, close by the fair-ground. That night, soon after he had retired to rest, with his money and revolver under his pillow, a loud knocking came to the

door and voices from without demanded admission, one of the comers declaring with many expletives that he did not believe the giant was much of a man after all, and challenging him to come forth and fight him. To this the giant demurred, saying that he was in bed and must not be disturbed, whereupon the knocking was redoubled, and the assailants expressed their intention of breaking in the door unless they were admitted. Then the giant took his pistol and discharged a random shot, the report of which was followed by the thud of a heavy fall outside the door, and the footsteps of persons running away. Search was made, and one of the three constables was found lying dead on the ground, shot through the body. As there could be no reasonable doubt that these men had visited the cottage for the purpose of assaulting the giant and plundering him of money known to be in his possession, and as his act was clearly one of self-defence, he was acquitted of blame by the authorities, but left the place with all convenient speed.

Morality and minor shows are not absolutely inseparable, instances in which shows are set up merely as masks for gambling operations not being unfrequent. Sometimes an immense canvas, painted all over with figures of the most ferocious and rare creatures known to natural history, is hoisted on the front of a building in some city thoroughfare. This attractive display induces numbers of people—chiefly visitors from the rural districts—to enter the place, the show exhibited in which is in reality a very small one, generally consisting of a few monkeys and macaws, with perhaps a snake or two handed round for the solace of persons who pine for ophidian society. But the paying feature of the concern is something in the way of a roulette-machine or "sweat-board," at which visitors are easily prevailed on to try their luck, and by the proceeds of which the proprietors are enabled to keep up the appearance of making a good living out of their fraudulent minor show. CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

MR. SPOTSWOOD of our town was a philosopher—a modern philosopher, please to understand; which means, I take it, a man whose blood has circled through the refrigerator which does duty for his heart until it runs in an icy current through all his system; a man who, never having experienced an emotion in his own chilled soul, finds it easy to sneer at all sensational demonstrations on the part of others; a man possessed of all things, therefore pre-eminently qualified to preach content; a man of redundant health, who stoutly advocates throwing physic to the dogs.

Mr. Spotswood of our town rose, like Tam O'Shanter, "o'er all the ills of life victorious" (so long as those ills affected others only).

Mrs. Spotswood, the wife of this grand man, was not a philosopher. She was only a woman, and held, in common with all genuine specimens of her sex, that philosophy was but another name for heartlessness. But, though not of a philosophical turn in her own person, Mrs. S. looked upon it in her lord as something rather awe-inspiring and truly to be admired. It was grand, gloomy and peculiar. It elevated a man above the common herd. It gave majesty to his appearance, weight to his words. It must be a delightful thing to be a philosopher; and if one couldn't be one one's self, the next best thing was to be a philosopher's wife. Mr. Spotswood would do the philosophy, and she would do the heart for the family. They were splendidly balanced—he all head, she all heart. And little Mrs. S. possessed her soul in peace, humbly grateful to Providence for having sent such a superior man upon this inferior globe, and to Mr. Spotswood for having married her.

She was a winsome little woman—lithe of form, pretty of feature, as quick in her motions as a humming-bird. In fact, her prettiness and winsomeness had proved too much for Mr. Spotswood's

nineteenth-century philosophy, and his wooing and wedding her had been a signal deviation from his stoical resolve, made on leaving college, to have nothing to do with Heaven's last best gift to man.

There had been a Mrs. Spotswood but a week or two when Mr. S. discovered the little woman shedding foolish, un-availing, unphilosophical tears over a dead pet! nothing but a bird—a canary that she'd nursed and petted and talked love to when she had been a lonely little music-teacher, and had nothing else to talk love to. But she was Mrs. Spotswood now, and she ought to have known better.

"Dick" had just breathed his last: his small yellow breast had heaved and throbbed, and then grew quite still; the little throat that had been the repertoire of such sweet sounds, now nothing but bones and feathers, swung about in a flaccid fashion over her caressing finger; the tiny yellow lids were tight closed over the black beads that used to look at Margery so knowingly, and her foolish heart was heavy thereat.

"Crying over a dead canary! Why, Margery, I am ashamed of you! My wife should possess more dignity of character. Cultivate philosophy, madam. Philosophy is the true wisdom of life. It enables one to ride triumphantly over all the ills that human flesh is heir to. It reduces mountainous disasters to mole-hill annoyances, the darts of malice to mere pin-pricks; and finally robs death of its sting, the grave of its victory."

It behooved the wife of such a man to be very dignified and philosophical. So she wiped her shining eyes, looking prettily ashamed of her weakness, and seated herself meekly at the feet of her Gamaliel to hearken to his words of wisdom and to take in philosophy by absorption, believing, in the simplicity of her loving soul, that her lord was an honest disciple of Zeno, a genuine Stoic,

a man without passion, unmoved by joy or grief, ready to submit without complaint to the unavoidable necessity by which all things are governed.

How Mrs. Spotswood gradually came to know that she had married a man, and not a philosopher, is the story I am going to tell you.

"My dear, I believe I told you that I should bring home three or four gentlemen to dinner, did I not?" Mr. Spotswood's voice was calmly indifferent as he stood in the doorway pulling on his riding-gloves preparatory to a drive into town.

"Indeed you did not, William, and I assure you I fear it will be a culinary impossibility to get up a regular set dinner on this short notice. Now, if you'd only spoken last night!"

"I am of the impression that I did speak last night, Mrs. Spotswood: however, that is of small importance. Impossibility is a large word, and a mischievous one: let me advise you to strike it from your vocabulary. I expect by the time I arrive at home with the gentlemen I have alluded to you will have convinced yourself of the possibility of providing a fitting entertainment for my friends. *Au revoir*, my dear!" and with calm dignity and serene brow our philosopher mounted into the driver's seat of his dog-cart and whirled away, leaving his wife to devise ways and means as best she might.

"He talks and acts as if we were in the happy ante-bellum days, when a Southern housekeeper thought no more of having a half dozen friends step in to dinner than she did of pouring out a cup of coffee. William is unreasonable. He loses sight of the change in our domestic affairs, never sure of a cook from one meal to another, and that disgusting little wretch for a waiter! If William was only a little less of a philosopher, and more of an observer, he would think of these things himself, and spare me these impromptu dinings."

Mrs. Spotswood was as nearly in a bad humor as her sunshiny disposition admitted of when she folded up her

sewing for the day, and prepared to devote all her time and energies to the respectable preservation of her reputation as a housekeeper. Her first step was to interview the household cabinet.

"Sylvie!" she called in a voice of deceitful cheerfulness. Forth from the kitchen window a face protruded itself, black, shining, sullen, this physical demonstration being considered answer sufficient that the summons had been heard,—"Sylvie, your master is going to bring home some gentlemen to dinner, and I want you, first of all, to put one of those large soft-shell turtles in to boil, and then come with me and I will show you which turkey to kill. It ought to have been killed last night, but he forgot to tell me. Hurry up, Sylvie: it is late;" and little Mrs. Spotswood looked sweet persuasion at the sullen features of her new cook.

"The days uv hurryin' up is gone by, thanks be to God and good Mars' Linkon! an' ef Mr. Spotswood wants much of a dinner, I guess as how he'll have to wait on this yer nigger fur onst in his life;" and Sylvie, presuming on former liberties, and on the probability that Mrs. Spotswood would hardly resent insolence at such a trying juncture, scarcely took the trouble to lower her voice.

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks the lady of the house sprang quickly down the steps and invaded the kitchen: "You can go, Sylvie. I am not yet so reduced as to have to submit to such impertinence."

"Ef the white folks kin git along widout me, I'se va'y sure I kin git along widout them. I'se been talkin' of quit-tin' off from cookin' this two weeks pas'. I'd like to have my dues 'fore I starts, though."

"You will get your 'dues' when Mr. Spotswood returns, not before. I have nothing to do with paying the wages. I want you to leave the yard."

In dogged silence the dethroned queen of the kitchen took her departure, leaving Margery in possession of the field, but hardly as elate as might be over her victory.

"Little Bill's" name was called out

next on the roll by the distressed commander-in-chief. "Little Bill" was the "disgusting little wretch" who had succeeded "French John," Mrs. Spotswood's elegant and accomplished dining-room boy (now a member of the Louisiana legislature).

Little Bill came, scratching his head with one hand and twirling an old battered hat with the other.

"William," began Mrs. Spotswood impressively, "I want you to go up to the quarters and tell Aunt Harriet Freeman that I want her to come down here and cook dinner for me. Tell her Sylvie has left me, and I am expecting company to dinner; so she must come quick. Can you remember all that? And then you make haste back: I want you to brighten up your silver for dinner."

"Marmy ain' gwine to let me come back," drawled Little Bill in a slow and monotonous voice: "she jes' done tole me to fotch my blankits an' come home wid 'er. I'se gwine to school."

Ill-fated Margery! It just then flashed upon her that Sylvie and Little Bill were bone of one bone, flesh of one flesh, mother and son, and that in insulting her cook she had lost her dining-room boy also.

"Well, then, *don't* come back, but you send Aunt Harriet Freeman all the same, sir." Mrs. Spotswood's voice was so sharply imperative that Little Bill marched off with more than usual alacrity to obey her mandate. An hour passed. No Aunt Harriet, no cook, no prospect of dinner. If shedding tears would have helped matters, I feel sure that Margery could have shed them cheerfully. In despair, she rushed round to the wash-shed, where her one treasure, Betsy, a darkey of the old school, was up to the elbows in foamy suds. In a few but graphic words Mrs. Spotswood put her in possession of the situation: "You will have to leave the clothes and come get dinner, Betsy—there's no help for it."

"An' leave all them fineries o' yourn to mildew?" Betsy looked ruefully at the piled-up finery, all wet and ready for bluing.

"It can't be helped, Betsy, if everything I have on earth mildews. Dinner must be got, and you're the only soul in the yard."

"Devil fly away wid that nigger Sylvie! She always were a cantankerous nigger, anyhow;" and Betsy began wrathfully dashing the suds from her arms and hands.

"Widout meanin' no disrespect to de white folks wat is present, Sister Betsy, I must inform you that my dooty as a Christian member uv the Church uv Christ Jesus will obligate me to report you to Brother Charles fur the onchristianly mention you is jes' made of Sister Sylviya's name. As a Christian 'oman myself, who's dooty it is to fergive as I hopes to be fergiven, I only hopes the devil won't fly away wid you fur a-callin' uv one uv your own color a nigger."

Mrs. Spotswood and Aunt Betsy had both faced round at the beginning of this harangue, and found themselves confronted by Aunt Harriet Freeman, whose failure to put in an earlier appearance was accounted for by her elaborate toilet.

The bright old bandanna head-handkerchief, that had once upon a time been as dear to her heart as ever was Highlander's tartan, was nowhere, her grizzly-gray wool being disposed of in a fashion as nearly resembling Mrs. Spotswood's style of coiffure as her unskilled fingers could achieve. An old black silk dress, for which she had paid ten dollars to a freed lady, who had purchased it for five dollars from the original owner (a reduced white woman), hung in classic folds about her shriveled person, clinging closer about the ankles to hide the abrupt defection of an old balmoral, with which it had parted company just below a pair of ebony knees. A green plaid sack, trimmed elaborately with a profusion of red worsted fringe that had disappeared mysteriously from the border of a certain lounge-cover in Mrs. Spotswood's spare chamber, enveloped Mrs. Freeman's shoulders: a string of blue glass beads, from which dangled a "shoo-fly candy" cross, com-

pleted the costuming of the lady who had been sent for in a hurry by the distressed mistress of the house.

"Sister Sylviya's son William tole me as how you would like to see me, Mrs. Spotswood, an' I hev' come, ma'm, obedient to your call."

Mrs. Freeman was a shining light in the Church, and a terror to the colored population for miles around, owing to her acknowledged superiority in the black art of Voudouism; therefore judge for yourself of the amount of heroism conveyed in Aunt Betsy's reply: "Mistiss wants you to cook dinner, nigger, but I doubts ef you've got sense 'nuff lef' to do anything but make a born fool uv yourself."

Margery hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. She couldn't afford to insult Mrs. Freeman, for she was a splendid cook—in fact, far superior to "Sister Sylviya"—and time was fleeting. So she would throw oil upon the troubled waters: "Never mind Betsy's rough talk, Aunt Harriet: you know she was never celebrated for politeness. I want to know if you will cook dinner for me?"

Mrs. Freeman hurled at Aunt Betsy a look full of "hoo-doo bags," rattlesnake charms and all sorts of conjuration—a baleful look, which said very plainly, "I'll fix you, old lady!" and then turned bland and unctuous to Mrs. Spotswood: "It's agin my principles, ma'm, to interfere wid any of the Christian sisterhood, an' therefore, until Sister Sylviya tells me that she lef' you uv her own free will and ch'ice, I mus' ax to be excused from a-takin' uv her place;" upon which Mrs. Freeman, with "many a silken rustle," glided from the scene of action, leaving Mrs. Spotswood plus temper and minus hope.

"Miss Margery, stop foolin' wid them quarter-niggers. Call Sam in out'er de garden, and show him how to sot de table, while I goes into de kitchen. I ain't no number-one cook, but I ain't no fool, nuther. 'Mout be, ef Mars' William would turn in an' help manage things, the colored ladies and gentlemen wouldn't ride it roughshod over a chile like you."

Margery gladly followed the advice of her rough counselor. Calling Sam in out of the garden, she impressed upon him the necessity for making himself very smart, as he was to wait on some strange gentlemen that day for dinner. So, while Sam disappeared to rid himself of some of the mother earth that adhered affectionately to his number thirteen brogans, Margery, tired and dispirited, began laying the cloth.

"Brilliant humor I am in to entertain four strangers!" she murmured disconsolately. "Oh, I wonder what does make men so perfectly unreasonable? But, thank Heaven! William's philosophy will help him through if there should be any very disgraceful contretemps, for, what with Aunt Betsy in the kitchen and Sam in the dining-room, I am prepared for the very worst."

By the time she had made the circuit of the table at least half a dozen times, the table-cloth was smoothed to her entire satisfaction, and she was revolving in her mind the possibility of folding the napkins as artistically as John used to fold them, "just like steamboat napkins," she sighed, "and I haven't an idea how he did it. Oh, John, John," she cried, warming into apostrophe, "if you only knew how much more I needed you than your country does, you'd come back to me!" But instead of "French John," African Sam answered her apostrophic summons, and stood before her resplendent in a cast-off suit of the philosopher's, with his kinky hair describing a radius of more than a foot in all directions, a magnificent brass brooch ornamenting the ruffled bosom of his red calico shirt. It was evident that Sam had got himself up regardlessly. But, at any rate, he was something. He was a biped who could locomote from the dining-room to the kitchen, and in her despair that was all that Margery demanded now.

Patiently and kindly Mrs. Spotswood applied herself to the task of showing Sam how to set the table. The stupendous task was almost complete when the rumble of wheels was heard on the gravel outside.

"Dar now! mars' done come!" cried Sam, excitedly dropping his cup-towel and running to the window to peep.

"Sam, Sam! come back, sir! Here's every salt-cellar empty, and I haven't begun to dress. You'll have to finish the table by yourself, and for mercy's sake don't make any mistakes! There are six small salt-cellars: take them and wash them nicely, and dry them well. Then take a small spoon and fill each one of them carefully out of this caddy of fine salt;" and she laid her hand impressively upon a certain caddy in a row of several that ornamented a shelf in the china closet. "Then put one by each plate. Do you understand, Sam?"

"Yes, Miss Margery," said Sam, with offended mien, "uv course I understands—salt in de cellars, an' one at each plate."

"That's right," cried Margery encouragingly. Then she escaped to her own room to make her toilet.

Thither Mr. Spotswood followed soon, calm and placid; and wherefore not? He had passed a pleasant morning in town with a party of congenial spirits, had bowled home over fine roads behind a pair of fast bays, bringing four of those congenial spirits with him, all of them with appetites sharpened from the six-mile drive, as well as an appetizer or two taken before leaving town.

"Dinner ready, wife?" Mr. Spotswood's voice was cheery in the extreme, but no answering cheer shone upon Margery's flushed face.

"Heaven only knows, William! I have had a terrible time of it to-day. Just let me tell you. That hateful Sylvie—"

"Spare me, spare me!" cried the philosopher, whose nerves quivered at the bare prospect of having to listen to the recital of what Margery had had to endure all unpitied and alone. "Telling me can do no possible good, and it is my philosophy to suffer as little as possible in the transit through life;" upon which he made a quick transit from his wife's troubled presence back to the congenial spirits who were awaiting him in the parlor.

Mrs. Spotswood's toilet bore evidence
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of her haste and flurry when she emerged from her room and entered the parlor to make her unwelcome guests welcome. Only a few moments she allowed herself to play lady; then slipping from the parlor, she sped back to the kitchen to see how Aunt Betsey and the dinner came on. She took the dining-room en route. Sam was all right. The six salt-cellars were filled and marshaled into position. Then she passed into the kitchen: "How is your soup coming on, Aunt Betsy?"

"Lord love you, chile! that plaguey turtle ain't never died yet."

"Hasn't died yet?" echoed Margery in wonder. "Why, where is it?"

"Don' you hear him a-jumpin' roun' in de pot dar, like Abednego in de fiery furniss? He's mos' gone now, do'—de water's jes' got to bilin' good."

With incredulous horror in her face Margery timidly lifted the lid of a pot from which the mysterious thumping seemed to proceed. Diving, plunging, splashing in its boiling bath, the turtle was revealed to her shocked vision: "Aunt Betsy, you monster of cruelty!"

"Monster! Who, chile? Suppose dis nigger gwine fool all day wid a turkle wat won' put his head out to be chop' off? Serve him right for bein' such a obstnit varmint!"

"But there's no time for soup now. And I never, never will eat turtle-soup again."

A cynical grunt from Aunt Betsy, who was not a disciple of Bergh, was all the answer she got.

"What have we in the way of meat?" she next cautiously inquired; for, as the turtle-soup was a failure, and no time had been granted her to kill a turkey, her heart began to sink.

"A biled ham an' three chickens, and them that don' fin' that enough may go funder and fare worse."

Aunt Betsy was evidently growing caustic; so Margery wisely forebore to prosecute her researches any farther, and returned to the parlor to await the *dénouement* in quiet despair.

With a magnificent salaam from Sam, dinner was finally announced.

"No soup, Mrs. Spotswood?" Mr. Spotswood's philosophical brow was slightly corrugated as he asked the question.

"None, my dear. I shall have to throw myself upon the mercy of our guests to-day. There has been a general strike in the yard, and I have a novice in the kitchen."

A chorus of polite asseverations was the answer to this appeal, and Margery looked wistfully into the stern face of her spouse for some sympathy, some indication that he was going to help her through this ordeal. But no help did she get in that quarter.

But why linger over that dreadful dinner? Why tell of the ham that made its appearance with its thick greasy overcoat on, or of the three chickens with their six coal-black legs kicking defiance at space? Why tell how Sam made the acceptance of potatoes rather a compulsory thing with two of the guests, by dividing the dishful impartially between their two laps? Why tell how he had filled the salt-cellar with cooking-soda instead of salt?

Suffice it to say that the close of that meal found Mrs. Spotswood supremely miserable, her guests miserably hungry, and Mr. Spotswood looking very little like a philosopher, but most uncommonly like a very angry man.

The whole affair was a miserable failure, and no one was more bitterly aware of the fact than the poor little woman who had borne the heat and burden of the day without one word of sympathy or pity.

"Thank Heaven they're gone!" sighed wearied Margery as the gate clanged to upon the retreating forms of her half-starved guests.

"Nor is it likely, madam," said Mr. Spotswood severely, "that they will trouble us soon again. At least not until time has granted them oblivion of this most miserable of days."

"Oh, William, William, don't find fault! It is utterly impossible for you to realize what I have endured this day.

I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than keep house under the present régime."

"It is a pity you did not take all these things into consideration before the necessity for keeping my house became inevitable. Probably it would have been better for us both."

This was the last ounce. In a passion of tears Margery fled from the presence of the angry philosopher.

It was a pity Mr. Spotswood should have lost his temper on that momentous occasion, for it shook Margery's faith in Zeno, and I take it that was a great calamity; for, after all, what were the man's doctrines worth if they made his disciples no stronger and better than common folk? The spoiled dinner had made her miserable and William furious. Where was the difference? And as time wore on she made the sad discovery that when it was *her* head that ached, William preached philosophy—when it was his tooth that kept him awake all night, philosophy kicked the beam. When marauding mules invaded and spoliated her flower-garden, the advisability and feasibility of replanting were cheerfully urged—when the sacred precincts of his cotton-field were invaded in like manner, dire was his wrath thereat.

And gradually Margery began to hold her head up in the presence of this nineteenth-century philosopher, who was, after all, a man of moods, and hence not so very much her superior.

So bold grew she upon this discovery that the last time Mr. Spotswood attempted one of his little philosophical essays she brought La Rochefoucauld to bear upon Zeno with most triumphant success, holding with the former that "Philosophy finds no difficulty in triumphing over past and future ills, but present ills triumph over her;" endorsing which, my dear gentlemen, I fail to detect any difference between your nineteenth-century philosophy and natural oblivion of vexations that have ceased to vex.

JEANNETTE R. HADERMANN.

EXPECTATION.

WIDE wintry fields left bare to skies unkind,
 Brown stubble, yellow stream and thin gray grass,
 Soiled streaks of snow on yonder hillside pass,
 A landscape colorless, a wet chill wind,
 Clear tinkle of slow-dropping icicles,
 Full-throated brooks whose querulous brawling swells
 To noise unwonted, roughened with the thaw.
 Thick February mists cling heavily
 To the dead earth and to each leafless tree,
 And closer down upon the hilltops draw.
 Dull forecasts these of bright, sure-coming spring;
 Yet the heart gathers hope and strange delight
 From this the dear, unlovely, wished-for sight
 Of leaden-misted twilights lengthening.
 Beyond the moist, mirk curtain weighing down,
 From dark gray heaven unto dark earth brown,
 Youth sees afar, with close-drawn eyelids, May,
 Long vistas of all beauty, golden dells,
 And clouds wherein the very sunshine dwells;
 And that rich promise shortens the short day.

White-flowered orchards where young buds unfold,
 Sweet-smelling, shining, shower-crumpled grass,
 Rainbows above where late the rain-cloud was,
 Now a bright harmless heap of vapory gold.
 The sharp rim of the slim new moon on high
 Is cut against the rosy western sky;
 The fresh breeze curves the same crisp ripple soft
 On the green earth as on the smooth light stream,
 Wherein the double sky and landscape gleam
 With every cloud the sunshine smites aloft.
 Ah! restless, fond, insatiate human heart,
 Filled full with all the pleasure of the spring,
 Yet holding it as but a little thing,
 And pressing forward, yearning to take part
 In something wider, larger, fairer still,
 Nor noting beauty of sky, field or hill.
 The clear horizon, the far-shining sea
 Invite and beckon: all the bloom and glow
 Seem but an earnest of what time will show,
 And the pulse leaps with wild expectancy.

No fairer thing than this is earth may know,
 The calm completeness of a morn of June.
 These frail, light dew-lines will be dried ere noon,
 But now they make grass, flowers and leaves aglow
 With something more than beauty. The thin stream,
 With equal ripple makes the real a dream,

Lulling the languid sense; blue willow trees
 Dip their lithe branches in the waters clear.
 In a vague, tender, mystic atmosphere,
 A slight mist bathes the airy distances.
 O heart! O heart! art thou not satisfied
 With bright fulfillment of earth's brightest hope?
 Taste well this honeyed air, be wise to ope
 Thine eyes and sense this golden morning-tide.
 What nameless discontent bids thee desire
 More than the most? What visions bold inspire
 The thought that Fate hath richer gifts at all
 Than youth and June and peace? Thou crav'st always
 The last development, which is decay,
 The fruits that ripen with the leaves that fall.

November; and the rain is in the trees;
 The leaves still hang, scant, tarnished gold, o'erhead,
 Or on the sluggish stream float dead and red;
 The bitter winds' complainings never cease;
 The ruined meadows desolately lie;
 One low dull cloud the sunless, hopeless sky;
 No ray from out the farthest west is sent.
 Not these the warm reviving spring-time rains,
 But, freezing whatsoever of life remains,
 They fill the heart with vast discouragement.
 And is this all? and does the stout heart fail
 To feed herself with sweet expectancy
 Because the days wax darker steadfastly?
 Nay, but she hears beyond the wind's wild wail,
 And sees beyond the shadow black and strange
 Of death and winter and swift-coming change,
 A brighter dawn, a brighter April-tide.
 She had a dream that never was fulfilled,
 A need, a hope ne'er answered, neither stilled,
 That somewhere, somehow, must be satisfied.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

EMMA LAZARUS.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

IX.—PROFESSOR FAIRMAN ROGERS'S GALLERY.

NOW-A-DAYS it is the great manufacturing community which is the chief friend of art. A Phidias who makes a god may go a-begging unless a weaver buys it. That æsthetic sense which the mediæval knight would have relieved by building a chapel, and the Roman noble by maintaining a poet, our merchants of Manchester and Philadelphia gratify

by filling their houses with costly pictures. It is, then, only what one expects when a city of enormous industries, such as this, turns out to be the shelter for whatever is fine, strange and beyond the common market; and some of the rarest pleasures which have come to me in exploring the galleries of Philadelphia have been afforded by men of business.

But now for a gallery collected from quite another motive, the solace and pleasure of a man of science. It will be interesting to see philosophical acumen brought to the test of the fine arts, and found to be the same thing as accuracy of taste.

This is a picture-gallery of very graceful proportions, and not overcrowded with its contents. The panels below the eye-line conceal portfolios of prints and water-colors. The decorations overhead correspond with the architectural motive of the room and of the building, and a grateful unity pervades the whole. If evening happens to surprise the visitor who loses himself among the paintings, then Science comes in to rescue Art from the obscurity. A proper toy indeed for a philosopher, this electrical attachment for lighting the gas-burners! A concealed closet is opened, a battery is revealed: the busy little spark sputters along the wires from one jet to another, and the cornice is outlined with lights in a moment, just as in a big theatre.

Perhaps the finest things in the room are the pictures by Isabey. I think I have not yet expressed to the full my rigorous and resolute advocacy of this strong painter. For groups of men treated in what I may venture to call *the landscape manner*—that is, for crowds studied in reference to their background and setting, rather than as studies of individuals—he seems to have no equal since some of the old Dutch painters. Samuel Prout alone could pour forth a crowd of human beings with such a tidal movement and sense of life; but Prout, working in crayon or water-color, did not meet that difficulty which Isabey encounters and masters, of oil-color manipulation. The throngs represented by the latter live and stir, go about their proper affairs, and spread in the light of day their variegated garments, while he excels almost all painters in making a little stand for a great deal, a hint for a whole, like Shakespeare's painter of the siege of Troy:

For much imaginary work was there—
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

Gripped in an armed hand: himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imaginéd.

Louis Gabriel Eugène Isabey, whose paintings are still flowing into the market like an inexhaustible fountain, is no yesterday's favorite, no butterfly who flashed into notice in Eugénie's boudoir. His father used to illustrate *Ossian* and paint fans for Napoleon I. and Josephine: he himself received a medal in 1824, and sold a picture to the government for the Luxembourg collection in 1831, while he was advanced enough in 1837 to meet the full generous tide of praise from the cordial lips of Alfred de Musset. "In my opinion," said *L'Enfant du Siècle*, reviewing his contribution to the Salon of that far-away year, "the picture deserves eulogy without restriction: the execution is magnificent, and the conception so strong that it wins astonishment before the execution is seen." Thus, under a long history of diverse governments, Eugène Isabey has been making the art of France illustrious by his flashing palette, and his pictures of to-day have all the sap and marrow of his youth. How firm and sure, for instance, is his treatment of water under moonlight, in the present collection! How true the swing of the lazy waves, their value against the dark sky, and the trait of broken moons, mirrored on successive blades of water, quite down to the foreground! Few painters have a more sane, just and picturesque sentiment of landscape or marine; yet scenery is only a *coulisse* of the immense play of Isabey's art. The figures, of which he has probably begotten near a million, are an endless, tireless album of portraitures, a drama of individualities outnumbering the personages of Lope de Vega. The manner of "tearing out the heart of a character," and fixing him in the picture without one unnecessary stroke of the brush, is well enough shown in Professor Rogers's specimen of "Cardinals Entering a Church." The dogmas and opinionated convictions of a whole œcumenical council are concentrated in these scarlet dignitaries disap-

pearing into a Gothic portal, like lobsters solemnly contributing themselves to a royal salad. Their broad flat hats are tilted angrily over their terrible beaks; they will not notice the smart young priests who draw themselves aside and bow humbly to let them pass; but they retain a vestige of coquetry in the manner in which they switch and ruffle their red trains, with that odd parody of female movement which Sydney Smith noticed when he pointed out the bishops in Parliament as "Peeresses, ma'am!—elderly peeresses attending in their own right." In such a group as this Isabey will not let a single figure go without contributing its quota to the entertainment of the scene. He wastes no time on finish or ultra-delicacy, but, working with the calm celerity of a juggler, keeping one eye open for character and the other for the color and balance of the composition, he kneads his *bonhomme* into the wet paint, and makes him an activity for ever. Ah, if our landscape-painters could but acquire this fine, sketchy mastery over the human figure! To pencil with the graphic ease of Isabey, so that the designing of animated form is a careless habit, while the attention is principally given to atmosphere and color, is to reach the landscapist's ideal. When he attains this he revives the skill of the early Dutch painters, who invented the art of building good figures into good scenery; and it is much better to comprehend this art than it is to declare, as Turner seems to, that figures are mere writhing postures used to animate a landscape, or as our own Hamilton seems to assert, that figures are mere colored blots upon a scene. In another picture of Isabey's, representing a congregation emptying out of a cathedral interior, with communicants remaining at the rail of the altar, he exemplifies what I have just called, by an extremely faulty expression, the *landscape* treatment of human figures; that is, their blending together in clumps and formations to give opportunity for play of light, rather than their separate study as individuals. This scenic treatment demands the utmost courage of the per-

former: he finds himself called upon, as the exigencies of relief and value may require, to furnish with placid effrontery people with yellow faces, people with blue faces, people with green faces: as individual portraits they are all wrong, but as tufts in the scenery they are all right. Now, Isabey in this church-congregation—massed into colors, heightened into white, darkened against gold—is thinking above all things of his groups and his atmosphere, just as Claude will do in one of his complicated landscapes. But he has the art to confer upon each personage in his fabric—to confer quite carelessly and as an off-hand dower—the charm of a special character, so that you detect like a personal communication the vanity of each gay worshiper and the contrition of every communicant. Isabey, of all painters, is best able to weave human beings into an art-tissue: their fixity is essential to its design; the change of one of their limbs or the discoloration of one of their garments would be as a thread unraveled from an embroidery; yet these fast-bound components appear to flourish and fight, chatter and flutter, as if the grand aim was the freedom of their individual motion.

I have thought it worth while to speak thus fully, when in a gallery yielding adequate examples of his art, of the able painter Eugène Isabey, who seems to me to have produced in a natural direction the tradition of the Dutch and Flemish masters, such as Teniers, Ostade and Rubens. Concerning other capable artists whom I have before had occasion to characterize, a less prolix mention will be enough: it will be sufficient merely to graze them with the test-stone of their own reputation or of works previously admired in this series.

Merle is certainly a delightful painter. Though I do not think he bears the very highest criterion, yet it must be remembered, in his case as in that of Bouguereau, Baudry, Couture, and a very, very few other modern painters, that he essays the representation of ideal human beauty—a task the hardest that Fine Art can set herself to, and there-

fore to be treated, when fairly successful, with a consideration and leniency quite other than that we show to landscape, genre or picturesque painting. The example here is a favorable one. The subject is a French peasant-girl—a "Jeune Fille d'Étretat"—who leaves her comrades at their work of beating out the linen in the fresh pools by the seaside, and paces the shore in some wistful reverie, her washing-bat forgotten in her hand, her whole presence and attitude ennobled by a calm and intellectual melancholy. Efforts such as this—efforts to heighten peasant beauty by the utmost share of idealization which it can bear—have an interest and a danger, I think. Sometimes the value and novelty are so excessive as to outweigh the incongruity, just as, in Browning's drama of *Pippa Passes*, more is gained by presenting the fabulous vision of a child impossibly precocious and exalted than is lost by outraging Nature with a portraiture of which the sense declares at once, It is false, it is not in its class, and such a being is as impossible as a griffin. The gain, in such rare cases, may be allowed to transcend "the pity of it." But a pity it is, and the impossibly-refined peasant-girl—a creature as false to Nature as the impossibly-dressed shepherdess of old pastorals—ought to shock us: her incongruous elevation of ideas ought to look just as shameful as a bodily distortion. At any rate, when we pass from a canvas like Merle's "Jeune Fille d'Étretat," where a whole sphere of ideas that only come with culture and the comparisons of experience is conferred upon a barefooted climber of the rocks, and turn to a canvas like Breton's "Potato-gatherers," where is reflected the real sort of melancholy that corrodes peasant-life, we feel a salutary sense of having got into daylight. Breton's farm-women, Millet's sad earth-toilers, and even the hectic and beautiful *contadine* of Hébert, with the fawn-like lassitude in their eyes,—all these the truth will bear; but truth will hardly bear the languid profundity in the eyes of the "Fille d'Étretat," because it is not the sort of depth that ever

gets into washerwomen's eyes, but is a look that comes there because the painter has read a great deal of Baudelaire and emotional poetry. My phrases are almost a compliment, for I am admitting as a thing that is understood the extreme beauty of the picture. It has the face of a Greek statue, endowed with a depth and reflectiveness that never got into Greek statuary, and made piquant with the resources of color and natural imitation. What is not very common, and has not made it the easier to paint, this face is viewed most accurately in front. The proportions of the figure are evidently imitated from those of a living model: it is traceable, though so delicately is this managed that no loss of refinement is felt, that the Young Girl of Étretat descends from a line of very hardy workers; for instance, on a close examination of the modeling we perceive that the muscle which forms a cap for the shoulder, the deltoid, makes a considerably larger mass than the projection of the small girl-bosom. This rustic Muse, who carries in her oval face the thoughts of Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Browning, is capable of delivering from her ovoid shoulder a blow that would stagger an ox. The face in question, be it said, is not new. I observed, when before the "Marguerite" by this painter in Mr. Thomas A. Scott's collection, that we should presently encounter the same visage presented as another subject: here is the repetition; the Marguerite and the *blanchisseuse* are the same person—there treated as a blonde, and here as a brune. The identity is self-evident. It is no harm for a painter to use a favorite model for different works; but the repetition here, on so large a scale, savors a little of a tracing: from the painter's point of view, he saves a new drawing-lesson, and spares himself the pains of creating a type; and it certainly lets the public rather inconveniently into the property-room, and shows the smallness of art's repertory when it is confessed that the same face, with the same expression, will answer equally well for a heroine of German poetry, whose mind for the

moment is sophisticated with all the inspirations of an intellectual fiend, or for an unlettered washing-girl, whose barren life can only be exalted into sadness by getting momentary glances at its own fatuity.

Moving around the gallery, we are attracted irresistibly by a large, glittering subject with nine figures, "The Unexpected Return," by Herr Carl Hoff. A cavalier, who may have been nursed for a long time from his battle-wounds in some distant country, surprises his family at their meal. His friend or gentleman-valet stands in the doorway, while the various members of the home-circle testify appropriate surprise and gladness: the wife and the dog are most active in recognition, the former precipitating herself on the soldier's neck. The father, the little sister, the family chaplain, the housekeeper, all fall into some attitude descriptive of their condition and degree of nearness to the hero-in-chief. The splendid costumes of Louis XIV. are worn by the figures; the room is a most picturesque interior, with a chair overthrown in the effective spot; the table, with its interrupted courses, forms a gorgeous fruit-piece. In fact, the whole is a sort of fruit-piece. The colors of the dresses and their variety of texture, and the ability with which they are painted, would almost justify their being made the subject of the picture: it would then be a bit of still-life. Or it might be treated simply as an interior, with a story cunningly indicated in the disarranged furniture. The human element is correct, testifying the proper feeling by the approved attitudes, and the whole representation seems official. We miss nothing but the little shell-shaped cover for the prompter in the centre of the footlights.

A better thing is the healthy, everyday nature of Jacques and of Luminais. Of each of these robust painters the example is particularly fine. Jacques shows a pair of oak trees, their rusty old horns interlocked like the antlers of fighting deer. They shadow a bank, and darken a group of sheep reposing in their shelter. Each animal, though darkened

with the shade and slightly treated, has individual action. Behind the trees the summer sky is made fairly to glitter with its flashing cumulus clouds and profundity of azure. Luminais is an artist we more rarely meet with. His range is a wide one, and the present example, which breathes all the wholesome vigor of fresh, wet country air, is his triumph in only one of his many lines. It shows the "Hounds at Fault," a storm rolling over the hillside, and horsemen poised in irregular attitudes, like a group of studies for novel equestrian statues, on the tilting surface of the ground. As a spirited hunting-scene, or as a landscape with admirable sentiment and atmosphere, the picture merits equal praise.

Of Ziem the specimens are very original and precious. This painter has flooded our galleries with sentimental, sweet, slightly mawkish pictures of Venice, having pearly architecture standing forth out of azure seas. He would hardly be recognized in these solid, manly studies, each of which has a definite artistic aim. One, a flattish-looking picture, has for its intention the glittering relief of a balustrade in a simple garden-scene. To cause the simple stone forms, like the legs of the ballet when the curtain begins to rise, to flash forward with the desired effect, he makes the trees behind them a deep flat screen, and the sky above the trees as dark as *lapis-lazuli*, while the water—lest the balustrade should be outdazzled by its own reflection—repeats only the shadows of the dark objects. By this austerity and simplicity of style he contrives to get just what he wants, the creamy richness of old stained marble as it gleams in the sun. Another picture is an architectural résumé: in Venice one is rather struck by the contrast between Byzantine domes and Oriental ornaments, and the hard, flat-looking, over-decorated square doorways of the Renaissance, such as that by which you approach the Staircase of the Giants from the Piazza. Here is the firm rectangle of such a door, beaded with ornaments and made as harsh and square as possible, in shadow, and framing a perspective of Byzantine arcades

seen in capricious light. It is but a hasty vignette, but it gives a great deal of the feeling of the sea-Cybele.

Little pictures by E. Hubner ("Girl of Capri") and Comte-Calix ("Bord du Lac") are pleasant examples of a delicate, beauty-loving, romance-ridden style. Comte-Calix is almost always agreeable, in a way which combines drawing-room gentility with a feeling for what is effeminately pathetic in garden or watering-place nature. The young female presented by E. Hubner bakes herself in the sun, among the blue Italian shadows, with all the relish of a fair Southron, and her round eyes show the fearless, unthinking sincerity exhibited by the women of the Pompeii frescoes. The gauzy Mediterranean fades off into haze—it looks about as real as a blue veil floated away by the breeze: the shadow of a stucco pillar is thrown across the path, and the grape-trellis is curling its hot leaves overhead. Sit still, fair animal of the Capri vineyards, and dream of your lover who is out coral-fishing: your repose is better than thinking. Another tourist's study of great merit is "The Bedouin's Wife," by Boulanger.

Of costume-pictures, like this of Boutibonne, with the admirably-painted black dress of a widow and the sentiment "Se remarier," or of magnifying-glass-inviting pictures, like this of Meyer von Bremen, with a representation of the Rhine and the Castle of Salzbürg in the distance, I have small care. Whatever is so perfect as these must be faulty.

We emerge into artistic merit again

when we come to works of our own countrymen, such as this coast-scene by Richards and this "Return of the Mayflower" by Boughton. The wave-study of Mr. William T. Richards is an achievement in art which is a real glory to America. It reaches an accuracy and perfection which painters of no other country have dreamed of: it applies to the difficult, moving model—the billow—all the scrupulous and photographic finish with which Gérôme or Tissot would treat a model of which he had absolute control, and whose repose he could ensure. It must be seen to be appreciated, for no description will carry away the impression of its implacable truthfulness. The sea seems to have been struck by the hand of this painter as with a hand of palsy: when its ripples have been counted and the curves of its waves protracted, it is allowed to go again.

Of Boughton's "Mayflower" I need hardly speak, the engraving is so popular, and conveys its tender sentiment so well. It is one of the most exquisite things in modern American art, bearing a soft Tennysonian pathos which is altogether of the century. Here are dreamers brought into contact with rugged fact. The wedded pair, who have come to America in chase of an idea, feel that the grain of Plymouth Rock is a very rugged fact under their feet, and that the vessel that dips into the horizon is the last hope departing. Freight with the associations of home, it "sinks with all they love behind the verge," and around them rests the aching reaction of many religious exaltations. E. S.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE FRENCH BAND AT HAVRE.

OUR townsfolk who enjoyed the concerts of the *musique de la garde républicaine* last month may be interested to hear of their welcome back to their own country. They were due at Havre on the 22d of August. Havre is a dull place: notwithstanding its fine docks and railway *dépôt*, the incessant coming and going of thousands of people by land and sea, it is a *very* dull place, and its inhabitants make the most of any event which relieves the usual monotony. Accordingly, the arrival of the Washington bringing home the band of the *garde républicaine* was looked forward to with as much excitement as if they had been returning from the conquest of an empire.

On the morning of the 22d the great wharves and quays, the street which forms the water-front of the city, and all those which debouch into it were crowded with expectant, excited multitudes; and as the Washington steamed in with due display, colors flying, band playing, and exchanged a salute with the *Shenandoah* lying in the harbor, their shouts rose to the bright sky.

Perfect order was maintained during the landing, and the heroes were conveyed to carriages in which they drove off safely, followed by the entire population of Havre, and under the particular escort of a sharp and nimble street-boy, who, perched at the back of the coach containing the band-master, rode triumphantly above the crowd, beating a spirited measure with his forefinger.

In the evening there was an illumination of the principal street, the *rue de Paris*—a fine broad avenue leading straight from the harbor across the whole width of the town. A torchlight procession accompanied the band along this brilliant route to its termination at the Public Gardens, on which stands the stately *Hôtel de Ville* (or, as we should say, court-house), where the mayor and

other municipal dignitaries, with an assemblage of all the distinguished residents and strangers, were waiting to receive them.

Speeches followed, punch and other appropriate accessories, and as strangers were not included in these hospitalities, they made a descent on all the *cafés* in Havre, and the night was given up to festivity.

The real solemnity, however, took place on the following evening, when a concert in behalf of the widows and orphans of Alsace was given at the theatre by several bands and choral societies of the neighborhood, the band of the *garde républicaine* being the great attraction of the programme.

The rush for places was tremendous: by the middle of the day every seat was taken, more than a thousand people had been refused, and the ticket-office closed in the face of other thousands, who continued to come and go away empty all day long.

For their consolation an open-air concert was promised, to be given in the Public Gardens after the music in the theatre.

Long before the hour for the performance the theatre, which is large, was packed to the very roof: by half-past eight there was neither seat nor standing-room. Every variety of toilette was to be seen, from dress-coats and white cravats in the boxes to blouses in the gallery—uniforms everywhere. There was a remarkable tendency to cheer and clap in the audience: long before the concert began there was applause flying all about, as if in search of an object. The first incident which gave it a definite direction was the apparition of the mayor in the principal proscenium-box. He was the most conspicuous figure in the house: the crimson hangings gave relief to his halo of thick, curling white hair, beautifully brushed and parted, and to his singularly well-trimmed white mous-

tache and beard. It is an excellent thing to have a public man with a good appearance for such occasions, and the mayor of Havre looks as if he had grown old gently and gracefully for the part.

The curtain rose punctually, displaying an old French château in the background, with side-scenes of tropical forest: about the stage were grouped stands of torches and the banners of the various musical associations which were to play, hung with prize-medals as thick as the coins on an Egyptian necklace. The first part of the programme consisted of popular music by these societies, all capitally played and sung: a glee by the old-fashioned composer Grétry was given in the very best manner. The audience were cordial and full of appreciation—not a good passage was unnoticed. They soon warmed with their own approbation, and the whole performance was skillfully arranged to produce a steady *crescendo*, which was to reach its climax, as we shall see. When the curtain fell and the very hearty applause had subsided, an ubiquitous clinking was heard, and we saw several young girls dressed in white, with tri-color ribbons and black crape sashes, taking up a collection. These were some of the orphans. Nothing could be simpler or more modest than their demeanor: they made no appeal, merely passing quietly along the crowded rows, each with her embroidered bag, holding it out where money was proffered—and it was on every side—and bowing slightly in acknowledgment. This lasted for some time, while we amused ourselves by examining the audience and watching the tactics of the mayor: he showed himself in all parts of the house, bowing right, bowing left, bowing up, bowing down, and making circular, all-embracing bows. Our attention was at length distracted from him by clapping, and looking round to see the cause, we found that the orphans were re-entering their private box, and resuming the bouquets they had laid aside while going the round of the theatre. Now all eyes turned again to the stage; the *crescendo* swelled perceptibly; a sense of the ap-

proaching climax pervaded the house. The curtain rose, and the band of the garde républicaine in their uniforms advanced amid volleys of applause.

It took some time for the assembly to regain its calmness: then the band struck up an overture of Auber's, very light and pretty, which they played in admirable style. I was much interested by the appearance of the leader, M. Paulus, which those who saw him in America will not have forgotten. A man a trifle below middle height, exceedingly erect and compact, with a certain soldierly squareness under his well-fitting uniform; sharp-cut features rather of the hawk cast, gray hair close shorn, a gray moustache and imperial, whose cut displays his political sympathies; the glance keen and cold, the expression firm and reserved; the regular French military face: nothing in his appearance that would misbecome a commander-in-chief. He led with the fore finger of his left hand instead of a bâton, using very little gesture; only with a telling glance now and then toward an overbearing bugle or an obtrusive drum. But there was little need for this: the music was about as fine as possible of its kind. While the band-master led the orchestra, the mayor led the audience: he gave the signal for the applause; he stimulated, he moderated it, with waving hands and expressive nods; he smiled in sympathy; he beamed in approval; he fomented the enthusiasm by every species of by-play. The success was immense: the applause was universal and ardent. The next piece was Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux," somewhat noisy and flashy, but for all that a very striking, effective composition, which the band played with extraordinary spirit. Parts of it were like a magnificent cavalry charge. The applause increased to excess; the excitement became intense; the mayor's demonstrations grew more violent; the crisis was coming on.

The next performance of the band was the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, a splendid piece of music, as every one knows, and splendidly played. The applause had now become incessant, and

formed an accompaniment to the music like the continuous rush of water; the whole house seemed in motion; nobody could leave his seat, yet everybody seemed stirring with irrepressible excitement; the mayor could hardly contain himself; the *crescendo* was rapidly reaching its culminating point. At the last chords the plaudits, the cheers, the cries broke like a water-spout; bouquets rained upon the stage; they could no more be gathered up than a shower of hailstones; the whole audience were swaying, tossing, shouting and clapping: it was a tumult, a tempest of huzzas. The band scattered about the stage, as if unable to stand before the fury of sound: M. Paulus vanished entirely. Vanished, to reappear in the mayor's box, which gave a new impetus to the enthusiasm, and our emotions became delirious as the mayor, seizing him by both hands, pumped them frantically up and down for an instant, then snatching a superb bouquet, put it into one hand, of which he resumed the grasp, and, still pumping with all his might, kissed the band-master on both cheeks and pressed him to his heart. This was the supreme moment. I will not say nobody laughed, for a great many people did so besides ourselves, and *we* laughed until we expected to be turned out; but they were all too much taken up with themselves: they laughed only because it was not an occasion for tears, or one too deep for tears; it was rejoicing with those who rejoice—merely another expression of unbounded sympathy and delight. M. Paulus returned to the stage, escorted by a municipal personage who made way for him through his own musicians, as if the ceremony in the mayor's box had bestowed new dignity upon him. Fresh honors were awaiting him; the leaders of the other bands and musical clubs which had assisted at the concert now presented him with a golden wreath tied with a smart green satin bow. All this time the cheers, the clapping, the laughter, the movement, went on like the unintermitting rattle of machinery. The leader stood unmoved, the centre and focus of this explosion. Not Mc-

Clellan in the hour of our utmost expectation, not Grant or Sherman at the most glorious moment of achievement, enjoyed such an apotheosis. What would this emotional people do for the man who should come home at the head of a victorious army, if these were their tributes to the good trumpeter who had been on a short concert-tour? But I digress. Scarcely had the wreath been graciously accepted when a new sensation made us cry, "What next?" The crowd on the stage parted, and forth in procession came the white-robed orphan maidens, each tendering her bouquet to the gallant Paulus. The first two he paternally kissed, the third drew back a little and curtsied: the hint was immediately taken—he received the others with a bow full of feeling. This was the turning of the tide: thenceforward there was a slight sense of ebbing enthusiasm. The kissing excited great interest in the Frenchmen round us. "Tiens! il l'a embrassée!" ("See, he kissed her!") cried one at the first embrace. "And this one too!" as the second advanced. "But not this one—nor this—nor this!" with a sinking cadence. "Out of five he has kissed but two!" said the sympathetic Frenchman in a tone of discontent and disappointment, and one could not but feel that everybody had been defrauded.

The first well-known notes of the "Marseillaise" now sounded, and I really felt as if an earthquake would be the only adequate conclusion. The band played grandly. I half rose, expecting the whole mass to surge up like a huge wave. Not at all: there was clapping and shouting, but nobody got up except the mayor. "Oh!" I exclaimed in amazement to the man beside me, "don't you rise when that is played?" "No," he replied, "never." "Why," I said, "in my country everybody gets up when the national air begins." "In America? Yes, that is different: this tune has been used on too many occasions." Memory shuddered at his words, but the next instant the thoughts were swept away as I caught the commanding gesture of the mayor, in obedience to which a few peo-

ple started up : in another minute about a third of the audience were on their feet, joining the chorus and waving their hats and handkerchiefs. It was an exciting and curious scene. Certainly there was passionate enthusiasm on some faces, which glowed and quivered as they sang, but it did not spread—the greater part did not join : there were shouts and vivats and bravos, but not one "Vive la République !" could I distinguish. "Vive la France !" once or twice : that was safe under all circumstances. My neighbor cried "Vive ! vive !" several times, in a way that could not compromise him in the least, whatever change of government might take place the next day. But suddenly my eye turned to the stage. What was happening to the band-master ? He had taken off his cap, he had ceased to beat time, his left hand had dropped by his side, his right was in his breast, his head was thrown back a little, his face was radiant, his lips were parted : emotion had overpowered that self-contained man, and the last we saw of him he was leaning back with closed eyes and a happy smile as the curtain fell.

SARAH B. WISTER.

HAVRE, August 24, 1872.

THIERS AT TROUVILLE.

THIS past summer the cynosure of all French eyes, and the gossip of London and Berlin, as well as of Paris, has been President Thiers during his sojourn at the seaside. Not Emperor William at Gastein, not Napoleon at the Isle of Wight, has been so closely watched, has had every word and act so studied and quoted, and every day's variation in health so widely bulletined, as Thiers in *villegiatura* at Trouville. He has succeeded the "man of Sedan," as the most-talked-about potentate in Europe. Trouville is the Biarritz of the provisional republic ;—and the little town, by the way, had long before been historic in the career of *Mirabeau-Mouche*, as the Paris wits of 1848 styled the famous prime minister. There his royal master, Mr. William Smith, better known to history as King Louis Philippe, together with

one Madame Lebrun (why not Mrs. Brown outright ?)—better known as the queen Marie Amélie—passed two days *incognito* ; and thence, through the aid of Vice-consul Jones, the unhappy pair started on their road to exile, through Honfleur and Hayre, to Newhaven.

Here, then, at Trouville, so keenly suggestive to him of the vicissitudes of life, in Roches-Noires, the chalet of M. Cordier, the President established his little republican court. It was certainly simple and unpretentious enough, though the satirists who style the President "Adolphe I." would fain represent it otherwise. The utmost that could be said against the President's own chamber on the ground floor of this chalet was that its contents were in good taste and historic keeping : a bed Louis XII., and a fine old painting hanging over it ; stained windows of the fourteenth century ; a half dozen oak chairs upholstered each with the distinctive tapestry of a period, the set presenting a continuous series from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, inclusive ; Middle-Age carvings and oaken medallions in profusion. So, again, the war minister had but a single chamber in the chalet for his exclusive use, while Madame Thiers and Mademoiselle Dosne shared one between them. In an unostentatious way Thiers at Trouville held his little court, and, as usual, made his "vacation" laborious and fruitful. He received princes and ambassadors, wrote philosophy, visited Honfleur harbor to see that it was properly silted up with sand, inspected artillery, chassépots, mitrailleuses without end, rewarded the best marksmen, attended races, balls, baths, Alboni concerts, and held evening receptions where every word was snatched up by the eager Boswells of the press that surrounded him.

Though Thiers is conspicuously simple in habits, with no taste for parade, and with a head thus far not turned by flattery, a long course of imperial sycophancy seems to have caused a general rush to Trouville on the part of those who aspired to the luxury of bathing in the same waters as Adolphe I.

Cham, who filled the *Charivari* with "Trouvilliana," illustrated both by pen and pencil, was never tired of depicting the President on the beach or in the water, with the faithful spectacles carefully delineated, and an adulatory crowd in ridiculous attitudes of reverence around him. We find, too, all the venerable fictions in the way of personal anecdote that ever were told of military heroes from Alexander to Moltke trumped up and applied to this good old man of letters. We have pictures of him issuing from his Chalet Cordier at three in the morning, in gray surtout (the story might have been told of Bonaparte), to "inspect the batteries established on the shore!" We read of his apocryphal encounter with a sentinel at night; and of course M. Thiers is prowling about without knowing the countersign; and of course when the soldier shouts "Qui vive?" M. Thiers wishes to pass without the *mot d'ordre*; and of course this gives the guard a chance to cry, "Not if you were the *petit père* himself!" whereupon the *petit père* is forced to turn back; and then, of course, in the sequel the faithful fellow is invited to dine at the presidential table, and finds in his soup a military medal and a hundred francs!

The local loyalty had a chance to show itself in other ways. One day, for example, while M. Thiers was walking on the beach, four tipsy youths (two Mexicans, a Russian and a Frenchman), who had been out on a spree in a Russian yacht, spying the President, set up a cry of "Hurrah for the emperor! Down with Thiers!" It was amusing to read how the little watering-place was stirred to its foundations at this audacious piece of *lèse-majesté*. The revenue-officers and marines seized their guns and held the villains under fire: a strong escort swept them at once to the police court, the townspeople being hardly prevented from tearing them to pieces. M. Thiers himself telegraphed the momentous facts to M. de Rémusat, minister of foreign affairs, who forthwith repaired to Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador, and the latter pledged his government

to give "the most entire satisfaction;" and indeed he ordered his drunken countryman to leave France within four-and-twenty hours.

We may laugh a little at this incident, but it must be remembered that at that very time the British Association at Brighton were paying profuse honor to one who in their official list of visitors was called "His Majesty the emperor of the French," and that even the slightest symptoms of reviving imperialism are dreaded in France. Hence this little tempest in the Trouville teapot caused vast excitement; and we can appreciate the *Evénement's* consoling reflection, that the first cry for a twelvemonth of "Vive l'empereur!" on the soil of France was, after all, raised by a foreigner, while as for the boozy French youth who took up the cry, his punishment should be to copy five hundred times, school-boy fashion, Alfred de Musset's verse: "Vous ne sauriez souper, Prus, sans vous griser" ("You can never dine, Prus, without getting drunk.").

The unconcealed anxiety of Thiers himself regarding the intrinsically trivial incident just noted is perhaps its most suggestive point. It is only another form of the same intense dread of Bonapartist plots which is conspicuous in his treatment of the press. It is true that if the imperialist newspapers have not been seditious, they have at least been unwise and indiscreet; still, the man who so eloquently inveighed against the ordinances of July is not quite the one from whom restrictions on journalistic liberty would have been expected. M. Thiers the President is not M. Thiers editor of the *National*. It is odd to note the reason given for the press restrictions, this being, according to the *Temps* (a liberal paper), a constructive "state of siege," which fiction M. Thiers prolongs for his own purposes. Perhaps the reader may find a parallel between this continuance of a hypothetical state of siege in France and the continuation of a war status after 1865 in our own country for governmental purposes.

As to the fate of France and the chances of a Bonapartist restoration, a

distant observer may be less timid than M. Thiers. For, as M. Littré has well pointed out, whereas the two republics of 1789 and 1848 were exposed to the fears and hostilities of the rest of Europe, the present republic is left alone, the attention of the Continent being wholly absorbed by the plans of Germany and Russia. But M. Thiers, who has lived through six revolutions and dynastic changes in France (not to reckon the Commune), looks with more trepidation on the chances of a seventh. He does not conceal his belief that a struggle will be made to overthrow the republic in the event of his death while in power, if not before, and he seeks fresh safeguards. Hence he desires a second Assembly chamber, a vice-presidency, greater influence for the Left, fidelity to the republic among office-holders. There is an amusing story that once a deputy, visiting M. Thiers' sister-in-law, who owns a very pretty parrot, tried to make the bird speak, when the lady smilingly informed him that it could not utter a word. "What!" exclaimed the gallant and patriotic visitor, "not even *Vive la république*?" "Heaven forbid!" cried the lady, "for M. Thiers would long ago have borrowed it to make a prefect of it." In the same jesting spirit they pretend that the flying figure of Liberty surmounting the column in the Place de la Bastille implies that in France freedom is "always ready to fly off," or else that it never stands firmly on both legs.

Edmond About, speaking of the rivalry between the Right and the Left in the Assembly for the possession of Thiers, suggests that this very fact may ensure him a long lease of power. "Between the two equal forces," says he, "which solicit him from opposite sides, he runs a fair chance of staying where he is. Probably he has dreamt of this place all his life, and will so cling to it as to end his career in it, reigning from day to day, leaning toward Right or Left according to the needs of the moment, and maintained in an equilibrium sufficiently stable by the practice of alternate concessions." M. About may be carried away

somewhat by his metaphor, but still the idea of a stable equilibrium in France resulting from the action of opposite forces is worth considering. So far as Thiers is concerned, after all his coquetish threats of resignation, he seems, like Stanton, inclined to "stick;" and even his pettish quarrels with the Assembly, and his relentings on much persuasion, have a kind of dramatic character which pleases the average French mind. "He goes," writes a rather keen but good-natured Paris critic, "he comes, stops and crosses hither and thither on his immense stage, like a consummate actor. Now he flies into a passion, and threatens to make his exit; but no, it is only one of the thousand arts of this marvelous comedian. He is a thorough modern artist, mixing *bourgeois* pettinesses with fragments of a superior mind." But if people criticise this theatric trait, they like it: it is the only display of the kind which the plain and sober old gentleman has to offer in place of the stage pomp and strut and glitter of his predecessor. Nor are the contests of Thiers with the Assembly pure affectation; for, as a shrewd observer has well said, the veteran statesman takes good care to be the master of the sovereign that appoints him agent, and treats the Assembly as he once did the king, leaving them the crown, but keeping back the sceptre. H.

WASHINGTON PUMMELED.

GENERAL WASHINGTON's regard for his person was in consonance with the majesty of his character. His reluctance to bare himself to the sculptor Houdon is well known. On a certain occasion one of the persons alluded to in the anecdote below ventured to clap him familiarly on the shoulder, a wager having been laid that he would not dare to do it. Washington's rebuke was simply a glance of the eye, but so intense and severe that the familiarity was never again attempted. It is not known, however, that any human being ever presumed to strike Washington in anger. Yet this really occurred, if the memory of a relative of Colonel Peyton may be

trusted. Her account of this remarkable incident is as follows:

In the heated canvass which followed Jefferson's nomination for the presidency, General Washington's personal intimate friend, Light-horse Harry Lee, was opposed for Congress by Col. — Peyton. So great was the interest felt by Washington for Lee that on election-day he mounted his horse and rode up from Mount Vernon to Alexandria for the purpose of influencing by his presence as many votes as possible for his friend. Among the many acquaintances he encountered was a plasterer who had been employed at Mount Vernon. This plasterer was a small man, defective no doubt in reverence, and, it may well be believed, somewhat the worse for liquor, early in the day as it was. Having saluted the *Pater Patrie*, the little man proceeded to upbraid him for his known friendship for General Lee—a man who, in his opinion (the plasterer's), was not only a Federalist, but an aristocrat to boot, whereas Colonel Peyton was a Democrat, a friend of the people, and especially of the poor laboring classes.

Nettled by the disparagement of his personal friend, Washington replied that the plasterer's preference was the result more of general ignorance on all subjects than of any correct knowledge either of the character of the respective candidates or of the issues involved in the canvass.

The allusion to his want of education was more than the intoxicated little man could stand. To the astonishment of the witnesses, he ripped out an oath and said, "Well, I don't care if I am ignorant: I know my rights, anyhow. You fought for our liberties, and won 'em, and — me if I don't intend to exercise 'em!"

Whereupon he delivered a number of dry blows upon the chest of the august chieftain. The bystanders made a rush to tear him in pieces, but Washington, placing his hands on the small man's shoulders, drew him close to him and said, "He shall not be harmed. I have wounded him in the tenderest part of his nature. He is not to blame for his

ignorance, and it is but natural that he should resent an allusion to it." So the plasterer went scot free.

"THE RULING PASSION."

NEVER was the truth of the old adage, "The ruling passion strong in death," better exemplified than in the case of my friend Jack Temple. He inherited from his father an inordinate love of liquor, and often indulged it to an unbounded degree and to the great detriment of his naturally strong constitution.

Hearing that he was ill at — Hospital, I went down to see him. When I drew near his cot he lay with his eyes closed and apparently asleep; but when I called his name softly he looked up, recognized me instantly, tried to smile and said, "Dick, I'm going to die."

"Oh no," said I, "you are not going to die. Typhoid pneumonia is a very dangerous disease, it is true, but it won't carry you off, depend upon it."

He looked intently at me, and replied, "I tell you, Dick, I'm going to die: I know it."

"People with your disease," said I, "are always despondent, and always talk as you do. Come, cheer up, and tell me what I can do for you."

For some time he made no answer. At last he said very slowly and firmly, "I've been a very dissipated man, but I'm not afraid to die. There is but one thing on earth, Dick, that you can do for me."

"And what is that?" I inquired eagerly, for his earnest manner had impressed me, in spite of myself, with the conviction that he *would* die. "What is it, Jack? Get a minister?"

"Minister? No! Get me a drink of whisky—common whisky, mind you, Dick. Good whisky don't do me any good: I want *common* whisky. Will you get it for me?"

"Certainly, if the rules of the hospital allow it."

"Rules or no rules, I must have it. *Common* whisky, remember, Dick—and get it quickly."

I got it. Two days afterward he was dead.

R. B. E.

SLEEPING WITH THE DEAD.

THIS same Jack Temple was a very brave man, and a very good one too. There was no better man in the countryside. Sick men were always glad to get him, and in desperate cases, when everybody else was broken down, Jack was invariably sent for and kept, because he never broke down. With this preface, Jack must tell his own story in his own words.

"What!" I exclaimed, "slept with a dead man? That is a little too hard, Jack."

"It is the truth, if ever I told it. You remember Archy Anderson, don't you?"

"Very well."

"I slept with him, and it came about in this way. Everybody was so broke down when he died that they couldn't sit up with the corpse. 'Twouldn't do for the corpse to be left by itself; so they brought out an old ham, some cold biscuit and a bottle of whisky (what's one bottle of whisky to me?), built up a good fire, but forgot to get any wood to keep it a-going; and there I was alone in my glory. Archy was laid out on the bed, and I sat by the fire till it burnt spang out. The whisky had gone and died out long before. I got chilled to my very vitals—you know how cold a man gets when he loses sleep, anyway?—and I was afraid I'd ketch my death if I didn't do something. I hated to disturb the family, all broke down as they were, and what to do I didn't know. They had laid Archy out on the bed, as I said before, and it was a feather bed, with a good thick quilt on it, too. I got colder and colder, and I couldn't keep my eyes off that bed to save my soul. But, plague take it all! they had put Archy right in the middle of it.

"At last I could stand it no longer. So I went up to the bed, turned down the sheet and looked Archy full in the face. He looked mighty peaceful. So I says to him, I says, 'Archy, old fellow! you and me was good friends—warn't we, Archy? You never hurt me whilst you was livin', and I be dog if I b'lieve you'll hurt me now—will you, Archy?' He never said nothin', so I

jumped right in, covered up and slept like a top till after sun-up. But the funny part was, when I woke up and saw that dead face lookin' up at the ceilin', I made one leap and lit plum' in the fireplace. I never was so skeered in all my life, and didn't quit trimblin' for half an hour. But I'd a heap rather sleep with a dead man than a live one. Dead men can't spoon, it's true, but they don't snore, nor do they scrouge, nor dig you in the ribs, nor kick you in their sleep, nor pull the kiver off you, nor nothin'. They are first-rate bed-fellows, and you'll never ketch me settin' up with a corpse agin if I can git in bed with him."

R. B. E.

CALIFORNIA JURY-DUTY.

"I WILL tell you," said an old miner, "how I once sat on, or rather with, a jury. There was an endless mining-suit in our country. It became chronic. Regularly, twice a year, it made its appearance before the district court. Time and again had it been decided, now for the plaintiffs, now for the defendants, after which it went punctually up to the supreme court, and was sent back and sent up again until there became attached to it all the legal turns, twists, complications, backsets, barnacles and cobwebs peculiar to that grand circumlocution machine, that animated skeleton of antiquity—the Law. So often had it been tried that men who knew nothing of the case, or who had formed no opinion of it, became scarce and valuable for jurors. The sheriff and his deputies were obliged to hunt and beat up the lone hills and gulches for wild, untamed and unopinioned jurors. So at last they captured me. He (the sheriff) presented himself before me while toiling in my claim. He gave me a slip of paper which threatened sundry penalties in case I did not on a certain day present myself at the county-seat, there to serve my country in the capacity of juror. I obeyed the mandate. My qualifications for a juror were very small. A good juryman should possess some knowledge of law, and a faculty of picking out the gist and pith of evidence. He

should have also a faculty for holding out to the last gasp against the possible eleven other obstinate men. Jury-duty, then, to me, consisted in hearing lawyers browbeat witnesses and talk; wherefor we received two dollars per day in county scrip.

"With these qualifications I commenced my juristic experience. The case involved a question of boundary-line between two tunnel claims. It involved mining laws made in 1850 and mining laws made in 1860. It involved the attendance of fifty or sixty witnesses. These witnesses were all miners, who made a semi-spreed of the occasion. The evidence was often of that character to be expected of men, their brains muddled with stimulant, and then stirred to confusion by a lawyer's cross-examination.

"Four days did 'we the jury' sit on that case—four days from twelve to fourteen hours in length, sometimes without a break for needful lunch. The 'court' was remarkable for tenacity in keeping his seat. It seemed as if he delighted in keeping twelve uneasy and hungry men squirming in their chairs so many hours. So I and my eleven companions sat and sat and sat those four weary days, hearing evidence, argument, objections and decisions from the bench. Page after page of law was read to us, and not the shadow of its meaning remained with us after such reading. All the evidence up to a certain date, embracing a period of several years, was thrown out, being judged irrelevant. But could it be thrown out of our minds? Of course not. It remained, and assimilated with the rest, and I, as a conscientious juror, after many desperate attempts toward attaining to some perspicuity in the matter, gave the whole thing up in despair. I allowed matters to take their own course, and awaited with anxiety the time when I should be called upon for my opinion.

"The plaintiffs had charts of their claims, the boundaries marked in water-colors. The defendants had charts similarly marked. The lawyers swung these charts around their heads like battle-

flags at each other, and explained their intent to us, while we sat and heard words, but not ideas. I did get two facts relative to the matter: one was, the date of a year in which something or other very important had been done: the other was, a big pine tree, an initial boundary-point between the two claims. I learned these two facts thoroughly. I have remembered them ever since. They were all I did get.

"Finally, the time drew near for 'we the jury' to retire and make up our verdict. The counsel on either side summed up their lengthy arguments. Then came the judge's charge. After being thus crammed, we went into the little jury-room. I felt like a criminal. Twelve men for a few minutes regarded each other in dismal silence. One, finding an old blanket in a corner, coolly laid down upon it, remarking that when the other eleven had made up their minds they might call him, and he would be agreeable to their decision, whatever it was. I don't know whether I favored plaintiff or defendant: I could not favor both sides. There was balloting and re-balloting. We concluded, at last, to disagree. But the judge had left orders that we should not be dismissed until we did agree. It was Saturday night. In such case Sunday would be no day of rest for us. So, rather than undergo such martyrdom, we produced a verdict. It was a verdict or imprisonment over Sunday. We chose the verdict.

"On my own private account I drew from this experience the moral that juries in these long, complicated cases are humbugs. It requires a cool head, an analyzing mind, good judgment and moral courage to make a good juror. I think men should be educated and bred for jurymen. It should be a profession by itself. In many instances, were the decision left to a righteous judge, real justice would oftener be administered."

P. M.

NOTES.

It will be remembered that at the end of the French Communist war, when

Paris had been carried by MacMahon, the insurgents took refuge in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where a thousand celebrities lie buried, and there, behind the monuments, stood at bay. Among the old tombs which suffered most during the fight that ensued was the famous one of Abelard and Héloïse; and now it is announced that a French countess is devoting money and part of her eighty-second year to the restoration of the crumbling tomb. It is certainly a romantic enterprise for a lady of that age to undertake; but in truth this monument is a kind of Mecca for sympathetic pilgrims for whom the course of love does not run smooth. Whoever will visit that monument on All Saints' Day will note that wreaths of *immortelles* have been thrown inside the railing that surrounds it, doubtless by ill-starred lovers thus paying appreciative tribute to that historically hapless pair whose story Lamartine has made so pathetic, while Mark Twain, on the contrary, most vigorously abuses the monk in his *Innocents Abroad*. The monument is built from the ruins of that abbey of the Paraclete which Abelard founded, and of which Héloïse was first abbess. Under the canopied roof, which is supported by many columns with capitals and cornices richly wrought in flowers, is the tomb, whereon Abelard is figured recumbent, while a statue of Héloïse is by his side. In addition, graceful pinnacles rise (or rather *rose*, for we speak from memory of its condition before the battle in the burial-ground) above the canopy, and the four sides are ornamented with figures, flowers and medallions. If we understand the matter aright, the titled octogenarian only aims to restore this famed monument to its original state, and not to make additions.

GREAT wars or other national convulsions are followed by an increase in the rate of sudden, violent and unnatural deaths. Oliver Wendell Holmes, soon after the outbreak of our own civil war, predicted that deaths from heart-disease would, for many years, exceed their old proportion in the total mortality; and

the result has verified his prophecy, which indeed was based on a familiar medical experience. We incline to think that careful statistics would show a like increase in deaths from violence and from self-destruction. The fact is well attested, so far as concerns suicides, which in France, during the past year, have caused a death-record unprecedented and prodigious. A calculation made for Paris alone shows the almost incredible result of 4177 suicides in 1871. A detailed classification ascribes the larger number, 1377, as might be expected, to derangement of the brain. Next come 930 suicides from "physical sufferings"—the strongest temptation, one would think, to defy the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," but one more prevalent in France than in our land, we judge. Disappointed love caused 701 suicides; family quarrels are credited with 512; extreme destitution with 383; fear of punishment with 22; while delirium tremens, resulting from the excessive use of absinthe, drove no less than 232 victims to voluntary death. Looking at this last fact, we may appreciate that *mot* of Trélat, who, contrasting the two stimulants, brandy and absinthe, declared that if the one was *l'eau de vie*, the other was *l'eau de mort*. France, like the Rome to which she loves to compare herself, has always been prolific of suicides, but the extraordinary record of 1871 must be ascribed in some part to the disastrous and depressing effects of the war.

ARE people in the Old World more exempt from coughs, colds, neuralgias, rheumatisms than we Americans? It is certain that they stand in greater terror than we of catching cold, and take infinitely more precautions against it. One could almost tell whether the occupants of a railway "carriage" in England or on the Continent were Americans or not by the state of the ventilation. While the cars are in motion every window is closed tight, but at the stations they are opened, and then one is graciously permitted to have a whiff of fresh air. Of course this is not invariably the case,

but it is the general rule. An American in such a conveyance usually makes a desperate struggle to keep a window open—always to the disgust of European fellow-travellers, who fear for their precious lives, and shudder at his reckless and barbarian ways. When, on hot days, they actually venture to open the windows, there is another curious and characteristic difference to be noted. Americans there, as here, prefer to ride facing forward, while Europeans usually take the opposite seats and ride backward to avoid the risk of cinders—so much more cautious are they than we. The same horror of catching cold is seen in the houses, where the people are shocked at the notion of sleeping with a window open. They wonder that Americans survive this monstrous imprudence. Their own chambers are kept hermetically sealed at night, and during the daytime the Englishman is in perpetual terror of a "draught" and the Frenchman of his *courant d'air*. As Americans use air more audaciously than other nations, so they are more familiar than most with water. Of course the better classes in all countries are scrupulously clean, but, taking nations as a whole, Americans are more lavish than others in respect to water, both for drinking and bathing. Still, the English are like ourselves in fondness for bathing, proof enough of which is seen in the pains they take with their clumsy washing-arrangements. We in America, with pipes for hot and cold water carried to the top stories even of inferior houses, and into every room, and with the bath-room a customary part of each dwelling, may well be famous for our ablutions. But in Paris you pay a certain sum for water-carriers, and every drop used in apartments must be carried up daily to the tanks. The same is true, as a rule, in London, and in English cities generally. When, therefore, we find two or three different kinds of baths in each dressing-room of English private residences, which in most other "modern improvements" are so inferior to ours, we must acknowledge

the great care that is taken to provide these facilities. Perhaps if all the water in our houses had to be carried by hand above the ground floor, we should become less noted as a bathing people. As it is, even our towns of ten thousand people, to say nothing of the chief cities, have their ample water-works. We wonder, by the way, how the quantity of water annually used in New York would compare with that of Berlin, which is said to be now very nearly as populous?

ONE of Italy's foremost misfortunes has been an aristocracy *nati fruges consumere*, and for nothing else. Up to quite a recent date it was held disgraceful amongst these very blue-blooded people to do anything in the least useful, and as a consequence many of them, with miles of pedigree and yards of title, had very little *fruges* to consume. There appears, however, to be plenty of the breed left. At a recent masked ball in Florence forty patrician families, who traced their descent back through nobles and dignitaries of state for seven hundred years, were represented. One lady was attired in the historic costume of a fifteenth-century ancestress. The display of jewels was simply marvelous. Those worn by a guest present were stated to be worth three hundred thousand dollars. These *grandes dames* of Italy would part with anything sooner than their gems. Were these disposed of, and the money applied to the cultivation of the land, their present owners' husbands would in a few years be able to buy them more, and have land yielding a splendid return to boot. There seems a lamentable inconsistency between miserably-tilled acres, a wretched peasantry, a town-house let out in tenements, a castle tumbling to pieces, and diamonds worth three hundred thousand dollars! A husband might under these circumstances be almost excused for substituting paste for the real stones if he applied the cash so gained to legitimate objects.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life.
By George Eliot. Vol. I. New York:
Harper & Brothers.

This is one of those rare works in which we are gratified with a great many kinds of excellence in their highest several development. The creative genius in it is powerful and elastic, the philosophy is deep and various, the passion is ardent, the literary finish is cool and critical. This rather frigid distribution of praise, however, by no means does justice to our warm sense of gratitude to the author of so noble a book: we are analytical in our terms of approval, because it is the peculiarity of George Eliot to gratify the technical taste after she has roused the emotions. To be familiar with her mind is, first, to be swayed with all the charm of thought and feeling, and after that it is to receive a liberal education. To contemplate her creations is, first, to bow in a sort of worship before the Phidian loveliness of the type and the expression, and then to be delicately addressed by the lapidary polish and intricate chasing of the work. Above all things, and as the grandest aim of her great mind, George Eliot addresses herself to the problem of woman. In the heroine of *Middlemarch* she gives us another glorious, faulty, sincere, magnificent creature, badly adjusted to the world around, and raying out in every direction her warm and fruitful sympathy, which is borne back to her in chill failure by the defect in receptivity of those who are nearest. We meet Dorothea first, simple, unselfish, religious, capable of all heroism, and enclosing in her nature the full, unsounded cisterns of goodness and self-abnegation. Young, elegant and distinguished, she is shut up in the privacy of provincial life, and it is evident that her riches of sympathy are to be wasted upon some unworthy chance respondent. The authoress's admiration of her heroine is matched by her cold and fatal sense that her heroine will be a waste and a failure. It is always this sense of bad economy in the ways of Fate, this pity for the warm, strong heart-throbs which form an unutilized power in the world, that impresses and shapes George Eliot's creative genius. In her Do-

rothea the sacrifice is of the most revolting sort. An old, weakened scholar is led out from the shadows of his formal library, and upon him is this bounty of tropic fervor to be bestowed. It is the modern antiphony of the ancient, three-thousand-years old discord: "Let there be sought for my lord a young virgin; and let her stand before him, and let her cherish him." Yet in the narrowed circle into which this fair young life is introduced the misalliance is almost inevitable. The paucity of choice before poor Dorothea is laughable in its malicious disproportion to her ideal. From among her dreams of saintly self-martyrdom she can look upon but two forms of human excellence. One is Casaubon, dignified and dry: the other is Sir James Chettam, portly, pink-faced, good, compliant, who says "exactly" to her remarks even when she expresses uncertainty. It is evident which will be the preference of such a nature. Casaubon is attracted, and Dorothea accepts him with the immediate directness of a mediæval saint accepting a vocation at the altar. Thus her long mistake commences. The skill with which poor cold Casaubon is analyzed, without contempt or satire, is a triumph of the writer's. It is the misfortune of such dry, mousing people, the scavengers of old rotting libraries, to be not only rigid in their ways, but crooked. In the novel there is a succession of scenes which reveal the hapless student to the bone. Without any great defect, he has a sensitiveness that is a perpetual pain; and the sense that his studies have not led to any marked public result makes it intolerable to be watched. Poor Dorothea cannot offer her aid as writer but he must think she is criticising him for having written so little. The offer of assistance, even from one so near and friendly, is like the insinuation of a spy. He has never employed an amanuensis, because he regards with dread the confidences necessary to such a relation, and because, to a wife above all persons, he wishes always to display a powerful mind. Meanwhile, his intellect, in its details, is far from showing that great reach which it is to be hoped will be characteristic of the completed literary work. "With his

taper stuck before him he forgot the absence of windows, and in bitter manuscript remarks on other men's notions about the solar deities he had become indifferent to the sunlight." After a series of impulsive attempts to draw near to her husband's mind, poor Dorothea is of course forced to retire, chilled, repulsed and sore. In this state of distance and dissatisfaction it only needs the approach of the inevitable young admirer, who in this case is a protégé and cousin of the bookworm, to develop out of the sapless brush-heap of his nature the darting eyes and keen tongue of a very active, ingenious jealousy. Dorothea's matronly warmth in receiving the family relative, and the inevitable assimilation of their natures, open out a vista of intense wretchedness for her and him and the tortured husband. The delicate sanctity which is thrown around the wife's character by the artist in this crisis, and the purity with which she is made sacred even in the husband's eye, is a thing to praise. Yet it occurs to us to question here, as it has occurred with us in the same writer's case before, whether she sees quite as plainly as a male reader does the complete and stupefying negation in her heroine's being of the great element of tact. Romola and Dorothea, lofty intelligences as they are, are made to frustrate themselves in most critical moments by a blank absence of that sixth sense conferred upon women, with which, in real life, we see difficulties magically averted and corners smoothly turned. We say we are tempted to doubt whether the authoress, even when using this tactlessness as a utensil in her plot, is aware of its strong incongruity to the eye of her masculine reader. For George Eliot, it would seem, the peculiar simple greatness which she so beautifully delineates cannot be complete without a want of the sense of adjustment altogether monstrous and unusual, as men read the sex. Romola and Dorothea precipitate their domestic wretchedness by a certain determined, driving wrong-headedness which no masculine novelist, we are sure, would venture to ascribe to a Romola or a Dorothea. This exception taken, we confess our admiration at the skill with which an easy declination is managed from sacerdotal *rapproit* in marriage to chill aversion and suspicion, until there is nothing for it but for the husband to die, and for the wife to emerge, as a peerless widow, into a class of new dangers among younger men.

We have indicated the novel of *Middlemarch* as a work distinguished by a very peculiar elaboration. It will be the longest of its writer's productions, while its protraction will not show evidence of the slightest relaxation in that minute finish which makes the drama of George Eliot a whole museum of costly wonders. The characters circulating around the bride and bridegroom are perfect in their twenty several ways. Her uncle and guardian, Mr. Brooke, the dilettante who has gone into things "at one time," but has reined up lest they should carry him too far, is delightful whenever he appears. The miser Featherstone, who affords a death-scene and a will-reading scene which seem to show the completed ideal of what Dickens was trying for in *Chuzzlewit*, is himself as sordid, symmetrical and limited a character as Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*, with his burden of "propputy, propputy." "There's one thing I made out pretty clear when I used to go to church, and it's this: God A'mighty sticks to the land. He promises land, and he gives land, and he makes chaps rich with corn and cattle." Here is a piece of commentary, bounded by the commentator's conditions, as pure and inevitable as anything we shall find in the predictions of Cumming or the realism of Renan. Still more marked, though less human, is Joshua Rigg, who has a frozen face like a frog's, and threatens his stepfather with his mother's dogs and the horsewhip. We know how great George Eliot is in all the moods of Boeotian stolidity. The rigid horse-jockey Horrock, who when appealed to looks before him with as complete a neutrality as a portrait by an old master, is a character touched in a moment, yet as perfect as a head on a seal. There are many more characters, too important to be called minor, which promise to move with wonderful purpose and directness in the broader field cleared off by Casaubon's death for the second volume.

By His Own Might: A Romance. From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The authoress of this story, celebrated for her delineation of children, conducts herein a frail, crippled lad from infancy to manhood. The tale, which has great variety in its scenes and an interest decidedly above the common run of novels, is above all things

a study of character. Young Alfred, the child of aristocrats, is delineated at full length in his pampered weakness, with his intelligence shooting forward into unnatural precocity, and his habits tinged with cowardice and valetudinarianism. Everything is conspiring to make him the despised, spoiled pet of the household ladies, when the discovery of a terrible home-tragedy just at the turning-point of his youth suddenly makes him the judge of his mother, the protector and inheritor of the family estates and the avenger of his father. How he becomes studious and heroic, how he embraces that profession of surgery which has remodeled his own frame into symmetry, how he carries his healing science to the battle-field with the Knights of Saint John, and arrives at fame and royal favor, are told with a most inventive wealth of detail and with never-flagging spirit. The later scenes, where he redeems by his address some waste lands and rude inhabitants up by the Baltic Sea, are entered into by the writer with a new impulse of power, and are strangely impressive and original. The authoress indeed shows great pictorial sense and much of the true instinct of romance, and the book reads in many places like the prose version of a ballad. She is nowhere stronger than in her taste for what may be called ethnological distinctions: her love of types is very marked, and she distinguishes the old-fashioned Swiss and the modern Swiss, the Swiss money-king and the Swiss noble, the German, the Brazilian, and even the negro, with constant relish and discrimination. One of her situations, where a brave South American black by his heroism wins the love of a blonde clergyman's daughter, is very singularly and slyly treated, and by a sort of tender humor contrasts well with the episodes among the wild men of the Baltic Sea who people the latter part of the story. The development of the hero, however, is her grand effort; and it is interesting to see how she clings to the sense of his innate superiority among all his early scenes of mortification and childishness; for the authoress herself evidently loves muscle and good looks dearly, and enters with unction into the portraiture of several faultlessly handsome and carelessly Herculean athletes whom she brings into contact with him. The romance has several strong and pathetic scenes, and more than once leads the attention on to the novel-

reader's favorite point of breathless suspense. It will be willingly read, and read to the end.

Who Would have Thought it? A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This appears to be a first effort, and reveals a vivacity, an alertness and a surface-knowledge of many parts of the world which promise the author future success in proportion to his care. The story certainly achieves the novelist's first necessity, that of being interesting. The apparition of the shy Spanish child, covered with black paint from the hands of hostile savages, endowed with untold gold and whole jewelers' trays of diamonds, susceptible of all the virtues and all the refinements, is a bold and effective surprise to the most callous novel-reader. Of course Lola denigrifies and prospers, foils the villain who would make himself her legal husband on a wicked quibble, and escapes to join her suitably handsome young lover in Mexico. *Who Would have Thought it?* is a melodrama in narrative form, that does not ask the most implicit belief from the reader, but amuses by its broad contrasts, frank mess-room humor, and boldly-shaped diversities of character.

Rabagas: Drama by Victorien Sardou. Paris: Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern.

The irruption of the American lady upon European belles-lettres, as a novel sensation, is distinctly foreshadowed in Sardou's drama of *Rabagas*, the same which has caused revolutionary demonstrations in most of the French towns in succession. In a short time, we fear, French fiction will be overriden with the "belle Américaine." She will invade continental courts, out-riddle Metternich and Esterhazy, out-dress their wives, control politics, and smile superior on the top of all that heap of brass crowns and impossible manners which constitute "government" in the novel and on the stage. Unfortunately, the sort of type chosen is not the most elevated. Our wives and mothers have little in common with that race of irresponsible Becky Sharps, half pests and half dupes, who have been catching at the skirts of European society since our war of the rebellion, now flattering a senile emperor, now haunting gardens and galleries to entrap a young and callow king. Such, however, is the sort of fair American chosen by Sardou

to typify the brilliancy and resource of our civilization, and introduced into the little principality of Monaco to improve its politics and make a happy ending to its distracted story. The name of this saving genius, apparently imitated from that of Pope's mistress, is "Blounth;" and she is constantly addressed throughout the piece, with an exhaustive knowledge of English idiom, as "missess," "chère missess," "amiable missess," "citoyenne," and the like. The morals of "Missess" Blounth are not quite reassuring. She has met the prince of Monaco at the ball of the British embassy at Paris, whence, "made desperate by her rigors," the latter seeks his hereditary home. She very quickly chases him up, and is captured in the palace-gardens of Monaco, "picking a rose." She finds the prince in great trouble with his home critics, the revolutionists of the "Crapaud-Volant" coffee-house.

"All my actions are weighed, misrepresented and artfully made ridiculous. For instance, I take a walk—I must have plenty of time to spare; I don't walk—I fear to show myself. I give a ball—shameless expense; no ball—what avarice! I pass a review—military intimidation; I hold none—I'm afraid of the intelligence of the soldiers. Rockets for my birthday—the people's money wasted in smoke; no rockets—nothing to amuse the people. I am well—laziness; I am sick—debauchery. I build—squandering; I don't build—what is to become of the working-people?"

At the same time his foreign affairs are hardly more promising: "I am a miserable little sovereign laid out between two big neighbors, who only debate the sauce with which they shall devour me." Mrs. Blounth is introduced into the palace, where her apartment and time are at the service of the prince: a color of agreeable propriety is given to the transaction by her accepting the office of duenna for the artless young princess, whose little love-affair she guides to success with one hand, while she saves with the other the dynasty of the House of Monaco. The danger to the latter proceeds from the machinations of Rabagas, a character having the political versatility of Émile Olivier and the personal dash and readiness of Gambetta. By the honeyed flatteries of the beautiful gouvernante, Rabagas, who has been at the head of the insurrection, is introduced into the palace as prime minister—

a change which he accepts with the readiness of a pantomimist. He is terribly duped, insulted by his fellow-conspirators, treated in the palace with fine raillery, and at last made to pass for the prince, and captured at night by the revolutionists in that character while leaving the saloons.

The treatment of the unhappy Rabagas at Mentone during a series of revolts is supremely uncomfortable: the governments change over his head with a celerity only equaled in the Hôtel de Ville at Paris about the time of the entry of the Versaillesists, or in the Erie Railroad office in New York after the death of Fisk.

Finally, the scorn and dupe of all, poor Rabagas leaves for France, "the only country capable of comprehending such a man," while the little princess gets her lover, and the lovely American receives the engagement-ring of the prince—a reward due rather to her cleverness and complaisance than to her elevated morals, refined means or pure ends. The play, with its extravagance and easy virtue on its head, is of a timely and sprightly forcibleness which makes it a good reading, as it is a successful acting, drama.

Books Received.

The School and the Army in Germany and France. By Brevet Major-General W. B. Hazen, Colonel Sixth Infantry, United States Army. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The People's Blue Book—Taxation as it is and as it Ought to Be. With a Chapter on Ireland. By Charles Tennant. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

The United States Tariff and Internal Revenue Law. Compiled by Horace E. Dresser. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Andrée de Taverny. By Alexandre Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Golden Lion of Granpere. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

St. Patrick's Eve. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Herman Agha. By W. Gifford Palgrave. New York: Holt & Williams.

Concordia. By Leopold Engelke. Philadelphia: Schaefer & Koradi.

